VOICE, SPEECH, AND GESTURE

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK TO THE ELOCUTIONARY ART

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VOICE SPEECH AND GESTURE

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK TO THE ELOCUTIONARY ART

COMPRISING ALSO SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE ADAPTED FOR RECITATION, READING, AND DRAMATIC RECITAL

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION, BY
ROBERT D. BLACKMAN

VOICE - - - - -	By H. CAMPBELL, M.D.
SPEECH - - - - -	By R. F. BREWER, B.A.
GESTURE - - - - -	By HENRY NEVILLE.
RECITING AND RECITATIVE - -	By CLIFFORD HARRISON.
RECITATION WITH MUSIC - -	By FRED. CORDER, F.R.A.M.
RECITATION-MUSIC - - -	By STANLEY HAWLEY, A.R.A.M.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

With upwards of a Hundred Illustrations by Dargavel and Ramsey

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

In the preparation of this new edition the publishers have still kept in view the purpose of presenting to the public a Handbook of reasonable dimensions containing all necessary practical instructions on the Art of Elocution. Musical Accompaniment to Recitation—now so much in vogue—has also received most careful attention. For acquiring this pleasing and effective adjunct to declamatory passages full directions have been furnished, together with numerous illustrations in music relating to the Dual Art. The copious and varied Selections for Reading and Reciting have not, in the main, hitherto appeared in any similar collection, and will be found expressly adapted to illustrate the principles enunciated in the work. The several departments concerning the technique of Elocution and of the Art in combination with Music have been adequately treated by well-known authorities; and some of the more important collateral elements have been briefly dealt with in the Introduction. The present edition has been amplified by 314 pages, consisting of New Selections, and a chapter on Recitation-Music by a popular composer, with many musical examples. To furnish so many Selections from the works of modern writers, most of which are under copyright, has proved a somewhat arduous task, which, however, has been lightened in sensible measure by the ready co-operation of authors and publishers. Cordial thanks are now tendered to those authors and publishers for their kindness, due recognition of which has in each instance been clearly set forth.

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RECITATION-MUSIC

With Musical Examples

BY

STANLEY HAWLEY, A.R.A.M.,

Composer of "The Bells," etc., etc.

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I.

THE VOICE

BY

HUGH CAMPBELL, M.D.,

Author of "The Throat and Lungs in Health and Disease," etc.

VOICE, SPEECH, AND GESTURE.

I.

THE VOICE.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF ACOUSTICS.

When a gong is struck, it is thrown into a series of vibrations, and, as a result, the surrounding ocean of air is set a-trembling. Each particle taps the one next to it, and thus the commotion, or *wave*, advances, much in the same way as it may do along a row of billiard balls, placed at short intervals, when the end ball is struck.

This transference of vibration through the atmosphere is termed a sound-wave, which is thus purely physical in its nature. Let us now suppose the wave to strike upon the ear; an impression is flashed along the nerves of hearing to the brain, and a sound *is heard*. There are thus two kinds of sound, and it is very important to distinguish clearly between them—the sound of the natural philosopher, which is a purely physical phenomenon, and the sound of the mental philosopher, which is a purely psychical phenomenon. We may conveniently term the one "physical sound," and the other "psychical sound."

Physical sound generally originates in the vibration of some solid body. It is thus that the human voice originates, viz., in the vibrations of the vocal chords. The sound-wave may be conducted not only through gaseous media like the atmosphere, but also through solids and liquids. Thus, by placing the ear to the earth, the clatter of distant horses' hoofs may be heard —a fact well known to the savage warrior. Similarly, a person with his head under water can distinctly hear the sounds produced outside; indeed, all sound-waves which strike the ear have to pass through a layer of fluid before they reach the auditory nerve.

The fact that physical sound can be conducted through a solid medium is of practical interest to the physician. Let the ears be closed. Now strike a tuning-fork and bring it into contact with the skull—the note will be distinctly heard, the sound reaching the auditory nerve through the solid skull. Now, if a deaf person can hear a tuning-fork when applied to the head in this way, we have proof positive that the nervous portion of the hearing organ is in working order, and that the fault must lie with that part whose function it is to receive the impression of the sound-wave—with the receptive apparatus.

PITCH.

The pitch of a sound depends upon the rapidity of the vibrations; the more rapid the rate of vibration, the higher the pitch. Only those vibrations within a certain range are capable of being perceived as sound—of producing the *sensation* of sound. Below a certain rate and above

a certain rate they fail to arouse the hearing organ into activity—they fall, as it were, upon a deaf ear. Speaking generally, it is found that if the vibrations are more than 38,000 and less than 20,000 a second, they cannot be heard. There are some, however, whose upward range of perception is greater than this, just as there are others whose downward range is greater. The difference of people in this respect is very curious.* "The squeak of a bat," writes Tyndall, "the sound of a cricket, even the chirrup of the common house-sparrow, are unheard by some people who for lower sounds possess a sensitive ear." The same writer has referred to a case of short auditory range noticed by himself in crossing the Weregern Alp with a friend. "The grass on each side of the path swarmed with insects, which to me rent the air with their shrill chirruping. My friend heard nothing of this, the insect music lying beyond his limit of audition."†

Musical sound has a much more limited range than that indicated; vibrations below 40 and above 4,000 a second are not heard as musical tones, such sounds as they evoke being destitute of musical quality. The human voice ranges, on an average, over two octaves.

It should be noticed that the speaking voice ranges in pitch as well as the singing voice. In ordinary speaking, pitch ranges within five notes, but it may be made to extend over an octave.

Individuals differ very considerably in the pitch of their speaking voice. In women and children it is about an octave higher than in men.

The *loudness* of sound depends upon the amplitude of

* "Sound," 4th ed., p. 70. London, 1883. † *Ibid*, p. 71.

the vibrations. Thus, if a violin string be gently touched, it will yield a soft sound; but if the string be plucked some distance out of its position of rest and there let go, the sound produced will be much louder; for in the latter case the amplitude of vibration, or distance which the string travels on either side of its position of rest, will be much greater than in the former. It will be observed that the vibrations become less and less ample as the sound dies away; nevertheless, the rate remains the same, for otherwise the pitch of the sound would fall.

In bass voices the vibrations of the vocal chords during loud phonation may sometimes actually be observed by means of the laryngoscope, the conditions in such cases being favourable for the observation—namely, slowness, together with considerable amplitude of vibration.

TIMBRE.

Timbre, or quality of tone, enables us to distinguish different sounds of the same pitch from one another. If the same note is sounded on the violin, organ, or piano, or uttered by the human voice, we can at once recognise the difference, even though the pitch is the same; and similarly, we can distinguish between the various vowel sounds.

The explanation of timbre lies in the fact that musical sounds are not simple, but compound. Each note consists of a primary or fundamental set of vibrations, which determines the pitch, and of a number of superadded vibrations which determine the timbre. Thus

the fundamental note of, let us say, the middle G is the same on any instrument, but the superadded sounds are different in each case, and hence the difference in timbre.

The vibrations which thus reinforce the primary vibrations are termed harmonics or overtones. Their production can, perhaps, be best understood in the case of strings. When a violin string is struck it vibrates as a whole, producing the fundamental note, but it also divides into a number of separate parts which vibrate independently, and it is these latter vibrations which yield the overtones.

Now it will at once be seen that if we can by any means strengthen an overtone, or group of overtones, we can modify very considerably the timbre of a sound. This can be done, and is done, in the case both of musical instruments and of the human voice, the modification being effected by *consonance* and *resonance*, the latter of which, so far as the human voice is concerned, is the more important.

CONSONANCE.

Let a violin string be attached by one end to a horizontal rod (Fig. 1) and at the other end let a weight be suspended so as to stretch the string. If the string be now plucked, it will yield a faint, thin sound—a sound of small volume. If now the string be fixed in a violin so as to be in connection with the sounding board, the note emitted by it when struck will be much louder. In the former case only a small surface of air comes in contact with the vibrating body; in the latter the

vibrating string communicates its vibrations through the bridge which supports it to the extensive surfaces of wood forming the body of the violin. These are said to vibrate *in consonance*, and they are thus able to commote a much larger surface of air than the string can do of

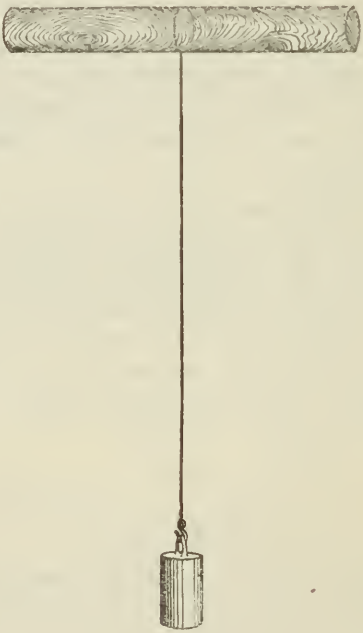

Fig. 1.

itself, and to yield a correspondingly fuller, more voluminous sound. And as it is with the violin, so it is with the piano, harp, and other stringed instruments; the air is thrown into sonorous vibrations to only a small extent by the strings, the music coming essentially

from the sounding boards, upon the quality and arrangement of which the value of the instrument chiefly depends.

RESONANCE.

In consonance the body which vibrates sympathetically is in immediate contact with the body originally vibrated. In the violin the bridge forms the medium of transmission; in the case of the tuning-fork the instrument is placed in direct contact with the consonating body. In resonance, on the other hand, there is no contact between the sounding body and that which augments it. A familiar instance of a resonator is afforded by the railway arch. Everyone has noticed how, if engaged in conversation while approaching a railway arch, the tone of the voice undergoes an alteration as the arch is reached, becoming altogether more sonorous. The following experiment still better shows the remarkable way in which sound may be augmented by resonance. If a tuning-fork is sounded, and then held over a jar into which water is being slowly poured, it will be noticed that, as the column of air is displaced by the water, the sound gradually swells until it reaches its maximum, and then it gradually subsides to the initial degree of intensity. By experimenting in this way with a number of tuning-forks yielding different notes, it will be found that for every fork there is a certain length of air-column which produces the loudest sound by resonance. If we hold a number of tuning-forks of different sizes over a column of a certain length the latter will swell the note of one particular

fork only to the maximum intensity. In like manner if these tuning forks be held over the *embouchure* of an organ pipe (Fig. 2), the latter will select that one to which it is adapted to resound and produce a loud sound. The pipe will, in fact, "speak," yielding

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

exactly the same note as when blown into at *c*. What happens when an organ pipe is made to speak in the ordinary way is this: the lower part of the pipe is so fashioned internally that a thin sheet of air is driven against a sharp immovable edge (Fig. 3), by which it

is broken up into a complex series of vibrations which are heard as a fluttering noise, and the pipe resounding to one particular set of vibrations, a musical sound results.

It will be observed that in the organ pipe all the parts are fixed; the thin sheet of air is made to strike against an immovable edge. In reed instruments, however, all the parts are not thus fixed, the essential part consisting of a *movable, flexible* tongue, which is so arranged that it is capable of vibrating over a rectangular orifice; the current of air as it passes through the orifice is thus rendered intermittent, a musical sound being produced in consequence. Resonance does not here play the same important part that it plays in the case of the organ pipe, for the vibrating tongue yields a musical sound of itself, and indeed the reed need not necessarily be associated with a resonating pipe, although its sound may be modified by such association.

The vocal organ of man is not strictly comparable with any musical instrument. It is most like a reed; the sound is produced by the vibration of two movable flexible tongues called the vocal chords, and placed in connection with this reed-like instrument is a complex series of resonating cavities which are capable of modifying the sounds produced by the chords. It differs from a reed in that the chords can be stretched or loosened at will, as well as separated or approximated; and also in the fact that the resonating cavities can be modified in respect of shape and other particulars, so as to resound to the different sets of overtones produced by the chords.

We have seen that *timbre* depends upon the nature and combinations of the overtones which attach themselves to the fundamental note, and that the vowel sounds differ from one another solely in respect of *timbre*. The chords vibrate in exactly the same way during the production of all the vowel sounds, but, as anyone can readily prove for himself by uttering them before a looking-glass, the shape of the mouth cavity (the great resonator) is different in each case. During the vibration of the vocal chords a fundamental note and a number of overtones are produced, and during the utterance of each vowel sound the shape of the mouth is so modified as to resound to certain of these overtones only. Thus in sounding *u* (as in "loop") the lips are thrust forward so as to deepen the cavity of the mouth, while the opening of the mouth is narrowed by a contraction of the lips. *O* is produced in much the same way, the mouth being somewhat more widely opened and the lips less protruded. In sounding *a* (as in "father") the mouth becomes funnel-shaped, with the wide part outwards.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE ORGANS ENGAGED IN VOICE-PRODUCTION.

It is now necessary to acquaint ourselves with certain anatomical facts, without which it is impossible to

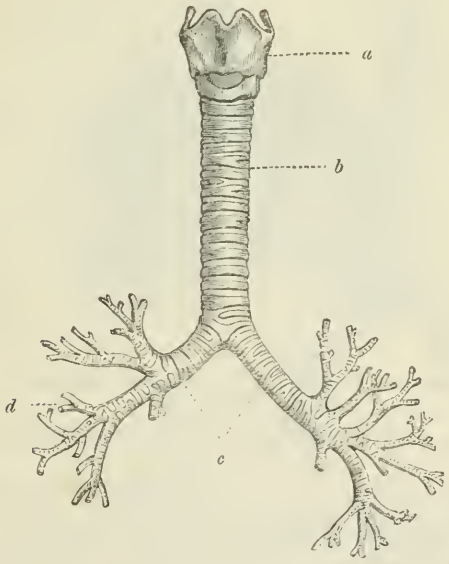

Fig. 4.

The Larynx or Voice-box, the Trachea or Windpipe, and the Bronchi (Front View).

a, The Larynx; *b*, the Trachea; *c*, the Bronchi; *d*, the subdivisions of the Bronchi.

understand the mechanism of voice-production. It will not be needful to give more than a very general

account of the organs of speech, for, in the first place, it is impossible without making careful dissections to obtain a full knowledge of them, and if anyone has a mind for this, he can find all the necessary information in anatomical works; and, in the second place, a brief description will be sufficient to enable the reader to understand the general principles of voice-production. It may be urged that voice-production can be taught

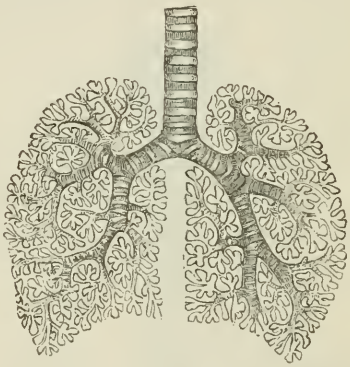

Fig. 5.

THE TRACHEA, AND THE BRONCHI, WITH THEIR SUBDIVISIONS AS IN FIG. 4.

The air-cells are formed by the expansion of the terminal portions of the Bronchi.

thoroughly well without any knowledge on the part of the pupil of anatomical detail, and this indeed may be true; it is nevertheless certain that such knowledge will be very helpful to him, enabling him to make far more rapid progress than he otherwise would.

During breathing the air passes to and from the lungs along the wind-pipe (Fig. 4). This tube can be distinctly felt in the middle of the neck in front, just

above the breast-bone. It consists of several rings of gristle, separated by a softer tissue, and it divides in the chest into two bronchi, one for each lung; these again divide and subdivide, becoming smaller and smaller, until they finally expand into myriads of tiny bladders or air-cells, so called because they are filled with air (Fig. 5). On the exterior of these air-cells are a multitude of very minute blood-vessels, so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and with walls so thin that they may be compared to the film of an air-bubble. It will thus be seen that between the air in the air-vesicles and the blood outside is a filmy tissue, which permits the carbonic acid to escape from the blood into the air-vesicles, whence it can readily pass out of the body, and the revivifying oxygen to pass from the air-vesicles into the blood to be whirled away to the tissues in the torrent of the circulation.

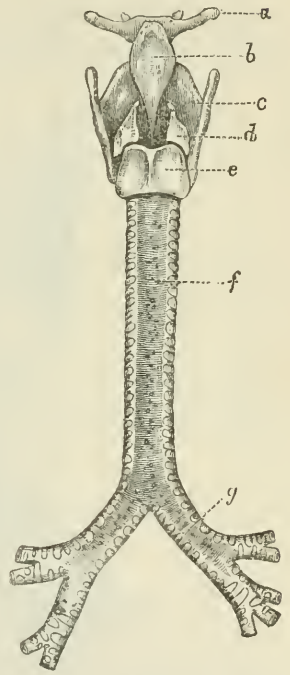

Fig. 6.

GENERAL FORM OF THE LARYNX AND TRACHEA (BACK VIEW).

a, The Hyoid bone; *b*, the Epiglottis; *c*, the Shield; *d*, the Right Pyramid; *e*, the Ring; *f*, the Trachea; *g*, the Bronchi.

At the top of the wind-pipe is the larynx or voice-

box. It is chiefly made up (Fig. 6) of four pieces of gristle, forming the so-called shield, ring, and pyramids.

The shield consists of two plates, united at an acute angle in front, thereby forming in the middle of the neck in front the prominence known as Adam's apple,

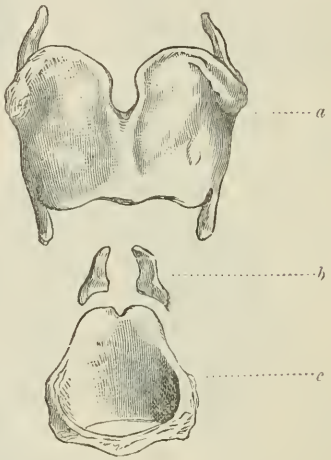

Fig. 7.

Cartilages or Larynx (Front View).

a, The Shield; *b*, the Pyramids; *c*, the Ring.

from the belief held by anatomists of mediæval times that the fatal apple here stuck in the throat.

The ring is narrow in front and broad behind, being in fact very like a signet ring, the broad posterior part corresponding to the seal. Attached to the upper part of the ring behind are the two pyramids, so called from their shape (Fig. 7). They are placed side by side, their bases downwards, their apices upwards, and they are capable of rotating on their vertical axes, when

acted upon by certain muscles. The front of each affords attachment to the corresponding vocal chord,

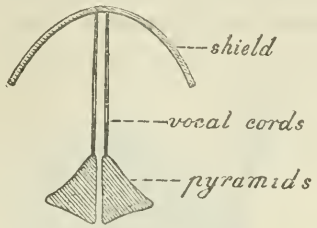

Fig. 8.

HORIZONTAL SECTION THROUGH THE LARYNX, ON THE LEVEL OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Showing how the Vocal Chords pass from the Pyramids behind to the Shield in front.

which may thus be separated from, and approximated to, the other (Fig. 8). The vocal chords are attached

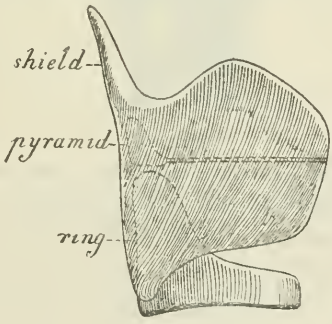

Fig. 9.

RIGHT ASPECT OF THE LARYNX.

The light dotted lines represent the Right Pyramid, and part of the Ring hidden by the Shield; the dark horizontal dotted lines represent the Vocal Chords hidden by the Shield.

in front to the shield, near the angle formed by the junction of the two plates (Fig. 9), and they are

thus capable of being relaxed by muscles which draw the pyramids forwards. Tightening of the chords is effected by means of a pair of muscles which draw the shield downwards and forwards upon the ring, *i.e.*,

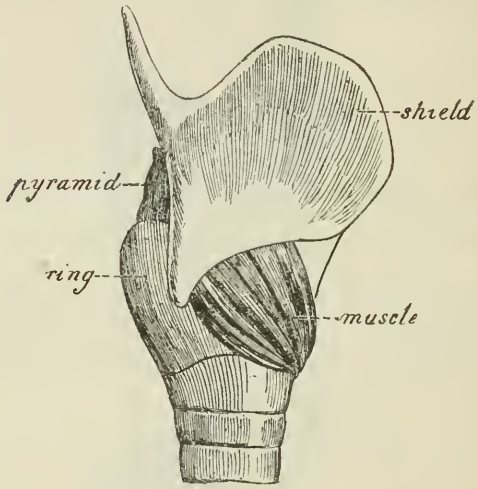

Fig. 10.

SHIELD, PYRAMID, AND RING, WITH THE CRICO-THYROID MUSCLE PASSING FROM RING TO SHIELD.

This muscle tightens the Vocal Chords by pulling the Shield downwards and forwards away from the Pyramids to which they are attached behind.

away from the pyramids which are held fixed to the ring (Fig. 10).

We thus see that the chords may be separated, approximated, tightened, and loosened, and we must now endeavour to obtain a clearer notion of the nature of these structures. Imagine the larynx, at the level of the middle of the shield in front and of the pyramids

behind, to be divided into an upper and lower part by means of a transverse membraneous septum, and further, imagine this to be split in the middle line from before backwards: a slit is thereby produced, and if we suppose its edges to be thickened, we have a very good notion of the so-called "vocal chords," which are not really *chords* at all, but thin semicircular membranes, with their straight edge free and thickened, and their curved edge

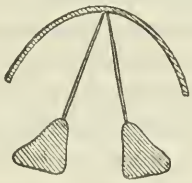

Fig. 11.

HORIZONTAL SECTION THROUGH THE LARYNX AT THE LEVEL OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Showing Separation of Vocal Chords during Phonation.

attached to the pyramids behind and to the thyroid in front.

The slit between the two chords is called the glottis, and when the individual is not phonating, that is to say, not uttering any sound, the glottis is widely open, in other words, the chords are separated (Fig. 11), the separation somewhat increasing with every inspiration and diminishing with each expiration. During phonation, however, the chords are approximated, so as almost to obliterate the slit. By means of a slight expiratory effort the air is urged through the glottis, the edges of which, *i.e.*, the vocal chords, are vibrated; this causes the air to issue from it in a series of puffs

or sound vibrations, which yield a fundamental note and a series of harmonics, and these, by means of the resonators of the mouth and adjacent cavities, are raised to the dignity of the human voice. We thus see that while an ordinary reed contains a single movable tongue placed in connection with a rectangular orifice, the human voice-box is a reed having a double movable tongue with an intervening slit. The vocal organ differs from the reed instrument in another important particular; in the latter a separate reed is required for every note in the scale, while the single larynx can produce notes of varying pitch. This is effected by varying the tension of the vocal chords, the pitch rising as the tension is increased, in which respect they are comparable to the strings of a musical instrument.

During the production of falsetto notes the chords are more widely separated than when "chest" notes are sounded. In whispering they are only very slightly approximated, just sufficiently to cause the air as it passes through the glottis to evoke a sighing sound.

The chords are about three-quarters of an inch long in the full-grown man and half an inch in the woman. And here again we detect an analogy between them and a musical stringed instrument, in which, as is well known, the pitch ascends when the string is shortened. There is a further analogy between the two in regard to the relation between the thickness of the vibrating element and the pitch, for just as in the stringed instrument the pitch becomes deeper as the diameter of the string increases, so in the human larynx the thicker the chords the deeper the voice. Hence it is that the chords are thicker in a man than in a woman, and hence

it is that slight inflammation of the chords by causing them to swell renders the voice deeper and fuller.

Above the vocal chords are two somewhat similar folds or ledges of membrane, which have been termed the false vocal chords, or pocket ligaments. They take no part in phonation, for if the interior of the larynx be examined during the utterance of a sound, by means of the "laryngoscope," it will be found that they remain stationary. Their function probably is to aid in resonating, for each pocket ligament helps to form with the corresponding vocal chord below a small chamber or "ventricle," which is almost certainly a resonator. Each ventricle is, in fact, a kind of pocket or pouch—bounded above and below by two ledges of membrane, the false and the true vocal chords. In some monkeys capable of uttering a very loud note these ventricular pouches attain enormous dimensions, and it is very probable that it is these which helps to swell the voice into its unusual loudness. It should be mentioned, however, that in the lion and other carnivora whose roar is phenomenally loud, the ventricular pouches are comparatively small.

At the top of the larynx is the lid, or epiglottis, which prevents the food "going the wrong way," *i.e.*, into the respiratory tract, during swallowing, for, as will be observed by reference to Fig. 12, the food, on its road to the tube which conveys it to the stomach, has to travel over the larynx to the space at the back of the throat called the pharynx. The epiglottis is pulled down, *i.e.*, the lid is shut by means of muscular fibres, which pass from its two lateral borders to the pyramids. These folds help to form the

vestibule, or upper part of the larynx, *i.e.*, the space bounded by the epiglottis in front, the pocket ligaments below, and the folds in question on either side. The larynx thus consists of an upper and a lower part, the position of the pocket ligaments marking the division.

Not only is the lid pulled down during swallowing,

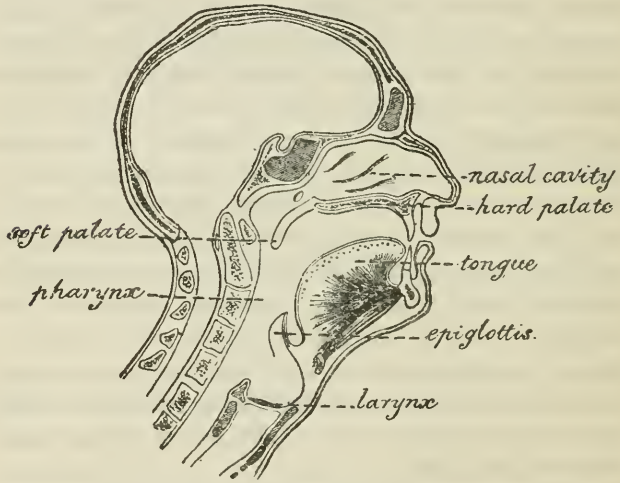

Fig. 12.

Sagittal Section through the Middle of the Head.

but the walls of the ventricle are closed in, or tightly constricted, by the contraction of their muscular fibres, and so effectually may they close the upper part of the larynx, that the act of swallowing can be quite efficiently performed in persons devoid of epiglottis, whether congenitally or from disease. It should further be noted that, during the act of swallowing, the

larynx rises (as anyone may prove for himself), probably to meet the lid.

The larynx also moves under the following circumstances:—During every inspiration, especially when deep, it descends, owing to the expanding lungs pulling the wind-pipe downwards. It rises as the scale is ascended, and *vice-versâ;* finally, it alters in position during the utterance of the several vowel sounds, being highest for *ee*, and lowest for *oo*, these changes being probably due to the alteration in the position of the tongue, with the base of which the larynx is closely connected.

The larynx of the new-born infant is about one-third as large as the adult's. Growing rapidly for the first few years of life, it afterwards develops more slowly, the rate of growth being the same in the boy and the girl. At puberty, however, it suddenly increases in size, becoming double as large in the boy and about one-third larger in the girl; in the former case the change in depth is chiefly noticeable—hence the prominence of the larynx in the man—while in the girl it is most marked as regards height. In both cases, but especially in the male, the vocal chords become not only longer, but thicker. Side by side with these changes in the vocal instrument, the voice alters in character, dropping an octave and becoming fuller in the boy, while in the girl the change is less marked; nevertheless it is decided and in the direction of improved quality, the voice acquiring increased sweetness and richness.

During these rapid developmental changes the voice often "cracks." Two fallacies may here be pointed out. First, that it always *cracks* in the boy, for it has

been shown that cracking only occurs in a certain proportion ; and secondly, that the girl's voice never undergoes a similar process. It is, indeed, comparatively rare, but certainly not unknown.

A word as to the education of the voice before the period of puberty, whether as regards elocution or singing—and the two should always, if possible, go together, since each helps the other. The sooner the child is taught to enunciate correctly the better. Some children are very backward in speaking, both in respect of extent of vocabulary and distinctness of enunciation. Such should not be forced. We must wait until the mind and vocal organs have reached a certain level of evolution before we can fairly take the child in hand. And here, let it be said, that backwardness in either of these particulars should not make us hopeless for the future; since of such backward children the best orators are often made, slow, steady development being preferable to rapid and spasmodic. It must, however, be acknowledged that backwardness in talking may be evidence of serious organic defect, whether in the vocal organs themselves or in brain development.

But when once the child's capacity has attained a certain level we should teach it how to speak properly. By speaking properly, I do not here mean speaking grammatically. So far as the young child is concerned I should leave grammar severely alone ; errors of grammar, and, to a certain extent, of enunciation, are part and parcel of childhood's ways, without which it would be incomplete. I mean, we should begin to teach it how to produce the voice properly and how to utter the various vowel and consonant sounds, for a bad habit

once acquired may cling throughout life; such a habit, for instance, as pronouncing the *w* for *r*, saying *wight, wansom*, instead of *right, ransom*. This is bad habit, pure and simple, and not the result of any structural defect in the organs of articulation. Now it is, if ever, that the proper use of the *h*, that pitfall of speakers, should be taught. It will come quite naturally to the child to sound the aspirate properly in such words as *while, wheel, whey, whale, when, where*, and in such particles as *him, her*, if taught to do so when quite young. And it need scarcely be said that the aspirate in these words is generally more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence. Another sound over which children experience some difficulty is *th*, using *z* or *s* in its place. The importance of being taught to pronounce this properly in early life is shown by the difficulty which foreigners are wont to find in it. It is no part of my task to enter at length into the many errors of pronunciation which the average speaker falls into: the point I here wish to insist upon is the necessity in this, as in other things, to train up a child in the way he should go, assured that in that way he will in all probability continue to the end. Reduced to practice, this means that those who mix with children should speak properly, for the child learns to speak by imitation. And so with regard to singing. It is generally thought that singing should not be taught until the voice has done breaking, more especially in the case of girls. Such is not my view. I believe that teaching may be begun with advantage before the voice has begun to crack, and may even be continued with safety during the cracking period.

We come now to the study of an important structure, termed the soft palate. If the finger be passed backwards along the hard bony roof of the mouth, or hard palate, it will presently come upon a soft and yielding structure, the soft palate. This may be observed by

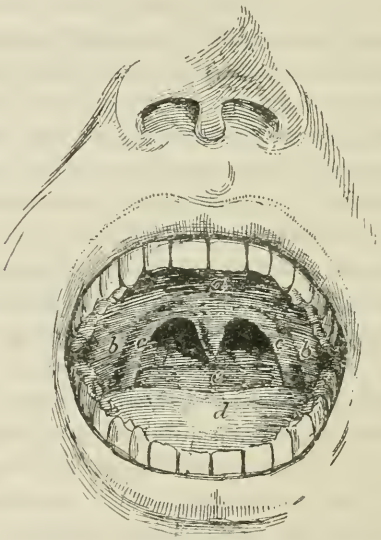

Fig. 13.
INTERIOR OF MOUTH.

a, Soft palate; *b*, anterior pillars of fauces; *c*, posterior pillars of fauces; *d*, tongue; *e*, pharynx.

means of a looking-glass (Fig. 13). It is a muscular curtain which hangs down from the posterior rim of the hard palate, which posterior rim may be felt by drawing the finger from side to side at the junction of the two palates. The soft palate is attached laterally to

the sides of the mouth and forms by its lower free border an arch, through which the back of the pharynx can be seen.

In the centre of the arch is a projection termed the uvula, from its supposed resemblance to a grape. (Sometimes the uvula, by its excessive length, interferes with proper speaking and singing, in which case it may require to have the tip snipped off.) If the base of the arch on either side is examined, it will be found to consist of two folds, or "pillars," a front one passing to the tongue, and a back one passing to the pharynx, the two being separated by the tonsil, of which, of course, there are two, one on either side. These structures are normally scarcely visible, but they are frequently enlarged, and sometimes attain enormous dimensions, they may, in fact, meet in the middle line so as to completely shut out all view of the pharynx. Enlarged tonsils interfere with the purity of the voice, making it "throaty," and they should in all cases be removed. Many shun the operation, for fear of its being painful. It is, however, very rapidly performed, and if the parts be previously anæsthetised it is practically painless. The most noted soprano of the time has undergone this operation.

One of the chief functions of the soft palate is to shut off the mouth and pharynx from the nasal cavities during swallowing; to do this the curtain is raised so as to come into contact with the back of the pharynx, food and drink being thereby prevented from entering the nose, an accident which is very apt to occur if the soft palate is cleft or paralysed. If, on the other hand, it is necessary to shut off the mouth from the nasal and

pharyngeal chambers, as happens in breathing through the nose with the mouth open, the soft palate falls so as to rest upon the base of the tongue, which rises up to meet it.

The soft palate has also important functions in relation to voice-production. This is shown by the peculiar speech of those in whom it is cleft or paralysed.* During the utterance of the vowel sounds, the nasal cavity is more or less completely shut off from the pharynx, the expired air passing solely, or almost solely, through the mouth. It is clearly impossible to utter a vowel sound with the mouth shut, and any one may prove for himself that when it is produced the expired air escapes by the mouth. That the vowels may be purely sounded without any air passing through the nose may be easily proved by uttering them while the nose is being held; while the inability to sound them purely if the air is allowed to pass freely through the nose may be experimentally demonstrated. Let the reader breathe with the mouth open; he may then, as we have seen, direct at will the whole current of the air through either the mouth or the nose, by modifying the position of the tongue and soft palate. In each case breathing may be performed noiselessly, the soft palate being pulled out of the way of the current of the air. Let now the breath be directed through the nose and mouth at the same time, a snorting noise will be produced, owing, in a large measure, to the current of air impinging against the soft palate. It is this peculiar snorting noise blending with the vowel and certain consonantal

* Cleft palate may involve either the hard or the soft palates, or both.

sounds which gives to the nasal speech its peculiar character, for all the consonants but three require the nasal cavities to be shut off from the mouth during utterance. These are the so-called nasal consonants—*m*, *n*, *g*. In pronouncing them the current of air is directed entirely through the nose; in the case of the first the mouth is, in fact, completely closed. In cleft palate these nasal consonants appear with undue frequency, *b* being sounded as *m*, *d* as *n*, and the hard *g* as *ng*.

It is very important that cases of cleft palate should

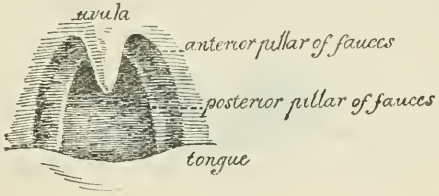

Fig. 14.

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SOFT PALATE AND TONGUE DURING THE UTTERANCE OF THE VOWEL SOUND *ah*.

be operated upon in early life, for when once nasal speech has been acquired, it is practically never unlearnt.

The soft palate acts differently during the utterance of the different vowel sounds, as may easily be observed by means of the looking-glass. Thus during the utterance of *ah* the posterior pillars are seen to approach one another so as to become nearly parallel, the uvula being at the same time raised (Fig. 14); while when *a* (in *may*) is sounded, the arch widens out, the uvula becoming

still further raised (Fig. 15). The soft palate rises with the ascending scale.

The hard palate is sometimes unduly high, and this spoils the quality of the voice. Little can be done for this defect.

The tongue and lips need no description. Sometimes the movements of the tongue are interfered with owing to the shortness of the frænum, or thin vertical fold of membrane on its under surface. The individual is then said to be tongue-tied. This defect is, however, comparatively rare, many children being needlessly operated upon for it. The great test of its presence is the inability to suck properly. Although the tongue

Fig. 15.

Diagram showing the Movements of the Soft Palate and Tongue during the Utterance of the Vowel Sound *a*, as in *may*.

is popularly considered to be the chief organ of speech, it is a remarkable fact that persons from whom the tongue has been cut out are capable of fairly good articulation.

It need scarcely be said that the speaker should have good teeth, more especially is it necessary that the central upper teeth be perfect. If any are missing speech is mumbling, owing to the inability to sound the dentals, while if widely separated it is difficult to avoid lisping.

We have now described the wind-pipe, larynx, pharynx, nasal and oral cavities, and are in a position to refer briefly to the manner in which the various vowels and consonants are produced. That consonants and the essential qualities of the vowel sounds are produced above the larynx is proved by the fact that an individual from whom the larynx has been removed for disease is capable of uttering all of them distinctly by the aid of an artificial larynx, made on the principle of the reed, as in the accordion. In such cases the voice sounds metallic, and cannot be altered in pitch, the artificial larynx being capable of yielding only one sound.

First, as regards the *vowels:* our alphabet is, of course, deficient in vowels. They are in English thirteen in number, though there are only five symbols by which to represent them. These thirteen are contained within the following words, which may be arranged in three groups:—

f*ar*	f*ur*(rier)	f*o*l(ly)
f*a*l(low)	f*ur*	f*a*ll
f*e*ll		f*oa*l
f*ai*l		f*u*ll
f*i*ll		f*oo*l
f*ee*l		

During the utterance of the first set the lips are kept widely open, but they become progressively close as we proceed from the first to the last; and in a similar way the tongue, which is depressed and retracted for the first, becomes progressively higher and more forward as the others are uttered.

In articulating the second series the mouth is kept moderately open, while the tongue is depressed.

The remaining vowel sounds are produced by making the orifice of the mouth progressively smaller as the speaker proceeds from the first to the last, while the tongue behaves as during the production of the first series.

The *consonants* differ fundamentally from the vowels. A vowel sound is continuous, its duration being limited only by the duration of expiration, whereas a consonant is of only momentary duration ; a vowel is produced in the larynx, the resonating cavities above merely *developing* (not producing) certain overtones there produced, while a consonant is produced in the mouth. There is only a limited opposition to the breath during the production of a vowel sound, while the obstruction is more or less complete during the utterance of a consonant, which is, in fact, produced in the mouth by barriers opposed to the breath, and which is unmusical in character, being in the nature of a click.

The consonants may be classified according to their mode of production, thus :—The labials, in which the lips, or the lips and teeth, constitute the barrier ; they are *b*, *p*, *m*, *v*, *f*, *w*.

The linguals, in which the barrier is constituted by the edge of the tongue and the teeth ; they are *d*, *t*, *n*, *th* (in *th*ing and *th*in), *s*, *z* (in gaze), *r*, *l*, *sh* and *z* (in azure).

The gutturals, in which the barrier is formed by the soft palate and the base of the tongue. These are : *g* (in good), *k* (in king), *ng* (in tongue), *y* (in youth), and *ch* (as in loch).

Consonants may also be divided into the *explosive*, which are of momentary duration; such are *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *r*, and hard *g*; and the *continuous*, which are more like the vowels, the breath being imperfectly interrupted.

STAMMERING.

A few remarks on stammering here. Stammering is due to a continued or rapidly-recurring spasm of some muscle or muscles engaged in speech, in consequence of which it is either suddenly brought to a complete standstill, or some sound is rapidly repeated. The spasm generally occurs at the beginning of words, and implicates the consonants, especially the explosives (*b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *k*, and hard *g*), more than the vowels. It most frequently convulses the lips (when the labial sounds are arrested) or at the top or base of the tongue; but it may also involve the inspiratory and laryngeal muscles.

We shall the better understand how such spasm may occur if we keep in mind that the muscular mechanism of speech is highly complicated, requiring not only that the breath be driven with sufficient force through the larynx, and the chords properly acted upon by the laryngeal muscles, but also that the soft palate, lips, and tongue, be appropriately adjusted. These several acts must all be in harmony—their co-ordination, as the physiologists term it, being effected by the nervous system, and seeing that the utterance of every sound requires its own special muscular adjustments, which during speech must therefore be ever changing with

extraordinary rapidity, there is ample opportunity for the machinery to break down, and this is what happens in stammering. The nerve-centres which govern the articulatory muscles run riot.

Stammering generally begins in childhood, and is most common in those of defective nervous organization. It is not infrequently started by fright or by a severe illness, and in all cases illness renders it worse; indeed the health of the stammerer can generally be gauged by the degree of his stammering. Stammering can usually be cured by suitable treatment.

ON THE DIFFERENT METHODS OF BREATHING.

During phonation the breath is urged somewhat sharply through the glottis, the vocal chords being in this way vibrated, and not the least important part in

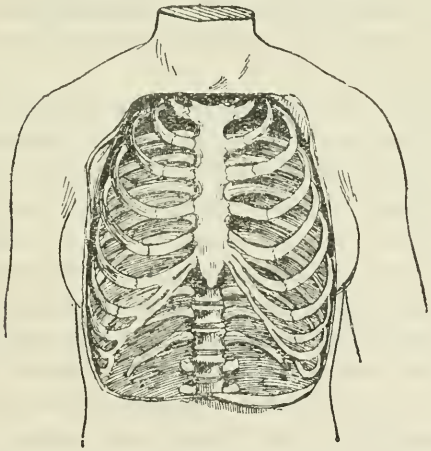

Fig. 16.

Thorax or Bony Cage of the Chest (normal).

Showing the graceful curves of the thorax and the increasing capacity from *above downwards.*

voice-production is the proper management of the breath. This we will now consider.

The bony framework of the thorax, or chest, consists of the vertebral column, the breast-bone, and the ribs, as shown in Fig. 16. The ribs, twelve in number, are

fixed behind to the vertebral column by a hinge-like arrangement, which permits them to move up and down; in the front the seven upper ribs are attached to the sternum, the next four are united to one another, so constituting part of the "costal arch," while the last two are free anteriorly, and have therefore been termed the "floating ribs." The thorax is open above to allow the passage of important structures between it and the neck, while below it is closed by a muscular partition called the midriff, or diaphragm, which is shaped somewhat like a dome with its convex surface upwards.

The lungs are accurately fitted into the thorax. During inspiration this cavity enlarges, and the lungs, being compelled to remain in contact with the chest-walls, expand. The air within them thus becomes rarefied, and fresh air rushes in to fill the partial vacuum. During expiration, on the other hand, the chest cavity contracts, the lungs are compressed, and a certain quantity of their contained air is expelled.

We have now to inquire by what means the thorax is made to vary in size. During inspiration the ribs move upwards on their hinge-joints behind, carrying the breast-bone with them, while at the same time the dome-like diaphragm flattens. This movement of the ribs causes the chest to increase both in depth and width, as may readily be proved by placing one hand on the front and the other on the back of the chest during a deep inspiration, when they will be found to move further apart; the same happening if the hands are placed on either side of the chest. The flattening of the diaphragm causes the chest to increase in

height; and its movement may be rendered evident by placing the hand on the front of the abdomen during a deep inspiration, when the abdomen will protrude owing to the descending midriff thrusting certain organs downwards.

Inspiration is, therefore, a muscular act, requiring some effort, especially when deep. Expiration, however, is, under ordinary circumstances, purely passive, being brought about by a mechanical recoil: *a*, of the elastic lungs, which during inspiration are stretched, and consequently tend to contract when the inspiratory forces cease; *b*, of the ribs, which, during inspiration, are bent (much as a piece of whalebone might be), and which resume their wonted position upon the removal of the pressure; *c*, of the abdominal contents which oppose, as it were, an elastic buffer to the descending diaphragm.

The difference between active deep inspiration and passive expiration may be tested by the reader for himself. A distinct sense of effort will attend the one, but will be quite absent from the other. All that is necessary in the latter case is to cease to act upon the inspiratory muscles, the air being driven out independently of the will. But while under ordinary circumstances expiration is a merely passive act, it is yet under the complete control of the will. For not only can the air be forcibly driven out of the chest by a contraction of the muscles which depress the ribs and of the abdominal muscles which, by compressing the abdominal viscera, forcibly drive the diaphragm upwards, and so expel the air from the chest, but it can be let out very gradually by preventing the

mechanical recoil from occurring suddenly—by converting, that is, a sudden into a long-drawn-out recoil. The air during such an expiration is driven with sufficient force through the glottis to produce a sound there, while during loud phonation it is necessary to urge the air through the glottis with greater force, by actively calling the expiratory muscles into play.

I have said that inspiration is effected both by the elevation of the ribs and the descent of the diaphragm. It now remains to say that one or other of these movements may be made to preponderate, so that the act shall be performed either chiefly by elevation of the ribs, when it is termed *thoracic*, or chiefly by descent of the midriff, when it is spoken of as *abdominal*. In women the breathing is chiefly thoracic, in men, abdominal, while in infants it is almost wholly of the latter type, owing to the chest being round and its girth, therefore, not capable of increase.

A third kind of breathing has been described, namely, collar-bone breathing; but this is only an exaggerated form of thoracic breathing, for each collar-bone being attached to the first rib and to the breast bone, when it is raised the ribs must follow. Some singers adopt this mode of breathing; and one eminent tenor actually broke one of his collar-bones in the effort to deliver a high note *fortissimo*.

Much controversy has been provoked as to which is the best method of breathing for the public speaker or singer. I have no hesitation in recommending all those who have to speak a great deal to assiduously cultivate the abdominal method, which appears to me to possess distinct advantages over the others. In the first place,

more breath can be taken in by this than by the thoracic method, as may be proved by the spirometer, an instrument for measuring the pulmonary capacity. Further, midriff breathing entails less effort than the other, which requires the elevation of the ribs, and in that exaggerated form of it termed collar-bone breathing, of the shoulders and arms also. Then, again, in midriff breathing the important structures passing through the upper opening of the thorax escape being pressed upon, and thus the liability to congestion of the larynx—"clergyman's sore throat"—is diminished, while thoracic, and especially collar-bone breathing, leads to compression of these structures and renders the individual liable to this affection. Whenever I meet with a case of it, I am most careful to put the patient through a course of pulmonary gymnastics. Finally, midriff breathing allows of greater control over expiration than the other variety—an important fact, seeing with what nicety this act must be controlled in proper voice-production. A few words here on the pernicious habit of tight-lacing. It will at once be seen that any undue compression of the waist will not only interfere with the proper expansion of the lower part of the chest, but will seriously hamper, and, it may be, absolutely check the descent of the midriff. The effect on voice-production is not so marked on the woman as it would be in the case of the man, seeing that the former uses the midriff far less in breathing than the latter; but it is sufficiently serious. Nothing more eloquently shows the evil of tight-lacing (Fig. 17) than its effect on the breathing capacity, which may thereby be diminished by one-third.

The breathing capacity is greatest in the erect, less in the sitting, posture, and least in the recumbent position. In sitting, the action of the diaphragm is interfered with, while the horizontal position interferes with the proper movement of the ribs.

I am not, however, contending that the breathing

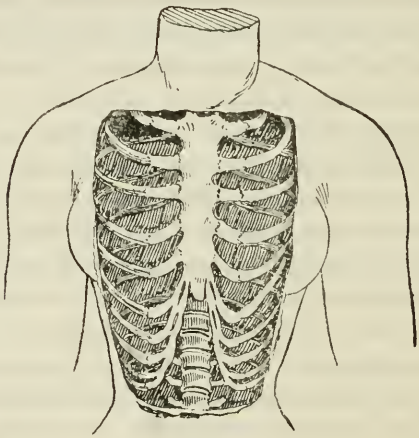

Fig. 17.

THORAX (AFTER TIGHT-LACING).

Showing the distorted curves of the thorax, and the increasing capacity from *below upwards*.

should be wholly diaphragmatic—this, indeed, would be an impossibility—but that the midriff should be brought into play as much as possible. In cultivating the method of breathing, let the individual divest himself of all superfluous clothing and lie flat on the back. It will now be observed that with every breath the abdomen protrudes, and the individual must endeavour to

favour this protrusion as much as possible, and in this he will be greatly helped by concentrating his attention upon this part of his body. Now, let the same kind of breathing be attempted in the erect position, and by dint of perseverance complete control over the midriff may be acquired. All who use their voice much should obtain complete control over their respiratory muscles, and should endeavour to increase the breathing capacity —to develop their lungs to the furthest possible limit. The good which results from the proper exercise of the lungs is incalculable, and is not sufficiently recognised. By it the girth of the chest may be considerably increased, and the importance of this to such as have a consumptive tendency needs no insistence. Other organs besides the lungs share in the benefit, for with every inspiration the blood is sucked into the heart from the large veins of the body while its flow through the lungs is accelerated, and in this way the entire circulation is hurried on. The respiratory movements are, in fact, an important factor in the circulation, a point that should be taken advantage of in the treatment of heart-disease. It has happened in several cases that a clergyman afflicted with this complaint so seriously as to be scarcely able to mount the pulpit, has actually so far benefited by the delivery of the sermon as to feel comparatively well at the end; this happy result being, in my belief, due to the ample respiratory movements necessitated by the effort to make the voice heard over a large building.

In a work of this kind it would be impossible to explain all the beneficial effects resulting from the proper use of the lungs. I may, however, briefly allude

to the influence of inspiration upon the organs situated below the diaphragm; the abdominal viscera are compressed, and this influences their functions in a very decided manner. On no organ is this influence more pronounced than on the liver, which is not only compressed but driven down with each inspiration.

For these reasons, I regard speaking—whether it take the form of preaching, public speaking, recitation, or reading aloud, is a matter of indifference—as a most healthful exercise, provided always it involves free movement of the chest. I have often observed marked improvement in health result from the proper use of the vocal organs.

HYGIENE OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

Those who have to speak a great deal are very apt to suffer from fatigue of the vocal organs, and this not infrequently culminates in the inconvenient disorder known as "clergyman's sore throat." In such cases there is generally some error in voice-production. Every public speaker should learn to manage his breathing properly. Collar-bone breathing, so frequently resorted to on the platform and in the pulpit, should be discarded, and the practice of midriff breathing adopted as far as possible. If there is any tendency to "clergyman's sore throat," a regular course of pulmonary calisthenics should be gone through, and this will be found not only to remove the disorder, if it exists, but to lessen the tendency to its recurrence.

Another point to be attended to is the pitch of the voice. Clergymen, especially those who intone, often make the mistake of pitching the voice too high, and the extra strain thus put upon it frequently does great harm—more particularly if conjoined with collar-bone breathing. The pitch should as far as possible be the same as in conversation, though it may be necessary to raise it somewhat when speaking in a very large building.

Another common cause of voice-strain is shouting. The speaker should be just as careful not to shout as

the singer, no matter how large the building he has to fill. It is quite possible to deliver a note with the maximum of travelling power without expending an excess of force; without, that is to say, effort. This, however, can only be achieved by practice, and here those who can sing have an advantage. We have seen that musical notes are employed in ordinary speaking. Now, the essential difference between singing and speaking lies in the fact that in singing the vowel sounds are dwelt upon for some time, while in speaking they are being continually interrupted by the consonants, and hence there is scarcely time to appreciate their musical character. In oratory and recitation, however, more opportunity is given for dwelling upon the vowel sounds, and therefore the musical element is more pronounced. The advantage which the speaker may derive from training in singing is therefore apparent. He should especially endeavour to strengthen that part of the scale which is employed in speaking. If he has a full, resonant speaking voice, there will be little occasion for this; but if his voice is thin, and especially if the lower notes are weak, increased volume may be acquired by developing the singing voice—in the lower notes more particularly. I have on several occasions noticed admirable results from following this plan, which, so far as I know, is not insisted upon by teachers of elocution.

It is somewhat remarkable that persons with no ear for music should be capable of properly modulating the voice, or, for that matter, of even recognising the different vowel sounds, seeing that the difference between them is essentially a musical one. That they

can, however, is certain ; while on the other hand, we often find persons with considerable musical ability showing great defects of utterance, but this generally arises from some imperfection in the vocal organs, such as a too high palate or separation of the front upper teeth. It is, nevertheless, true that a musical ear is very helpful to the speaker, for how otherwise can he be master of all the arts of voice-modulation ? Certainly a musical ear should protect the speaker from lapsing into "sing-song," that commonest of errors.

Care should be taken, after having given the vocal organs a prolonged rest, not to tax the voice by letting it do its full share of work all at once. The athlete who is out of training does not attempt to run a mile at his full speed, and precaution is just as necessary in the one case as in the other, in order that the muscles may be gradually accustomed to their full effort. It must be remembered that the muscles of speech are considerably hypertrophied in those who have to speak a great deal, just as are the muscles of the blacksmith's arms, and when thus hypertrophied they are capable of doing the maximum amount of work. But after a prolonged rest they become attenuated, and if an extra strain be put upon them while in this state, they are liable to be seriously injured. Political speakers are very apt to suffer from neglect of this precaution.

It is absolutely necessary that the movements of the chest and neck should be perfectly unhampered ; tight corsets and stiff collars should, above all, be avoided.

The attitude of the speaker is a matter of some moment. He should stand upright, keeping the chin

somewhat raised so as to give free play to the larynx and to allow of the voice being directed upwards, and if he is holding a book the arms should be as nearly as possible horizontal. On no account should the lower edge of the book be held against the chest, for not only does this hamper the movements of the chest, but it also causes the head to be bent forwards—a position most unfavourable to proper voice-production, apart from the fact that it causes the voice to be projected against the book, instead of being sent into the body of the building. The type should be large, and the light so arranged as to fall upon the book over the reader's shoulders, so that it shall be reflected on the book away from the reader's eyes.

I have already insisted that diaphragmatic breathing minimises the tendency to laryngeal troubles. I must now point out the importance of breathing, as far as possible, through the nose. It cannot be too emphatically stated that the nose and not the mouth constitutes the commencement of the respiratory tract. That the natural instinct is to breathe through the nose is shown by the fact that an infant whose nose is held will almost suffocate, not yet having learned to breathe through the mouth.

The whole of the respiratory tract is lined with mucous membrane. This is a soft, richly vascular tissue, as may be seen where it lines the interior of the mouth. It secretes mucus, and where lining the nasal cavities it is highly spongy. As the inspired air passes over the membrane it undergoes a threefold change, being *a* warmed, *b* moistened, and *c* filtered. *a*. It has been proved by experiment that no matter how cold the air

when it enters the nasal cavities, it is heated to the temperature of the blood by the time it enters the pharynx. The larynx and bronchi are thus protected from chill—an advantage needing no comment. If from temporary nasal catarrh nose-breathing is impossible, it is a good plan to roll the tongue transversely upon itself, so that the under surface rests against the roof of the mouth, the inspired air being by this means brought into contact with a larger warming surface than would otherwise be the case. This warming function comes especially into play when the speaker leaves a heated atmosphere for a cold one. *b.* That the air is moistened in its passage through the nose has likewise been proved experimentally. It has been shown that it is actually saturated with aqueous vapour, *i.e.*, made to take up as much as it can hold. The larynx and pharynx are thus kept moist. During mouth breathing, on the other hand, they tend to become dry, as all those who have slept with the mouth open well know. Now it is a familiar fact that prolonged speaking is apt to cause a dryness of the mouth and throat, to obviate which it is customary to provide the speaker with water which he may sip from time to time. This dryness is usually due to mouth breathing, though it must not be overlooked that it may also be caused by excessive nervousness; fear, it is well known, parching the mouth, a physiological truth upon which the old rice ordeal depended. We have seen that the exigencies of speech demand that the *expired* air shall pass through the mouth, and that consequently only a small proportion is sent through the nose, but inasmuch as this air is saturated with moisture it has no

tendency to dry the mucous membrane. It is the inspired air that does this, and, unlike that expired, it may be made to pass chiefly through the nose. Some difficulty may be experienced at first in effecting this while speaking, but every effort should be made to render the practice habitual, especially by those who speak in dry, heated, gas-lit atmospheres. *c.* The filtering action of the nose needs no demonstration, while the advantages of having the air filtered before it passes into the larynx and bronchi is self-evident, more especially as the atmosphere in which speaking has to be done is but too often laden with irritating particles.

From these considerations it is clear that any interference with proper nasal breathing will predispose to pharyngeal, laryngeal, and bronchial troubles, and, indeed, it is found as a matter of fact that a large percentage of the disorders to which these parts are liable own a nasal origin, so that no competent laryngoscopist would dream of treating a case of throat trouble without first making a careful examination of the nasal cavities. Unfortunately these are frequently disordered, especially in those who dwell in large towns, partly owing to the atmosphere being impregnated with particles of soot and dust, partly to the fact that much time is spent in gas-lit rooms in which the atmosphere is preternaturally dry, and partly also from the frequent changes in temperature which a life spent largely indoors entails. The most common affection of the nose is catarrh, *i.e.*, inflammation of its mucous membrane. In many Londoners this is habitual, and in conjunction with laryngeal catarrh, which it is largely instru-

mental in producing, doubtless materially contributes to the peculiar rasping intonation which characterises the true cockney.

The next most common cause of nasal obstruction is overgrowth of the mucous membrane lining the roof of the pharynx. This condition is common in children, and should in all cases receive early attention. The child keeps its mouth open, and has a vacant, often foolish, expression; the development of the nose is arrested, so that the nostrils are smaller, while the upper lip is apt to become unduly long; the tonsils are frequently enlarged; there is a great liability to bronchitis; snoring at night is invariable, and the child is dull at school; finally, speech is seriously interfered with. In all these cases a complete cure may be reckoned upon if the case be taken in hand sufficiently early; and it is surprising how soon after the obstruction has been removed the intellect brightens, the voice improves, and all the secondary symptoms disappear.

The means of averting nasal catarrh are the same as those of any other catarrh, and will be discussed shortly. When it is present in the milder chronic forms the nasal cavities should be douched with a warm saline solution night and morning. In this operation it is necessary after introducing the nozzle of the syringe to elevate it about half an inch before proceeding to inject the lotion, for otherwise the lotion will shortly return, failing to pass, as it should, right through to the pharynx.

It need scarcely be said that any enlargement of the tonsils should be promptly dealt with, since it neces-

sarily interferes with purity of tone. The skilful removal of these structures may be rendered practically painless.

As to the means of preventing catarrh, the following hints may be of service. As already insisted, the throat and bronchi should be protected by adopting nasal breathing as much as possible. With the exception of the exposed parts the whole body should be covered with flannel or silk. On no account should this precaution be neglected, even by the most hardy. If flannel cannot be tolerated next the skin, a layer of linen or less irritating fabric may be interposed, but silk is the preferable alternative. The individual must above all not treat himself like a hot-house plant: the more he "coddles" himself the more liable is he to take cold on the slightest occasion, and it is certain that over-precaution is answerable for the large proportion of "delicate throats" met with among singers and others to whom the preservation of the voice is a matter of great moment. It is, of course, wise to wrap up the throat on passing from a heated room into the cold night air, but of far more importance than this is keeping the body at an equable temperature. The best advice I can give on the subject of clothing, apart from what I have already said is, aim at warmth with the minimum amount of clothing. And in keeping warm there are other things besides the quantity of clothes worn to be thought of. Those who are exhausted and below par find it more difficult to keep warm than those in perfect health, and they are in consequence more liable to take cold; if, for instance, they get wet feet, or, worse still, soaked through, the danger of taking cold is great,

while if in vigorous health and warmed by exercise, the wetting will do no harm. If an individual has to travel a long distance in the cold he will do well to fortify himself by a good meal. A tendency to cold feet or great susceptibility to cold, it should here be remarked, generally indicates defective health and the need of medical advice.

The more perfect the general bodily health the less is the liability to catarrh. It is a great mistake to suppose that the animal organism is composed of a number of disconnected parts. The nose and throat form part and parcel of a highly complex whole, and as such their vitality rises and falls with that of the whole body: the more healthy the body at large the more healthy any part of it in particular. Keep, therefore, the body healthy; and to effect this desirable end the canons of health must be rigidly enforced. Let the bedroom be well ventilated: it should contain the minimum of furniture—curtains, bed-hangings, pictures and the like—the window should be wide open all day and partly also all night. There is absolutely no danger in following this latter advice, for it is always possible to so arrange matters as to prevent any draught. Sleep with the mouth closed.

A valuable means of warding off catarrh is the morning tub; it is a good plan to have the water lukewarm and to lather the entire body with soap. The alkali of the soap unites with the fatty matters so freely given off by the skin, and in this way the pores are thoroughly cleansed. The bath should be terminated by the cold douche, the feet still remaining in the warm water: this latter practice is subject to qualifications, but may

safely be followed by all those in a perfect state of health. If any doubt should exist in the matter, the doctor's advice should be sought.

Exercise to the extent of a three or four-mile walk, or its equivalent, should be taken every day.

The food should be simple and chiefly vegetarian: an ample meat diet predisposes to catarrh.

In regard to alcohol, it is impossible to lay down fixed rules applicable to all. Some do better without any, some benefit by taking it in moderation; its inordinate use is, of course, hurtful in all cases. Alcohol is peculiarly liable to induce catarrh or inflammation; not only does it tend to set it up by direct contact with mucous membrane, as is evidenced by the frequency with which chronic alcoholics suffer from gastric catarrh, but it also induces swelling of the nasal mucous membrane, and so predisposes to the bad habit of mouth breathing; it further causes a dilatation of the blood-vessels of the skin, in consequence of which this structure becomes congested with blood, which is thus much more readily cooled down than when circulating in the deeper tissues. Far, therefore, from "keeping out the cold," it would be more accurate to say that alcohol "lets it in." If the individual is likely to be exposed for any length of time to severe cold, he should rigidly abstain from alcohol; when, however, he comes into a warm room after having been out in the cold, a small quantity may be beneficial, for by dilating the surficial blood vessels it will enable the blood to be more rapidly warmed than it would otherwise be.

Regarding the best form in which to take alcohol, unadulterated and properly matured spirits freely

diluted are the best. Acid wines, cider, and malt liquors are the most treacherous.

On the subject of smoking I shall only say that, if unduly indulged in, it is apt to set up catarrh, superficial inflammation of the tongue and throat being among its many evil effects.

II.

SPEECH

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II

SPEECH.

INTRODUCTION.

Speech is the utterance of the articulate sounds of which a language is composed in such a way as to convey the ideas of one person to another. To do this effectively, to enable a speaker to interest, convince, or arouse those who are listening to his utterances, is the aim of the art of Elocution.

The interchange of thought and feeling between man and man in its earliest stage was, no doubt, confined to the utterance of mere animal cries and onomatopœtic sounds, assisted by facial expression and gesture; but how the marvellous instrument of definite speech and language originated in man is still as great a mystery to us as is the origin of life itself.

Speech long preceded the art of writing: its elements are the sounds of which words are composed. These sounds, in course of time, were graphically represented by characters which are called letters, and by their aid all vocal utterances are stereotyped into the silent language of writing and print, by means of which the expression of our thoughts and sentiments

is spread abroad far beyond the range of the voice and ear.

It is of the utmost importance in the acquisition of correct speech that the various sounds of a language should be clearly distinguished and uttered with exactitude and precision; we therefore present, at the outset of this part of our subject, a comprehensive review of the sounds and corresponding signs of our mother-tongue, and we strongly advise the student, who wishes to acquire a mastery of elocutionary power, not to regard this elementary enquiry as beneath his notice.

THE ELEMENTS OF SPEECH.

THE elements of speech are the sounds of which the words of a language are composed. The number of sounds in English speech is *forty-two*, while the number of letters in the alphabet is only *twenty-six*, and of these *three* are unnecessary, as the sounds they stand for may be represented in other ways. These redundant letters are *c*, *q*, and *x*. The sounds of *c* are the same as *s* and *k*; *q*, which is always followed by *u*, can be represented by *k*; and *x* by *ks*. We thus have forty-two sounds to be represented by twenty-three letters. This deficiency in our alphabet is obviated—

(1) By making one letter stand for several sounds;
(2) By giving combinations of letters one sound.

The sounds of the *vowels* and *diphthongs* are produced by the uninterrupted passage of the breath through the open mouth, the relative positions of the tongue and palate causing the different tones; and it is the predominance of these sounds in a language which renders its speech easy and musical. The *consonant* sounds are the result of the more or less complete stoppage of the breath in utterance by the partial or entire closing of the air passage by one or other of the organs of speech, and it is the degree of effort to produce these imperfect sounds that causes that harshness and roughness which renders speech difficult and unmusical.

There are thirteen vowel sounds in our speech, of which *a* stands for four, *e* three, *i* one, *o* two, *u* three, as will be seen in the following table:—

VOWELS.

1.	A in bate	8.	I in bit
2.	,, bat	9.	O in home
3.	,, bar	10.	,, hot
4.	,, ball	11.	U in rule
5.	E in me	12.	,, bull
6.	,, met	13.	,, bun
7.	,, her		

The vowel sounds are represented in the written language in a variety of other ways. There are, in fact, upwards of a hundred different methods of representing these thirteen sounds.

1. The *a* in *bate* by *ai* in *mail*, *ay* in *day*, *ao* in *gaol*, *au* in *gauge*, *ea* in *great*, *ey* in *they*.
2. The *a* in *bat* by *ai* in *plaid*, *ua* in *guarantee*.
3. The *a* in *bar* by *au* in *haunch*, *ea* in *heart*, *er* in *clerk*, *ua* in *guard*.
4. The *a* in *ball* by *au* in *fraud*, *aw* in *law*, *awe* in *awe*, *or* in *for*, *ough* in *ought*, *augh* in *caught*.
5. The *e* in *me* by *ea* in *meat*, *ee* in *feet*, *eo* in *people*, *ei* in *perceive*, *ie* in *believe*, *ey* in *key*, *ay* in *quay*, *i* in *marine*, *œ* in *phœnix*.
6. The *e* in *met* by *a* in *any*, *ai* in *said*, *ea* in *bread*, *eo* in *leopard*, *ei* in *heifer*, *ie* in *friend*, *ue* in *guest*.
7. The *e* in *her* by *ea* in *earth*, *er* in *berth*, *ir* in *firth*, *oe* in *does*, *ur* in *murder*, *yr* in *myrrh*.
8. The *i* in *bit* by *ei* in *forfeit*, *ie* in *sieve*, *ee* in *breeches*, *o* in *women*, *u* in *busy*, *y* in *symbol*.*

* What is usually considered a long *i* is really a diphthong.

9. The *o* in *home*, *eo* in *yeoman*, *oa* in *goat*, *oe* in *toe*, *oo* in *door*, *au* in *hautboy*, *ough* in *though*.
10. The *o* in *hot* by *a* in *what*, *want*.
11. The *u* in *rule* by *o* in *prove*, *oo* in *groove*, *oe* in *shoe*, *w* in *win*, *ue* in *true*, *ui* in *fruit*.
12. The *u* in *bull* by *o* in *wolf*, *oo* in *good*, *ou* in *could*.
13. The *u* in *bun* by *o* in *love*, *oo* in *blood*, *ou* in *rough*.

DIPHTHONGS.

Two vowels sounded together without a break form a diphthong. There are four such compound sounds in our speech, and, like the vowels, they are variously represented. They are :—

1. The sound of *a* in *at* combined with *e* in *me;* as in *I*, *eye*, *ai* in *aisle*, *eigh* in *height*, *y* in *thy*, *ui* in *guise*, *uy* in *buy*.
2. The sound of *a* in *all* combined with *i* in *it;* as in *oi* in *voice*, *oy* in *boy*, *uoy* in *buoy*.
3. The sound of *i* in *it* combined with *u* in *rule;* as in *eu* in *feud*, *ew* in *few*, *eau* in *beauty*, *iew* in *view*, *ou* in *youth*, *u* in *tube*.
4. The sound of *a* in *at* combined with *u* in *rule;* as in *ow* in *cow*, *ough* in *bough*.

CONSONANTS.

There are *twenty-five* consonant sounds in our speech, for most of which we have a separate character; double letters are used to supply the deficiency. These imperfect sounds are produced, as has been already said, by the partial or entire closing of the air-passage by the muscles of the throat, the teeth, or the lips. Those of the consonant sounds that are produced by the

partial emission of breath, and which can be prolonged, are called *spirants;* the others, in the production of which the breath seems stopped altogether, are called *mutes.* They are usually grouped together according to the organs of speech by which they are produced; viz., into *gutturals* (*guttur*, the throat), *labials* (*labium*, lip), *dentals* (*dens*, tooth); and they are again subdivided into *sharp* and *flat* sounds. The following table may be taken as a complete scheme of the *mutes* and *spirants:*—

	MUTES.		SPIRANTS.	
	Sharp.	Flat.	Sharp.	Flat.
Labials	P	B	F Wh (which)	V W (witch)
Dentals	T	D	Th (thin)	Th (this)
Gutturals	K Ch (soft)	G (hard) J		Ch (loch)
Sibilants			S Sh (sure)	Z Zh (azure)

In addition to the above nineteen consonant sounds, there are six others that are classed separately; viz.:—

L, M, N, R, which are called *liquids*, because their sounds combine easily with most of the others.

Ng., *nasal*, as are also M and N, because the vibrating column of air that produces them is forced to pass through the nose instead of the mouth.

H, *aspirate*, or the rough breathing.*

The correct and habitual use of the aspirate is perhaps the most obvious test to distinguish the well-trained from the illiterate. Those who have had the good fortune to be brought up entirely amongst educated and refined people are never tempted to go wrong in matters of grammar and pronunciation, as they seldom hear incorrect speech; while others less favoured have to be constantly upon their guard. The *h* is silent in *heir*, *hour*, *honour*, *honest*, but in *herb*, *humble*,† *humour*, and *hospital*, custom is divided, though its insertion is preferable. In aspirated words care should be taken not to make the rough breathing too prominent; and it should be borne in mind that to insert the *h* sound in the wrong place is a much greater fault than to omit it from its right place.

Wh.—In Old English words that begin with these letters the order is transferred to *hw*, and the sound is aspirated, as it should be still. Ben Jonson represents the sound of *what*, *which*, &c., in the sixteenth century, as "*hou-at*, *hou-ich*," &c. Most Englishmen, nowadays, erroneously omit altogether a slight breathing in words of this class, while many of the Irish overdo it.

Th.—In Old English the sharp and flat *th* sounds were represented by separate characters, Þ and ð respectively.

G.—The soft sound of this letter before *e*, *i*, *y*, is identical with the sound of *J*.

* In Greek the rough breathing is not indicated by a letter, but by an accent mark placed above the sound to be aspirated: *e.g.*, ὁ = ho.

† The *h* in *humble* has begun to be sounded of late years, partly, perhaps, on account of the antipathy aroused by the character of Uriah Heep, in Dickens's "David Copperfield," who was always so very 'umble.

Ch.—This combination in Anglicised classical words is sounded as *k*, as in *chaos, echo, monarch;* but in English words as *tch*, as in *child, chill.* In *loch, pibroch,* it has the deep Keltic guttural sound.

We feel it necessary to impress upon the student again that the thorough mastery of the elements of speech, as concisely laid down here, will be of the greatest assistance in his later studies.

SPOKEN WORDS.

Having acquired a correct knowledge of the elements of speech, the student's attention must next be directed to those incidents which constitute the perfect utterance of sounds when combined into words. These are *Articulation, Accent,* and *Pronunciation.*

ARTICULATION.

Good articulation is the distinct and correct utterance of each of the sounds of which a word is composed. Words are divided into syllables; every syllable must contain one vowel sound, and may have from one to five consonant sounds as well; the clear utterance of each of these in pronouncing a word constitutes perfect articulation. All the various sounds which build up speech must not only be rightly formed and uttered, but they must be clearly *enunciated,* or given forth, with sufficient force to reach the ear of the auditor. This is the primary essential to all effective speaking, whether conversational, argumentative, or declamatory. The listener must catch readily all that the speaker says; the omission of a sound will often change the meaning of a sentence, and destroy the force of an argument. And this by no means involves the expenditure of undue force. A speaker with only a moderate voice will be better understood, and heard with greater

pleasure, if he articulates correctly, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter will undoubtedly be heard at a greater distance, but it will reach the ear as confused noise rather than as articulate sound. Of the former voice not the slightest vibration is wasted, every beat is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches. As contrasted with distinct articulation and clear enunciation all the embellishments and tricks of the orator are worthless.

It will readily occur to the student that the difficulties in the attainment of good articulation lie in the consonant sounds. The vowels are easily uttered and prolonged when necessary, but to round off clearly a combination of discordant consonants requires care and effort at all times. Unless this clearness of utterance has become habitual by early training, nothing but the closest attention to the end in view, and assiduous practice, will enable the student to articulate his mother-tongue perfectly. Startling as it may sound, perhaps not more than one person in a hundred can do this. The majority are accustomed to utter their words in a careless or slovenly manner, their organs of speech have become partially paralysed for want of proper exercise, they do not even know the necessity of making certain muscular efforts in order to produce certain desirable results, because the elegance and beauty of perfect speech is unknown to them.

A few examples of difficult combinations of consonant sounds are given below which the student can amplify from any book or newspaper; the main point to insist upon being the distinct utterance of each separate sound, at first slowly and then rapidly.

first	trust	truss
thirst	thrust	thrusts
night	knife	nymphs
fills	filled	fill'st
slabs	slams	slaps
thwack	thwacks	thwack'd
firm	film	flint
spruce	strews	snooze
prompt	prounced	ploughed
creaked	sneaks	strict
bibulous	ambulance	avalanche
president	precedent	precedence

ACCENTUATION.

Accent is the stress of the voice on a particular syllable of a word. All words of more than one syllable have a *primary* accent, and many polysyllables have a *secondary* accent, less clearly marked, in addition to the primary one; thus, *gráteful, ingrátitude, incompréssibílity.* Accent is generally, but not always, upon the most important or root syllable of a word: *e.g.*—

> Let this be indélibly impréssed upon the mémory.
> A scene of indescríbable confúsion.
> By the instrumentálity of enginéering skill.

Accent is moved from one syllable to another, when a word is compounded; thus, *áccident, accidéntal*; *hármony, harmónious.* It is used also to distinguish the same word when employed as different parts of speech; *e.g., cóncert, concért; Áugust, augúst; rébel, rebél.*

Without accent speech would be monotonous both as regards tone and time, for the stress of the voice intensifies the one, like the beat in music, and varies the

other, like the distinction between crotchets and quavers. In the reading of poetry, which will be dealt with later on (see p. 87), accent plays a very important part, since it is the basis of rhythm in English verse. It will then be pointed out that it is allowable to alter the conventional accent of a word in the interest of the melodious flow of sound; *e.g.*, the words *revenue*, *aspect*, and *complete*, &c., may be pronounced *revénue*, *aspéct*, *cómplete*.

PRONUNCIATION.

Although the pronunciation of at least forty-nine-fiftieths of English words is definitely settled by the universal custom of the educated classes, and recorded in standard dictionaries, English and American, there is a fringe of debatable ground all round our vocabulary which necessitates vigilance and care on the part of those who desire to speak the Queen's English pure and undefiled. With respect to this margin, seeing that the old seats of learning differ in a few instances, and that the Imperial Parliament of the realm maintains a mint stamp of its own in some others, the ordinary Englishman has reason to feel grateful for the liberty which enables him to use his own taste and judgment in the matter, though to a very limited extent. The best advice that can be given to the student upon this subject is to exercise a keen ear to the speech of highly educated men and women, and to consult a good dictionary in cases of doubt. He must certainly not adopt the latitudinarian view of the Yorkshireman, in the well-known anecdote, who, when called upon to decide

the dispute as to whether the word *either* should be pronounced *ēther* or *ither*, stated that *orther* of them would do for him. It matters, however, very little whether we choose to say *tēnure* or *tĕnure*, *ĭsolate* or *īsolate*, for example, so long as we are correct in the use of what is absolutely settled.

A large number of people seldom have occasion to look into a pronouncing dictionary during their whole life, and speak correct English without ever having studied the grammar rules of their own tongue, but in these cases the environment has been exceedingly select.

It may be useful to indicate a few glaring errors in pronunciation that seem indigenous to certain parts of the country.

The vowel sounds A and U are grossly abused in some parts of the country; the former in the London district, the latter in the North. The first sound of *a* as in *bate* is usually turned by the native of the metropolitan district into the diphthong, *ah-ee*. He says, "It's a hot *dah-ee*" (day), and that he'll take "a half-pint of *ah-eel*" (ale). He calls his glass a *gla(r)ss*, and takes a tram to the Elephant and *Ca(r)stle*. He prefers *corfee* to tea, but would rather have *horf*-and-*horf* (half). The sound of the fourth diphthong, represented by *ow* in *cow*, he turns into a combination of three vowel sounds, which is difficult to represent otherwise than as *ee-ah-oo*.

The North-countryman mixes up the three sounds of the *u* in a way that is rarely heard in the Midlands or the South. Even the well-educated Yorkshire and Lancashire man, *who has never lived out of his own county*, may be caught tripping in the repetition of such a string of words as *but*, *put*, *pulpit*, *sugar*, *bosom*. While the illiterate Yorkshireman will turn a *cup* into a *coop*, a Londoner will convert it into a *cap*.

The consonant sounds fare better upon the whole than the vowels. The nasal *ng* perhaps comes off the worst. Whilst *kingdom* is sometimes pronounced *kin-dom*, *singing* is sounded *sing-ging*, and *Birmingham*, *Birmin-gum*. The proper sound of *ng* is also often omitted in the middle of such words as *strength*, *length*. Again, the burr of the letter *r* in some parts of the North, and in Ireland, as in *tur-ruth*, *wor-rld*, &c., though disagreeable, is decidedly less offensive than its intrusion by the cockney into such words as *lawr*.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to point out here that the provincialisms which form so marked a feature in the colloquial speech of various parts of the country, and which are relics of our Doric mother-tongue, must not be placed in the same category as the vulgarisms pointed out above, and such other barbarisms as *mischiev-ious* for mischievous, *horrable* for horrible, *umberella* for umbrella, *o-casion* for occasion, *dooty* for duty, *feller* for fellow, *nothink* for nothing, and the like.

DELIVERY.

Having laid down in detail the sounds of which our tongue is composed, and enlarged upon the incidents to be observed in combining them correctly into individual spoken words, we now enter upon the practical part of our subject, viz., the effective delivery of continuous speech. Taking for granted that every sound in discourse must be distinctly enunciated, rightly accented, and correctly pronounced, we have to inquire what are the essentials, and what are the accidents, that go to make up good speech and effective oratory.

It is as true to-day as it was nearly two thousand years ago, when Horace gave expression to the famous dictum, "A poet is born, an orator made." But this, like most other sweeping assertions, requires modification and limitation to bring out its whole truth. While not more than half-a-dozen men of a generation have the natural gifts which enable them by training and knowledge to give utterance to what we are apt to call "heaven-born oratory," nearly every man who has the requisite patience and industry may become a graceful and pleasing reader and speaker. If there is no defect, organic or acquired, in the organs of speech, every man and woman may acquire the power of holding an audience attentive and interested, or even spell-bound, by the polished delivery of their own well-considered thoughts, or the choice language of others. What is

it, then, that converts our common speech into such an instrument of pleasure and power? that enables one man to sway the judgment and touch the feelings of hundreds and thousands that are listening to him? to call forth tears and laughter at will, and even to arouse his hearers to deeds of daring, or to paralyse them with fear?

We must ascribe this power first and foremost to the wonderful organ by which speech is produced. The "human voice divine," even apart from its musical capacities, is perhaps man's most god-like gift. Its capabilities of sound-production, in every variety of intensity and modulation, is practically illimitable. From the shriek of horror down to the gasping whispers of despair, it runs through the gamut of expression of every human feeling and passion—now pouring forth, trumpet-like, fiery denunciation, now calmly enunciating every-day thoughts and desires, and anon, in flute-like sweetness, giving utterance to the tender accents of love. The magic of a rich and powerful voice thrills every human being within its range; its vibrations set in motion the common ties of race and humanity; it stirs into unison, or perchance throws into discord, the thoughts and feelings of all whom it reaches. Not to go beyond the present generation, three Englishmen may be singled out who have had this marvellous gift in a special degree—Bright, Spurgeon, and Gladstone; and no one who has heard the mellow richness of their tones, however he may differ from the views they were advocating, can withhold his admiration of their charm and influence. Altogether, apart from the sense of the words, there is the same

indefinable pleasure in the mere sounds uttered by a grand voice as we experience in listening to the rich tones of an old violin. It is the quality, range, and power of the organ that is the natural gift; all the other accessories to good oratory are to be acquired in varying degrees of perfection by patient, untiring, well-directed labour. In this sense, and in this sense only, the "orator is made." Let no one, then, who aspires to become a good reader and speaker be discouraged by the consciousness of having a voice of but moderate, or even poor quality and power. We cannot all be Burkes or Brights, but by a careful observance of the essentials of correct speech, already pointed out, as well as a clear conception and assiduous practice of the canons of rhetoric now to be briefly laid down, an astonishing measure of excellence may with certainty be attained. Let it be borne in mind that the ease and perfection with which a *prima donna* pours forth her wondrous tones are the result of continuous practice many hours a day, extended over several years; that, in short, what seems the perfection of nature is but the triumph of art.

We now proceed to discuss briefly the canons of rhetoric, by which is meant those observances in the delivery of continuous speech which add point, force, and feeling to its meaning. And we cannot do better at the outset than advise the student to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" Hamlet's address to the players: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you," &c.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the stress of the voice upon the salient or telling words of a sentence. It stands in the same relation to the words of a clause that accent does to the syllables of individual words, and the two, skilfully combined, form a kind of rhythm even to prosaic speech. The force of emphasis is enhanced by a *pause* before and after the emphatic word, as well as by an alteration in the *pitch* of the voice. Emphasis not only interprets and intensifies the right meaning of an expression, but when misplaced, it may be made to convey an entirely erroneous signification. If, for instance, in the sentence "Saddle me the ass, and they saddled him the ass," the word *him* is emphasised, the result will be, to say the least, not complimentary to the speaker. Sometimes it is necessary to make a whole clause stand out in bold relief; this is readily accomplished by a monotonous emphasis of tone and pause upon each of the words alike. The reading aloud of the simple, vigorous English of the Bible and Prayer-book will furnish choice examples of the use of emphasis, both continuous and in various degrees of force. Take, for instance, the touching narrative given in 2 Samuel xii. 1-7, in which Nathan leads on David to be his own judge by the simple story of the poor man's ewe lamb. After marking the emphasis throughout, note the doubled force required on the word *die*, in David's words, "The man that hath done this thing shall surely *die*"; and then again the trebled force required on *thou* in Nathan's climax, "*Thou* art the man." The emphasis should undoubtedly be equally distributed throughout, the

particles alone excepted, in reading some of the Commandments and similar impressive passages, such as—

> Thou shalt do no murder.*
> Jacob lifted up his voice and wept.
> Go, and sin no more.
> And now abideth these three, Faith, Hope, Charity.
> Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth
> Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely of this distribution of emphasis, and also of its incidence with doubled force upon strongly contrasted words and offensive and satirical epithets. Notice, for instance, the force required upon the words *you* and *my* in Hamlet's rejoinder to his mother's censure :—

> *Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
> *Hamlet.* Madam, *you* have *my* father much offended.

Again, in the repetition of the word *dog* in Shylock's speech to Antonio, and also on the word *honourable* in Mark Antony's funeral oration over Cæsar's body.

> The following dialogue, which occurred in the Court of Queen's Bench some years ago, is well deserving of quotation here. Cooke, the musician, was being cross-examined as a witness by Sir James Scarlett, in an action for piracy of an arrangement of "The Fine Old English Gentleman" :—
>
> *Sir James.* Now, sir, you say that the two melodies

* The writer will never forget the impression made upon his young mind by listening, Sunday after Sunday, to the reading of the Commandments by the late Dean Hook, then Vicar of Leeds. The portly figure, the white robes, the uplifted hand, the commanding voice, all combined to give the impression of the Divine Lawgiver uttering his stern behests, and prepared also to administer vengeance upon the offender.

are the same but different: now what do you mean by that?

Cooke. I said that the notes of the two copies were alike, but with a different accent; the one being in common time, the other in 6-8 time, and that, consequently, the position of the accented notes was different.

Sir James. What is musical accent, sir?

Cooke. My terms are one guinea per lesson, Sir James.

Sir James. Never mind your terms, sir; I ask you what is musical accent? Can you *see* it?

Cooke. No.

Sir James. Can you *feel* it?

Cooke. A musician can.

Sir James. Now, pray sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent.

Cooke (measuredly). Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a certain note, in the same manner as you lay emphasis upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, "You are an *ass*," it rests upon the word *ass;* but if I were to say, "*You* are an ass," it would rest upon *you*, Sir James.

The Judge (gravely). Are you satisfied, Sir James.

Sir James. The witness may sit down.

TIME.

Time, or speed, of utterance is an incident of pleasing diversity and expressiveness in delivery. About one hundred and twenty words per minute may be taken as the average rate of practised public speakers; but this is frequently exceeded, at the expense, however, of

clearness and right understanding. The time of syllabic utterance depends upon the length of the vowel sounds, and the varied degrees of effort requisite to form distinctly the different consonant combinations, some of them occupying twice as long as others. The time of sententional delivery is a matter for the speaker's taste, and depends in principle upon the logical bearing of the clauses to each other, and the nature of the subject matter. As a rule, parenthetical and explanatory clauses are delivered in quicker time than the principal statement. Narrative is for the most part uniform, the pace being altered according to the sentiments uttered, and the impressiveness which is desired to be produced.

PAUSE.

Breaks in delivery are of two kinds—grammatical stops and rhetorical pauses; the former are necessary to the sense, the latter for effect. Not a quarter of the stops used in speaking occur in print, and it is one of the last steps of advance a reader acquires to know when and where to pause when there are no marks of punctuation. Most young people who have merely mastered the difficulties of pronunciation read too rapidly; they hurry on as though speed is synonymous with excellence. The old adage—

> Read loud and slow; all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places—

cannot be too deeply impressed upon them. To remedy

this common defect of rapid delivery, the following hints may be of service :—

1. Pause *slightly* before and after explanatory clauses.
2. Pause *slightly* after the nominative case.
3. Pause *a little longer* both before and after the emphatic word of the sentence.
4. Pause *longer still* when the subject-matter changes.

No definite rules, however, can be laid down for the student's guidance as to when and where rhetorical pauses should be made, beyond such a general piece of advice as this :—Stop whenever you wish to rivet the attention of your audience. Nothing but previous study, a thorough mastery of the subject dealt with, a careful selection of the points to be driven home, or of the feelings it is desired to call into play, will enable the speaker to distribute the pauses, both as to position and duration, with effect.

A sudden pause is sometimes used with great effect between words so closely connected in sense as, usually, to admit of no break ; as between a noun and adjective, a pronoun and the verb, a preposition and its accusative : the hearer's attention is powerfully arrested to the expected word, *e.g.* :—

> I am outraged by an insinuation of—meanness.
>
> Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
> That I am meek and gentle with these—butchers.
>
> They despised, they—crucified their Saviour.

Like emphasis misplaced, a pause after the wrong word may totally alter the meaning of a sentence. If, for instance, in the sentence, "Woman, without her, man is a brute," the pause be transferred from the word

her to *man*, we should shrink from committing the result to print.

A pause is sometimes artfully used as a kind of pleasantry, or to gain time for thinking the way out of a dilemma. A parliamentary candidate was once very brusquely asked if he would give his support to such-and-such a bill if it were introduced into the House. He good-humouredly replied: "I may tell my friend in the gallery, that I will" (pause—followed by loud cheers from the advocates of the measure)—"not" (pause—followed by vigorous counter-cheers)—"answer a question so rudely put" (general laughter). A notable instance of the kind is furnished in a brilliant speech by Patrick Henry against the imposition of the Stamp Act in the American Colonies. He concluded a masterly peroration in these words: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III."—here the orator paused. "Treason!" cried the Speaker; "Treason!" echoed from all parts of the House, and when the shouts ceased the orator continued—"and George III. *may profit by their example.* If this be treason, make the most of it." The impression produced was electrical.

PITCH.

Pitch is the elevation or depression of the tone of the voice, adopted at will, according to the nature of the utterances. It is questionable whether, in giving expression to strong emotion, the adjustment of pitch is not entirely instinctive. We daily and hourly hear all varieties of pitch of the voice suitable to changing con-

dition. A man gives a command in one tone, and asks a favour in another; his voice grows sharp and shrill in anger, and becomes soft and low in tenderness; deep and moaning in grief, cracked and shrieking in despair. The tones of deep-seated emotion come from the *chest*, their pitch is low; those expressive of impulsive passion are high in pitch, and partake of the quality of the *head* voice. The power of alteration in pitch, and the wideness of range and ease of transition within which this can be done without cracks and breaks, constitute the basis of inflection and modulation, and therefore of all expression in delivery.

The adoption of abrupt alterations in pitch, especially when the change is from the highest to the lowest point attainable, requires the skill that can only be arrived at by lengthened practice, and the aid of an organ of assured power and range. It is often attempted in the pulpit on account of its impressiveness, but rarely with success. Let the student always bear in mind, in attempting the highest effort of his art, that *pathos* and *bathos* lie dangerously close to each other.

INFLECTION.

By inflection is meant the intermittent rising and falling of the voice in reading and speech which renders it pleasing and *natural*, as distinguished from repetition in monotone. No one, or perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say, scarcely anyone,* converses in

* The writer has in his mind a late distinguished dignitary of the Church, a large-hearted and devoted man, who acquired the habit of speaking at all times in a most lugubrious, monotonous drawl, that

monotone. We are generally perfectly natural in our every-day intercourse with each other; why should we not be so in reading aloud, or in delivering an address? Why should a man put on a kind of vocal stilts as soon as he gets upon his legs to make a speech? The sole aim of the art of elocution is to ensure public utterance being natural and effective.

Inflection is a *gradual* rise and fall in the tone of the voice, a sliding upwards or downwards, one note at a time, as distinct from a definite alteration in pitch. Inflection continues whatever the pitch may be; the former gives an intellectual interpretation to what is being said, and imparts a pleasing diversity, while the latter indicates change of subject or variety of emotion. Let the student utter the word *indeed* in a tone of surprise, and he will have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by rising inflection; and if he will then utter the same word in a tone of derision, he will readily apprehend what is understood by the falling inflection.

In addition to the *simple* inflection already spoken of, which may be regarded as a wave-like motion of tone, amplified now and then by emphasis and pitch, there is necessary in the delivery of some elaborate passages a *continuous* inflection of the voice, embracing ascent or descent through several successive notes. This is appropriate in the rendering of marked contrast, and highly-wrought rhetorical climax. Its application will

was painful to listen to. On one occasion, after distributing the prizes at a large public school, it was irresistibly comical to hear him express the hope that the boys would have a very pleasant holiday, so as to be able to return to their studies with renewed vigour, in a tone of voice that might have been suitable in reading the funeral service.

be found necessary in giving proper effect to such passages as the following:—

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Good Lord deliver us.

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die, and—if you wrong us shall we not revenge?

We think it is altogether useless to indicate the incidence of the different inflections by an unsightly system of marks, which create an impression of difficulty when very little exists, as is usually done in works of this kind. In so obvious a matter ordinary intelligence is all that is needed. The student should, in his study, repeat a passage several times, until he thoroughly grasps its import, and *feels* that his rendering of it is natural and sufficiently forcible to produce the like impression upon his auditors.

MODULATION.

What is meant by modulation, as applied to speech, embraces several of the rhetorical incidents already considered, and yet is distinct from each of them. It is partly made up of pitch, tone, and inflection, and at the same time it is something above and beyond them. It is at once so composite, and yet so unique, that it is difficult to frame an adequate definition of it, and, therefore, we will not advance beyond description. What light and shade are to a picture, and changes of key to a piece of music, modulation is to speech. What accent is to the syllables of a word, and emphasis to the words of a sentence, modulation is to a composition as a whole. It is like a skilful arrangement of variegated lamps as compared with pure and simple illumination.

By modulation is meant the exercise of all these finer and more delicate capabilities of tone-production, which depend more upon the natural quality of the organ than upon cultivation. It requires a perfect flexibility and command over all the gradations of intonation, as well as an indefinable *timbre*, which has the power of establishing a sympathy between the speaker and his audience. Its exercise appeals rather to the heart than to the head; it touches the feelings rather than convinces the understanding. It adapts the intonation to the subject-matter, making the sound an echo to the sense. By its sensitive pulsations the ear takes up the vibrations which thrill into play the tenderest emotions. It is that quality of voice which has tears in it, which exercises a mesmeric influence over its listeners, which

is calculated to warp the judgment and carry its audience away with it. It operates, for the most part, within a comparatively limited range; the very highest as well as the very lowest efforts of oratorical effect are independent of it. And yet it constitutes the chief charm and perfection of elocutionary excellence. Like all other rhetorical observances it may be improved by cultivation, but its essential basis, viz., an organ of exceptional quality, can be no more obtained by human effort than can heroic proportions by a man of meagre frame.

We will not attempt to embarrass the student by drawing up artificial scales of pitch and modulation for the regulation of his voice; nor do we think it desirable to formulate rules for his guidance in acquiring facility in these rhetorical appliances. This has been done many times, but with little practical utility. Modulation in delivery is so entirely a matter of cultured taste and feeling that, we think, intelligent study will direct the students' practice better than the application of arbitrary rules to individual marked sentences. He will find choice material in abundance ready to hand in this volume for all the requirements of analysis, thought, and practice.

FORCE AND ENERGY.

The exercise of these qualities in delivery depends very much upon the temperament of the speaker, which, to a large extent, determines the degree to which they are applied. In any case they involve

greater physical exertion, not only as regards gesture, but in the mere emission of breath, and in most cases much of this effort is wasted. The object of throwing "soul" into speech is to impress the earnestness of the speaker upon the audience, to enkindle within them the flame that is consuming him. And to do this effectively requires but little additional volume of sound, if the utterances throughout be audible. What is required, instead of expending all the increased power in "raising the voice" only, as is usually done, is to distribute it in more distinct articulation, stronger emphasis, and fuller intonation. By lengthening the pauses, too, which in no little degree contributes to the same result, the waste of exertion is diminished, and opportunity afforded for regaining the breath. Mere vociferation, amounting almost to shouting, defeats its own object; it is the vowel sounds only that can be bawled out, and when this is done, distinct articulation of the consonants is impossible. It is an indisputable fact that a man may shout so loud that you cannot hear what he says. In illustration of this an old story may be quoted. A speaker in a crowded room, who had been bawling at the top of his voice from the platform for some time, was at length obliged to pull up for want of breath, when an old Quaker gentleman at the far end of the room, taking advantage of the momentary lull, called out to him in a clear, thin voice, "Friend, thou art making so much noise that we cannot hear thee." The practised, cool-headed speaker will never allow his enthusiasm to carry him away, but will skilfully arrange his forces to carry his audience along with him. He will employ, with moderation, all the rhetorical appli-

ances at his command to get the ear of his audience, to put them in good humour, to gain their sympathy, until at length their attention is riveted upon him, and they await his words in breathless silence. A very slight expenditure of additional power will then add fire and energy to his discourse, whenever he desires to bring these forces into play.

"O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ear of the groundlings."

THE READING OF POETRY

The structure of verse being more artificial than that of even high-class prose, the effective delivery of it necessitates some knowledge of the principles of its construction. Verse is musical articulate speech: its melody, unlike the varied tones of song, is merely a pleasant harmonious undulation of sound, produced by the utterance of regularly recurring accented and unaccented syllables, which is known as *rhythm*. The words of a poem are selected and arranged so that the accented and unaccented syllables stand in the same order throughout. Each set of syllables which is alike in the arrangement of accent and non-accent is called a *foot*, and the kind of foot constitutes the basis of measurement or *metre*. There are four different kinds of feet of which all English poetry is constructed; two of two syllables each, and two of three syllables. The names of the feet and the position of the accent in each, are given in the following table:—

Iambic	foot as in	dĕ-spāir.
Trochaic	,,	tēm-plĕ.
Dactylic	,,	wōn-dĕr-fŭl.
Anapestic	,,	sĕr-ĕn-āde.

Each of these different arrangements of sounds,

when continued, gives a distinctive character to the melody of the verse, which a good reader should bring out clearly, in addition to the rhetorical features of the poem. Just as music is divided into *bars* of equal beat and time, so the successive lines of a poem are divisible into *feet* of equal time and beat; but whereas in printed music the bars and also the rests are given, verse is presented without any such mechanical aids to the rhythm. The reader, therefore, must be able to do this for himself before he can produce the rhythmic flow with effect. This is known as *scanning* verse, a few examples of which follow.

Iambic.

Thĕ mōre | thŏu dāmm'st | ĭt ūp | thĕ mōre | ĭt būrns ;
The cur | rent, that | with gen | tle mur | mur glides,
Thou know'st, | being stopp'd, | impa | tiently | doth rage

I hear | the trail | ing gar | ments of | the night
Sweep through | her mar | ble halls.

Trochaic.

Whā wĭll | bē ă | trāitŏr | knāve ?
Wha will | fill a | coward's | grave ?

Cursed | be the | sickly | forms that | err from | honest | nature's | rule !
Cursed | be the | gold that | gilds the | straightened | forehead | of the | fool !

Dactylic.

Māke nŏ dĕep | scrūtĭnў
Into her | mutiny.
Rash and un | dutiful ;
Past all dis | honour,
Death has left | on her
Only the | beautiful.

Anapestic.

Thĕre thĕ wār | riŏr lăy strētched | ĭn thĕ mīdst | ŏf hĭs prīde,
And the bride | groom fell dead | by the corpse | of his bride.

From these considerations it will be seen that to read poetry well special attention must be given to the rhythmic effect, altogether apart from other rhetorical excellencies. The poet will have selected the rhythm that harmonises best with his subject, and the reader must find out by scansion the right flow of his numbers. It must never be allowed to degenerate into sing-song, but there should nevertheless be a subdued musical undertone perceptible throughout. The student must not be under the impression that the rhythm of poetry is always as exact and uniform as in the passages quoted above; and even they are not perfect throughout. If this were so, reading verse would be wearisome and monotonous, to which the irregular rhythm of good prose would be preferable. In all good poetry the wave-like murmuring sound is diversified in a variety of ways; one kind of foot is substituted for another; unaccented syllables are occasionally omitted or added on; pauses are required at irregular intervals, and these break up the melody into varying phrases. Again, the great use made of *alliteration* in poetry, and the introduction of *rhyme* into some kinds, assist in accentuating the rhythmic flow, and in adding sweetness to its melody. In rhymed verse a terminal pause is necessary to bring out the consonance of the like endings, but in rendering our noble blank verse no greater fault can be committed than to make a stop, however slight, at the end of each line. If it is the

work of a master hand—and no other should be presented to the student—the melody, as well as the sense, runs right on, and the pauses are more often in the middle of the line than at the end. Let the student read the poem as if it were presented to him as prose, and if he cannot make melody of it, he should practise it till he can.*

* Those who desire further acquaintance with the niceties of verse are referred to "Orthometry: the Art of Versification," by R. F. Brewer (Charles William Deacon & Co.).

FAULTS IN SPEAKING.

The only defects in speaking that we intend briefly to allude to are those that are more or less in the power of the individual to prevent or remedy. All of them are acquired, not natural, and are allowed to become habitual through neglect, ignorance, or carelessness. Speech is entirely imitative, the various sounds of which it is composed are acquired in childhood one after another in the order of their difficulty, the pronunciation of them being a reproduction of what obtains around. The great majority of children have no training whatever in sound-production; there is usually no attempt made to correct faults, and no effort to ensure the right position of the tongue, lips, and teeth, in forming them. This is due, doubtless, not so much to wilful neglect on the part of parents, as to great ignorance of the nature and importance of good articulation. The wonder is that the number of lispers and stammerers is not greater than is actually the case. The defects thus acquired in childhood, which might be remedied with very little trouble, become habits in adult life which will hardly yield to the most persistent efforts.

One great national fault is that we speak too much with the mouth shut. Our language contains a preponderance of consonant sounds, which are formed with a closed, or partially closed, mouth; consequently the

majority of Englishmen fail to acquire the habit of speaking with the mouth as open as possible, like the Italians, for instance, do, whose articulation and modulation are perfect. But this is due, perhaps, as much to climatic differences as to the preponderance of vowel sounds in the language of the sunny South over our own.

Another grave national fault in speech, at once the most universal as well as the most easily remedied, is the habit of slovenly pronunciation. Not only are the syllables of words jumbled together, but several words are joined into one; "geography" becomes *jography*, "light and dark" degenerates into *lightendark*, and the like.

We have already said that perhaps not more than one person in a hundred articulates distinctly from habit: Neglect of early training, and crass ignorance both of the utility and charm of distinct utterance, contribute to the perpetuation of this all but universal blemish upon our national speech. The habit of speaking too rapidly hinders the removal of this defect; but the root of the matter lies in the effort which is necessary to form clearly and blend together many of our difficult consonant sounds, and habit has not made this effort easy.

Other more serious defects in speaking are fortunately limited to but few individuals.

Lisping arises from the substitution of the sound of *th* for that of *s*, and is entirely due to the wrong position of the tongue in attempting to form the latter. It can easily be overcome by right direction and persistent effort.

Stammering and *stuttering* are more deeply rooted defects, and require the treatment of a specialist. They result from a partial paralysis of some part of the vocal apparatus, which it should be borne in mind extends from the diaphragm to the lips. There is an absence of control over the voluntary muscles somewhere in the complex organ, and this results in confused or spasmodic action. Stammering seems to be lack of power over the vowel sounds, stuttering over the consonant sounds.

SPEECH-MAKING.

The power and importance of oratory have been felt and acknowledged in all ages and in all countries, but more especially is its value and influence appreciated where constitutional government has been attained, and freedom of speech is the birthright of every citizen. In modern times the pen has become mightier than the sword, and the tongue of the orator has superseded the daring and courage of the warrior in directing the policy and swaying the destiny of nations. In the senate, the bar, the pulpit, and on the platform, the practised speaker, in these days, moulds the views, forms the judgment, and influences the votes of his audience, as no other human agency can do. The orator has thus become the modern chief of his fellows, the leader of his class, the king amongst men; and no one who has listened to a master-wielder of this god-like gift can wonder that its possession raises a man to such an eminence. We observe this distinction in all assemblies of men from the highest to the lowest, from the gathering together of the picked ones of the realm in the national Parliament, down to the meeting of the village club: the man who cannot speak is a nonentity; the best speaker is the leader of his party, the master of the situation. The champion of popular rights, even

though in early life he may have worked as a miner, a stonemason, or a mechanic, now finds welcome admission, upon equal terms, amongst the great ones of the land, if he but has the power of golden-mouthed speech.

This being unquestionably the case, the wonder is that so little attention is given in early life to the acquisition of the art, which can be learned like singing and dancing. There are, no doubt, a few isolated cases in which natural temperament or organic defect disqualifies an individual from any approach to effective speech-making; and, on the other hand, to become really eloquent is within the power of a gifted few only; but the vast majority of mankind have it undoubtedly in their own hands to make themselves capable of giving public utterance to what they really know, feel, or believe, with clearness, fluency, and self-possession. In our own country at least little or no attempt is made to develop the art of public speaking in our educational system, and no facilities for doing so are provided for the youth of our country when school life is over. In most cases nothing whatever is attempted in this direction until a man is compelled by circumstances to take part in public life, when somewhat advanced in years, and the result is generally as painful to the speaker as to the listener. This is like postponing the learning of swimming till a man is in a drowning condition. How few Englishmen, even amongst those who are well educated, can stand before an audience for a quarter of an hour, and state their views upon a subject they are supposed to be acquainted with, without humming and hawing every few seconds. And

yet it is an accomplishment entailing no more study and practice than many other intellectual habits they have acquired. That determination and patience will most surely achieve marked success in oratory, in spite of preliminary failure, we have many notable examples. The brilliant Sheridan and the late Lord Beaconsfield were both laughed down in their maiden efforts in the House of Commons; but their determination that the time would come when they should be heard was justified by their indomitable perseverance. The eloquent divine, Robert Hall, when a student, preaching extempore, once suddenly stopped, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed, "I have lost all my ideas," and was obliged to sit down and close the service; yet he eventually became the most powerful preacher of the day.

Oratory of a high order is an art which embraces many natural and acquired gifts and accomplishments —voice, presence, knowledge of men and things, command of words, tact, humour, and self-possession. Demosthenes, perhaps the greatest master the world has heard, when asked what are the first, the second, and the third points in eloquence, answered, "Delivery, delivery, delivery," the quality, cogency, and variety of the matter delivered being, of course, presupposed. The mere capacity for continuous talk, aided by all the tricks of art, cannot produce real oratorical effect: the audience see through the flimsy, pantomimic display, and discern the bare machinery behind. An effective speaker must have a thorough mastery of the subject he wishes to impress upon his audience, there should be no haziness in his own mind as to the views he is pro-

pounding; the dominant idea should never be lost sight of, and all illustrations and details duly subordinated to it. Digressions, however effective in themselves, weaken the main argument, and break the thread of continuous thought. The main body of a speech, in which the central idea is elaborated, argued, and illustrated, should have an *exordium*, or beginning, in which it is stated with the utmost clearness, and a *peroration*, or ending, in which it is driven home with every oratorical appliance. These remarks, of course, apply to set speeches only; the art of impromptu speech, summing up, and final reply in debate requires so many natural and acquired accomplishments, that it should not be attempted without long-continued practice.

The preparation of a set speech is accomplished by experts in a variety of different ways, according to the importance of the occasion, the degree of skill acquired by previous practice, and the temperament and accomplishments of the speaker. All speeches that are worth delivering should be carefully studied out, but they should be given with the ease and naturalness of extempore utterance. Many orators, including all the great masters of ancient times, wrote out fully, and re-wrote their speeches as elaborate studied compositions, and then delivered them from memory.* And here Demosthenes' chief point of excellence—viz., delivery, comes in as the one essential, in order that the prepared oration should produce the effect of extemporaneous utterance. When lacking this sovereign excellence

* One of Cicero's most elegant orations was written but never delivered, although it has been read and studied as a model of excellence for upwards of eighteen centuries.

such studied speeches fall flat and soulless upon the ear, and consequently do not produce half the effect that an inferior effort would do if delivered with extemporaneous vivacity. Others content themselves with drawing out their main argument and selecting their illustrations in the form of copious notes, writing out fully the exordium and peroration only.* But even this form of preparation requires frequent rehearsal, unless the speaker is very methodical and has a copious vocabulary at command. And in this connection it may be remarked that words seldom fail a man in describing and expressing what he thoroughly understands and means. The man who flounders is generally inexact in his modes of thought and undecided as to his convictions. Others again, past-masters of rhetorical art, full of knowledge and experience, of exuberant verbosity, fertile in resource, ever ready in repartee, and withal cool-headed and capable of continuous thought, require but little preparation and little in the form of notes to keep them straight on, and enable them to round off their utterances with proper effect. And yet even such old hands as these lay down their line of thought, arrange facts, and select illustrations beforehand when they have to deal with subjects of special importance, and upon occasions which are out of their usual range. It, indeed, savours of impertinence, in all but a gifted few, to attempt to instruct, sway, or arouse

* John Bright says: "I never write my speeches. Sometimes I make a few notes, when accuracy is demanded. Other writing is unnecessary." In the *Strand Magazine* for February, 1891, there is given, in fac-simile, Mr. Bright's notes for a famous speech he delivered in the House of Commons, on Women's Suffrage, April 25th, 1876, together with the *Times* report of the speech.

an intelligent audience, without some special preliminary effort.

With regard to minor kinds of speech-making, which most men are called upon to undertake impromptu now and then, such as proposing a resolution, moving a vote of thanks, &c., as it is usual to give some little notice, there is brief time for preparation. We would say—fix upon one leading idea, and deviate from it as little as possible; make no digression in order to score a point over a previous speaker, you may have difficulty in getting back again upon the main road; stick to what you have been called upon to do, and express it as simply, gracefully, and as briefly as you can; do not drag in anecdotes in order to raise a laugh merely; you have no opportunity for originality, or for saying anything startling, as you have no time for weighing over any new point in all its bearings; content yourself, therefore, by discharging a subordinate duty with finish and despatch. An effective after-dinner speech requires all the skill and finesse of a master hand. It should be racy, humorous, graceful, and sparkling with epigrammatic wit and paradox. It need not be intellectual, but it must not be commonplace—the audience are not in a condition for much mental exertion, they do not wish to be roused into laughter, but they enjoy being tickled. Amongst high-class Americans this peculiar art is more cultured than in English society. Thackeray once said that the best speeches he ever made were those that he delivered to himself when going home *after* the event. No doubt many of us who have not had perseverance enough to master the art are equally satisfied that our best efforts should be lost to mankind.

The student may find some little help in the acquisition of speech-making in the following hints:—

1. Read, read, read—standard books especially—but read. Your knowledge can never be too broad, deep, or varied.
2. Get into the habit of marking choice passages that strike you, either in prose or poetry; you can then re-taste the cream of a book any time in an hour, and thus become familiarised with beautiful thoughts and choice language.
3. Commit to memory as many gems of the language as your taste and fancy fix upon; you are thus unconsciously enriching your own vocabulary, acquiring striking epithets and phrases, and forming a museum of quotations.
4. Study, analyse, and read aloud, again and again, the varied and extensive selection of recitations given for the purpose in this volume.
5. Write out, peruse, and re-write short original speeches suitable to occasions that are likely to arise, and deliver them to yourself, or, still better, to friends who are interested in the same acquisition; such as seconding a vote of thanks, proposing a toast, replying on behalf of the bridesmaids at a wedding breakfast, and the like.
6. Study and draw out in writing the heads of speeches on the current topics of the day, and then try your hand, impromptu, on the *opposition side of the questions.*
7. Decline no opportunity of taking part in discussions, debates in local parliamentary forums, and the like, and avail yourself of every occasion of hearing the best speakers of the day.
8. Above all, do not be discouraged by preliminary failure.

III.

GESTURE

BY

HENRY NEVILLE,

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Author of "The Stage: its Past and Present in relation to Fine Art," etc.

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III.

GESTURE.

INTRODUCTION.

Acting, genuine, profound, absorbing, is distinctly an art, and its requirements are as necessary as those of any other art, in order to realise the proper magnetic expression of the emotions. The physical, mechanical means of conveying that expression must be studiously acquired, and made so much a matter of habit, as to be, in a sense, automatic. Nothing justifies ignorance of the methods and requirements of art; though *fancy* may at all times dominate its developments.

In spite of what may be said to the contrary, we have no recognised authority for assuming that the powers of imagination and the conditions of acting, as asserted by some masters, are always the same in different individuals. Nature, as applied to dramatic art, differs so essentially in persons and countries, that that which is natural to one is ridiculous in another. We should not forget that the imitative faculty is as useful as the imaginative, and whilst we must not slavishly follow either the one or the other, yet we are justified in making such use of each as constitutes perfection, as far as it can be attained.

Were the conditions of acting always the same and the imaginative faculty allowed free scope; if it could be relied upon at the right moment and at any time, or number of times, as required, we should witness some strange performances. It is possible that the sweet innocence, graceful unconsciousness, and fascinating incorrectness in the gestures of children, practised by adults, might constitute a new charm in gesture, which we should be among the first to recognise and admire; but alas, although children are "born actors," they do not always grow up actors; self-consciousness and lack of appropriate development will cast their leaden oppression on us, and check and deaden that dramatic instinct and sensibility which, no doubt, latently exist in every human being.

Of course there must be natural adaptability, divine afflatus, spiritual inspiration, and special physical and vocal gifts to constitute a great actor; but I maintain, and can prove by hundreds of examples, that all these can, to a great extent, be trained and developed; that, in short, acting, in all but its supreme efforts, can be taught.*

* Since this was written the principles therein enunciated have received full confirmation from the lips of the foremost living exponent of those principles. In the course of his speech at the Mansion House, June 23rd, 1893, Mr. Henry Irving said: "The national utility of such a body (*The Comédie Française*) must be apparent to all; for not only can it preserve the subtleties of artistic work, which genius creates and tradition completes, but it can keep ever before young workers those happy inspirations of the moment which count for so much in an art which is ever in touch with temperament, and which an ever-existing body can record and transmute into living fact. Not that one temperament can reproduce the qualities of another, or that one actor need slavishly follow the inspirations of

Our first object must be the cultivation of the soul, which should be rendered sensitive to the various emotions, the pure, true, magnetic instincts that govern us not only as children, but as grown-up people.

As we advance in life emotions and sensibilities develop in us by experience and observation. Although Nature supplies us with material for study and is our guide, while sensitive instinct gives us our impulse and inspiration, and we know that sensibility, emotion, intense feeling, are the fountain and foundation of all high art in the productions of idealised force essential to mimic art, yet the self-conscious soul looks for some guiding formula, some rock on which to rely. And whilst we may deny that any formula, or study, ever yet created genius, we have hundreds of examples of excellence attained by art, which never yet failed to strengthen, improve, embellish, consolidate, and ennoble the contemplative, inquisitive, divine soul of man.

If we are not to rely on art based on what we may call the soul cultivation I have mentioned, acting must rely purely on the stirrings of impulse, than which nothing is more uncertain, or less to be depended on. Gasps, leaps, bounds, spasmodic actions generally result from this untrained impulse, as do also incorrect gestures, general awkwardness and discomfort. The soul may not be sufficiently stirred, correct force and

another; but to know and to be able to judge of the method and effect of great predecessors must, in any art, be of incalculable advantage. Such advantage can only be preserved by the transmittance of tradition or example, and to classical dramatic art traditions are not mere 'clouds that come and go.' With great tradition may come great style; and without great style I have never seen great acting."

action may be uncertainly inspired, the imaginative instinct eccentric, and the imitative faculty gravely at fault or slavishly ridiculous. Learn your art. Hasten to recognise the deplorable tendency that leads to the breaking up of established principles, without giving us anything on which we can rely to help us.

Why not acknowledge the canons handed down to us by tradition which are constantly appealing to us? Make an effort towards the perfect presentment of what is good, and true, and beautiful, by the systematic practice and proper application of the principles of nature and art.

As an artist, utilise and profit by the traditions and formulæ of art. Endeavour to elevate yourself to the sublime height which art has attained; using it to captivate and entrance, holding it at command, to regulate at will, ensuring correctness and equality, enabling you to know what to seek in a subject, and where and how to find it; to discover the true depth, characteristics, and possibilities of the various characters you may have to represent; and by your knowledge of propriety, to prevent excess and exhaustion. Why should we not utilise the powers at our command, the principles which have been handed down to us from antiquity, when the masses were more moved and excited by cultivated gesture than by speech? The principles of truth with respect to what is "beautiful and good" are the same to-day as in the time of Plato; but our experience is enriched by ages of examples of the selected various forms provided in different parts of the world. We are ever striving to attain perfection by the realisation of what is the most beautiful and the most true. We

must therefore ever adapt ourselves to circumstances, and the symmetry and fitness of the whole adaptation must be in harmony with modern cultivation.

The standards of art forming the conditions of the beautiful come down to us from the Greeks, and even to-day impose their inflexible principles on us. We cannot get away from them, however we delude ourselves and try to ignore them. In fact, it is tradition always which forms the only basis and bulwark on which any art can rely. We have nothing, absolutely nothing, but tradition to guide us.* Everything produced outside its great truths is worthless, and from copy to copy, age to age, tends still lower towards the degeneracy of art.

To obtain the beautiful we must have a formula. Tradition furnishes it and constitutes our law. We can gather from that source all the treasures of plastic art, and are fully repaid for practising diligently. The aspirant must not stop to contemplate his wings, for if he does he will never rise.

It is only conscientious artists who are able to recognise their own defects. Therefore look into yourself, be a voluntary spectator of your own work, find out your faults, differences, and dangerous conceits, so that when you present yourself to an intelligent audience you show something better than yourself, something improved by art, to illustrate and expand the wings of the soul. "It is art, not man, that he offers to the admiration of man." Art that undoubtedly supplies all deficiencies enables you to make your audience understand and sympathise, without the

* See footnote, p. 104.

utterance of a single sound. "Gesture is nature's language, and makes its way to the heart without utterance of sound." *

By study, a process of analysis, as it were, goes on, which, by its effect on your audience and ease and comfort to yourself, should make you freely acknowledge that acting can be taught, that "art is but nature better understood." Therefore, what to observe and avoid must be the subject of incessant study. Of all well-educated people who desire to make the best of themselves by following the just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body, gesture appeals to none so directly or so strongly as to the would-be actor or orator. To them it cannot be denied it is all important, because of the striking effects and admiration it produces. Ruskin advises that "artists should be fit for the best society but keep out of it." Yet who can deny that gesture is also advantageous and important in distinguishing the particular characteristics belonging to each branch of study, *i.e.* the pulpit, the bar, the Legislature, the stage, and platform. Common-sense should (but does not always) tell us they must never rudely break in upon and clash with one another. Different styles and methods belong to each, and the period and characteristics of each style should be carefully remembered and kept clear and distinct, so that the classic comedy of a past epoch may not be acted with the fashionable variations and styles of to-

* In that brilliant comedy, *Divorçons* (Facciamo Divorzio), of Victorien Sardou, the gifted actress Signora Eleonora Duse, as Cyprienne, is alternately bored, romantic, and frantically jealous, and *all by signs and gestures.*

day, nor the Roman tragedy brought "up to date," with the flippancy and frippery of modern methods.

Fashion is ever an inexorable law, but we should not allow the fashion of the day to distort art itself. It should intensify and improve it in its various periods, dominating only the style that it itself creates and represents. Art should remain the same, and we should never allow its noble powers to be subordinated to the variations, caprice, and fantasy of fashion.

The theatre is the temple of living art, but the principles that guide, improve, assist, and benefit are the same, used in different ways, to illustrate, adorn, and enforce all discourses.

The Italians and French employ much more gesture than the English; the children of those nations that express with their hands, follow the examples surrounding them, exercising only the imitative faculty. It must be remembered that that is the custom of their country, practised sympathetically and simultaneously with the every-day art of expressive and imaginative delivery. We notice the objectionable redundancy and futility of gesture generally in the immature and bad artist of those countries; while in the experienced and finished artist gesture becomes what it should be, a graceful aid and accompaniment of speech, in harmonious perfection, and an expressive power even without it.

In employing such bodily movements as are suited to the taste and genius of a nation, we must be guided, of course, by a cultivated discretion.

Some action is absolutely necessary in effective speaking; the choice and application belong entirely to

oneself. The possession of a great gift, however, does not always imply that we must make perpetual use of it. Knowledge of propriety and effect tells us it is not always necessary to employ gesture because it is ready for use, and is graceful and expressive. The cultivated artist employs little gesture, and does not waggle his head, body, and limbs. He does not "saw the air" too much, but lets his face and attitude speak the emotions of his mind. In the art of expressive gesture, repose "speaks volumes." We are taught to moderate our actions, when and how to "saw the air" and distinguish all our movements by grace and agility. In order to gain a just idea of suitable action and expression it is necessary to remember that every passion, emotion, and sentiment has a particular attitude of the body, and physiognomical expression, which should be carefully studied and practised with force and frequency in order that we may wear ourselves into the habit of assuming them with perfect ease.

> "True ease in action comes from art, not chance,
> As they move easiest who have learned to dance."
>
> —*Pope.*

I would impress on the student the fact that all modifications of the attitude and motions of the body depend upon the promptings and co-operation of the mind, and should answer the inflections of the voice. They should strike with force upon the senses and understanding of your hearers, and wherever we speak, the power, warmth, and pulsation of a gesture should carry the point.

Now, all this constitutes a great and necessary

study worthy of the arduous labours of everyone destined for the stage or a public career. We need not expend much time and attention upon the instincts and immediate impulse of feeling over which we have little control, as the lachrymal glands that spasmodically extract real tears, the operations of the diaphragm which create gay and cheerful ideas; the fear and anxiety that involuntarily pale the cheek; the shame and modesty that make it crimson. But the infinite utility of gesture accompanying vocal expression for all branches of public life is to me self-evident; and in representing the illusions of the mimic world gesture is of primary importance. The convictions of vision are as necessary as the convictions of speech, for gesture should be to the deaf what speech is to the blind.

POSITION OF THE BODY, FEET, AND LOWER LIMBS.

In this treatise I confine myself to the important subject of gesture, which we construe to embrace the many and various positions of the body, motions of the arms, expressions of the face, in fact, everything but speech concerning the head, face, shoulders, torso, arms, hands, fingers, lower limbs, and feet.

Now, in speaking to the deaf we know the eye must be satisfied, convinced, and pleased. To attract its approving attention, therefore, the walk is of primary importance, and must be good and characteristic, together with the position at the end of it.

Practise first the ordinary walk which belongs to a person of sanguine temperament; for in the psychological treatment all characters require we must be influenced and governed by temperament. The principal temperaments are :—

1. The Sanguine.
2. The Nervous.
3. The Bilious.
4. The Phlegmatic.
5. The Lymphatic.

All persons possess their separate characteristics dictating and regulating their actions from head to foot. The foundation of all good style is a natural, easy carriage; firm, erect, manly, and free from the hips.

The length and peculiarity of the stride depend on the character of the *Dramatis Personæ;* for ordinary

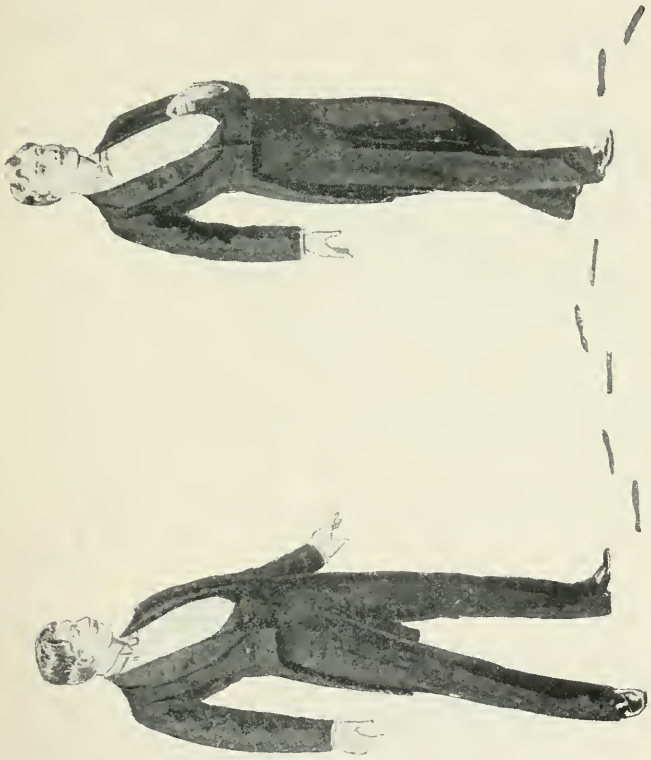


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

purposes a stride of about sixteen inches will suffice. Incline the body in the direction in which you are going, look where you are going; the foot will invol-

untarily follow the head. Start with the leg away from the audience (Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4).

The bent, or flexed leg gracefully loose and ready; walk straight, feeling the first impulse in the thigh. No rolling, bobbing, strutting, or peculiarity belonging to character.

Shoulders well down, head erect, chest forward.

In the most elegant walk the ball of the foot should first touch the ground, but with high heels this, of course, is impossible.

The torso and head should sway in sympathy with every motion of the legs.

Turn out your toes to an angle of, say, seventy-five degrees (the second position in dancing), with the heels about five inches apart (Fig. 5).

Start from the right with the left foot; from the left with the right foot. Otherwise the legs seem to cross each other in a very awkward, ungraceful manner.

Practise walking from right to left.

From left to right.

From right to centre up stage.

From centre to left down stage.

From left to centre down stage, then with back to audience to centre up.

Centre up to centre down, then to right corner.

Turn gently and change the position of the feet with the utmost simplicity, free from parade or dancing fancies.

Walk into position almost imperceptibly, executing the change by the foot on which the body is not supported, *i e.* the flexed leg.

Start with the proper leg from each point from the second position as described in Fig. 1.

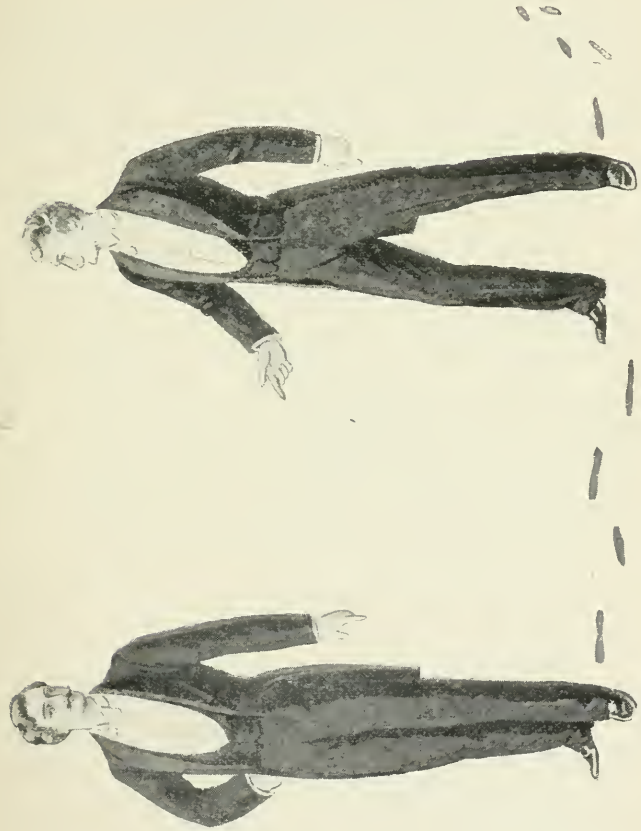


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

When the "sanguine walk" is fairly accomplished, then practise other walks corresponding with temperament.

NERVOUS .....The walk is short and undecided, restless, unequal, and unsteady. Feet closer together, weak, shaky.

BILIOUS .....Slow, measured, weary, short.

PHLEGMATIC ...Legs wide apart, with a lazy swing and roll, frequent pauses, cold, sluggish.

LYMPHATIC ...Colourless, easy, vapid.

The walk must be governed by the character you

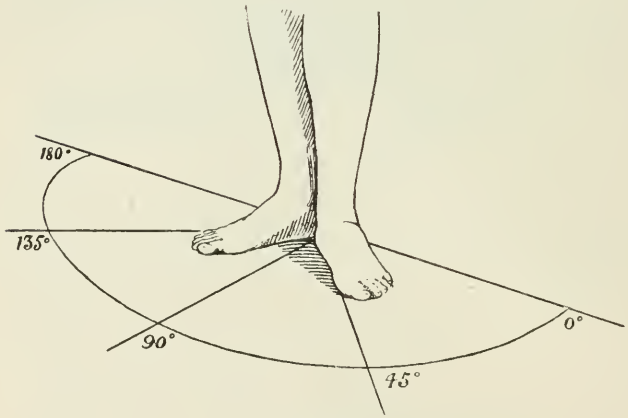


Fig. 5.

represent, and possess as much purpose as any other action.

It must be in sympathy with the sentiment, the age, and the class of character.

6. YOUNG PEOPLE .....Walk quickly with short steps and trips.

7. OLD PEOPLE AND INVALIDS ...Short, tottering steps, feet with difficulty raised from the ground, dragging.

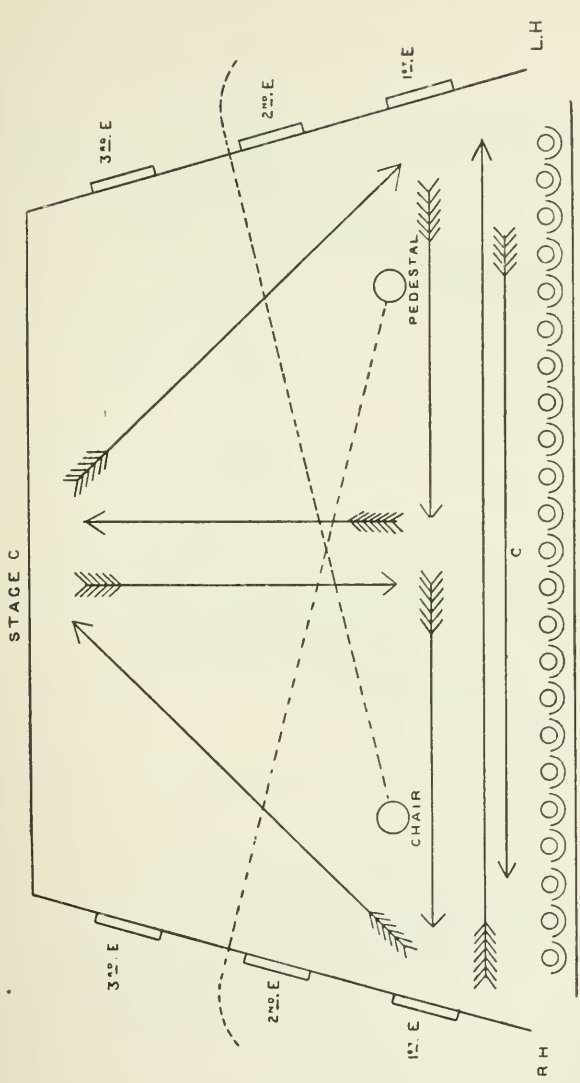


Fig. 6.

8. For Tragedy .....Long, measured, studied strides are required, heavy and slow.
9. For Comedy .....Short, quick, lively, swinging steps.
10. For Guilt and Modesty .....Slow, short steps, typical of fear, gentleness, submission, kindness, bashfulness, reflection, veneration.
11. For Dignity and Design.....Long and slow, slow and measured.
12. For Rage and General Passion.....Long and quick, bold, strong, sudden halts and staggers, indecisive, hesitating.
13. For Curiosity, Mystery, or Discretion ...The tiptoe is employed.

Now practise the foregoing, walking to a given spot on the stage, a chair, table, or pedestal; always facing the public.

Start from second entrance right to left centre, mentally measuring the distance to the chair, to avoid short steps or shuffles before posing beside it. Turn as before, and walk back again.

Repeat this practice from the second entrance left to right centre (Fig. 6).

Indications. — A firm position indicates courage, nobility, obstinacy (Fig. 7); bended knees, timidity, weakness.

Advance ...For love, desire, and courage (Fig. 8).
Retire .....For aversion or fear (Fig. 9).
Start .....For terror or dismay (Fig. 10).
Stamp.....For authority or anger (Fig. 11).
Kneel .....For submission, prayer, supplication (Fig. 12).

These indications accord with the significant gestures of other expressive motions.

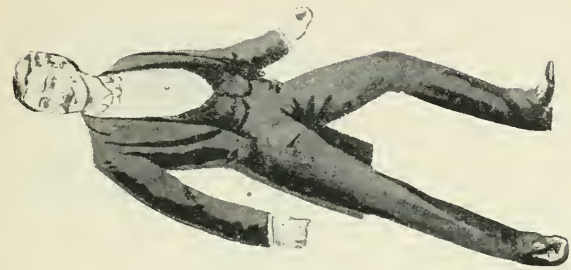


Fig. 9.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

ATTITUDE.

We term attitude the position adopted at the end of the walk, or when standing still; and this requires very careful study. The elder Kean was so perfect a master of his art that when he first walked on the London stage, and took his position in the centre with-

Fig. 13.

Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

out speaking a word the audience recognised in him a genius.

We may be aided in our selection of appropriate attitudes by attending picture galleries (Figs. 13, 14, 15). The painter paints attitudes; his mind is cultivated to record them; they are the significant objects of his art.

The torso, or trunk, which contains the two great motive organs of the body—the heart and lungs—

should be well balanced and sustained erect on the pelvis and supporting limb; the proper equilibrium and grace must never be endangered (Figs. 16, 17, 18); even in kneeling, veneration, or supplication, the centre of gravity must be maintained.

You should always find your chin over the supporting heel (Figs. 19, 20, 21).

Except for colloquial purposes, never stand with both shoulders square to the audience. It is more

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

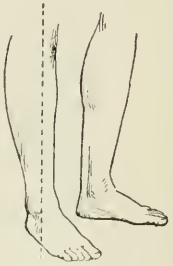


Fig. 18

graceful and effective to stand a little sideways. Never assume hazardous attitudes, or overdo the "modesty of nature." Vary your positions with discrimination to avoid monotony. By the movement of the whole torso the other gestures of significance are regulated. We must avoid rigidity as we condemn ridiculous contortions. We must by observation and imitation of the best models maintain an easy, unaffected, free use of the muscles, with as much charm of grace as nature and the mind can command.

Fig. 21.

Fig. 20.

Fig. 19.

The qualities to be desired for perfection are:—

14. Grace.	17. Energy.	20. Propriety.
15. Magnificence.	18. Variety.	21. Precision.
16. Boldness.	19. Simplicity.	

The torso must be so posed as to render aid to the head and arms in emphasising what has been enumerated, according to the line of beauty, that is to say, whilst the head and strong leg must agree, say, looking to the left, the torso must incline to the right, always in opposition to the head and strong leg.

This opposing law of the three parts of the body constitutes the great beauty of harmonic poise. When the head is thrust forward the torso inclines backward, and *vice versâ:* head backward and torso forward, or you stumble and fall—bear in mind that "Beauty is Power."

Stand firmly and rotate head to right, torso to left, from the waist, not the thighs. Repeat the motions both ways several times, to attain flexibility and ease. Sinuousness and grace depend on the easy control of the muscles of the waist. Too much practice cannot be expended on this branch of study. It should be practised backwards, forwards, and sideways, always inclining the head in the opposite direction; sway slowly and frequently, and acquire by practice and patience that unconscious excellence which fascinates beholders.

Ladies should cultivate the expression of the ankle.

POSITIONS AND MOTIONS OF THE HANDS, ARMS, AND SHOULDERS.

We pass on to consider the arms, with their dependencies. They command our greatest attention next to the expression of the head and features, and must be considered in connection with the three rules that we apply to all complex movements.

The arm, hand, and fingers are united in a flexible line of many joints, to combine their common action in forming the grand results of graceful gesture. Their main divisions are:—

The Shoulder. The Forearm. The Hand.

The centre of motion is the shoulder, and the joints of the forearm and hand become new centres of motion between it and the fingers. Accordingly the upper arm first arrives at its position; then the forearm, turning on the elbow joint; thirdly, the hand from the wrist; then a fourth motion of the fingers from the knuckles next the palm, to expand the action and complete the grace (Figs. 22, 23, 24, 25).

To the three main sections may be attributed three zones:—

The Vital .....Which is the upper arm.
The Volitional.....Which is the forearm.
The Mental .....Which is the hand.

Grace of motion flows from the brain and operates on

the shoulder and arm, and there can be no force in the arm if the muscles of the shoulder are neglected. "Hit out from the shoulder;" "He stretcheth forth his arm;" "The protecting arm of his country" are familiar expressions signifying vital power.

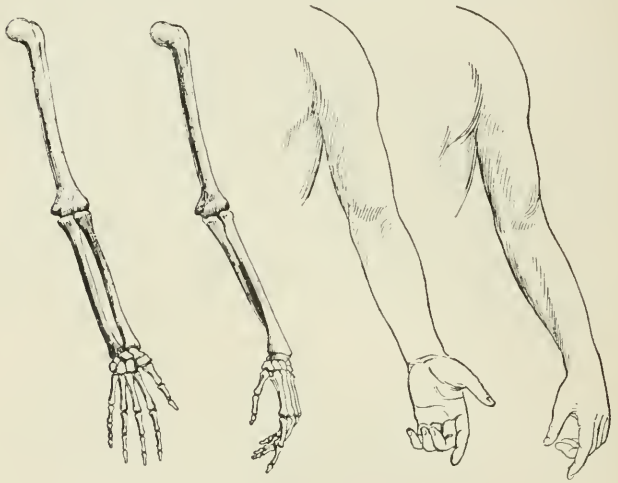


Fig. 22. *Fig.* 23. *Fig.* 24. *Fig.* 25.

The shoulder intervenes in all forms of emotion:—

The Colloquial. The Rhetoric. The Epic.

It determines the degree of warmth, of intensity, though it does not specify their nature, but it undoubtedly shows by association with the face whether love, hate, contempt, or indifference are the inspiring cause of motion. Its power is limited, like that of the thigh, from which the first impulse in walking should

be felt. The shoulder rises sensibly and involuntarily when a man is moved, and it determines the initial phenomena of the inherent powers of the organism (of gesture), the reverberating of interior gesture, which gives it birth and rules it.

The forearm forms an inflexible line inwards, and should hang with perfect flexibility from the upper-arm (humerus), not touching the side. The simple motions of pronation and supination (*prone*, downwards; *supine*, upwards), the motions wherein the *radius* and *ulna* cross each other, should be diligently practised.

THE STROKE AND TIME OF GESTURE.

The Colloquial.—It is these simple actions of pronation and supination that constitute "colloquial" gesture. The forearm from the elbow furnishes all actions necessary for the "colloquial." The *stroke* of the gesture on the particular word, or accentuated syllable, is marked by the hand in its different degrees of force and feeling in the sentiment expressed; a turn of the hand, or change of position or elevation, will be sufficient to express the necessary transitions. They must be analogous to the impressions of the voice, or those sentiments you would illustrate or force. The *stroke* of the gesture should be to the eye what the inflexions of the voice are to the ear, or they lose their force and effect; they must be made *with the words*, neither precede nor follow them.

If we say, "Come here," or "Go there," with the gesture before or after the words, it is ridiculous. The action and word must be simultaneous. Genius alone can violate this law. Such, however, is the force of nature, that we cannot go far wrong in the colloquial, as they are the actions most in use in daily life, and nobody but soldiers and sailors on duty stand bolt upright and move automatically. To be perfectly motionless whilst speaking words of force and pathos deprives them of their natural and necessary support, and renders them more or less ridiculous. So, also, do

gestures that are unnatural and unsuitable; they must be akin to the words and passions, otherwise they counteract and destroy them.

As we have pointed out, the arm should move easily, with the hand loose and fingers open, chiefly from the elbow (in the colloquial), and not raised to the shoulder till you approach the rhetorical. Separate the arm from the body; do not forget to move the upper arm, whose action is *outwards*. Great care must be taken to keep the elbow from inclining to the body—only to move with sense and taste—to avoid the *picturesque* in this class of motions, which are voluntary, and should be vivacious.

Palms always up for appeals, supplications, requests.

Palms down for warnings, deprecation, repulsion.

Either arm moving to the extent of a third of a circle, below the shoulder, one at a time, the other balancing gracefully from across the body to the highest point (Fig. 26).

For passions that incline us to advance towards each other, as love, desire, anger, revenge, the corresponding arm and leg must advance together, otherwise the figure would be distorted and ungraceful; and in repellent actions they retire together.

We now approach the hands, which are the last to determine the action of the arm. The upper arm arrives first, then the forearm and hand; the wrist must be flexible and pliable, and the hand must fall from it and hang down until the last moment of determination. The positions and motions of the hand are so numerous and varied that it is almost impossible to

enumerate and describe them all. Quintilian considered them as "numerous and copious as words themselves," a sort of universal language. "Do we not demand, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, express abhorrence and terror, also question and deny? Do we not express by them joy and sorrow, doubt, confession, repentance, measure, number, and time? Do they not encourage, restrain, convict, admire, respect? and in pointing out places and persons, do they not discharge the office of adverbs and of pronouns? So that in the great diversity of languages which obtains among all kingdoms and nations, theirs appears to me the universal language of all mankind."

Other authorities say :—

"The hands assist the speaker."—*Vossius.*

"Without the hand, no eloquence."—*Cresollius.*

"The hand may properly be called a second tongue."
Artemidorus.

The brother of St. Basil said that :—

"Had men been formed without hands they would never have been endowed with an articulate voice."

"Contention, play, love, revels, change, and rest,
And truth, and grace, are by the hand expressed."

True it is that the hand without the aid of language has produced many and wonderful effects.

We quote thus to impress the necessity of study on all who would be graceful and expressive. We may broadly consider that all motions with the hands should emanate and make their points of departure and arrival, as it were, from the zones.

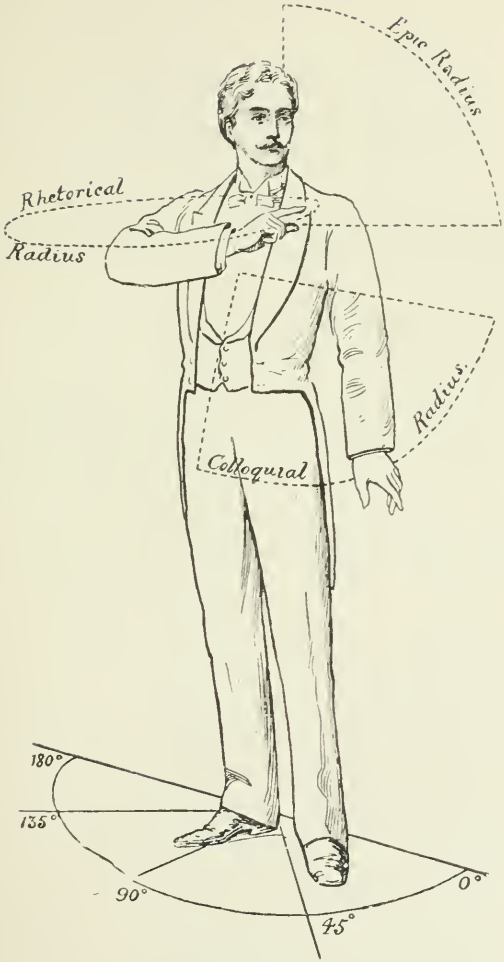

Epic Radius
Rhetorical
Radius
Radius
Colloquial
180°
135°
90°
45°
0°

Fig. 26.

22. The Mental Zone .....Is from the chest upward; the seat of conscience, honour, manhood, self-respect, expression.
23. The Moral Zone .....The region of the heart where the affections predominate.
24. The Vital Zone.....Below the waist; seat of the appetites, gustativeness.

Motions towards or from the different "zones" of the body indicate the various sentiments we would express:—

25. Towards the Body .....For pride, self-esteem, egotism, invitation, remembering the zone.
26. From the Body .....For repulsion, blighted love, command, according to zone.
27. Expanding Motions.....Express candour, liberality, space, distance, open-heartedness, freedom, boldness, self-possession.
28. Contracting Motions .....Meanness, frugality, reserve, displeasure, grasping, diffidence, constraint.
29. Rising Motions .....Express appeal, veneration, hope, expectation, response.
30. Falling Motions .....Completion, declaration, finality.
31. Sudden Movements .....Express fright, meditation, doubt, listening, indecision, discovery.
32. Rigidity of the Muscles ...Generally indicates strength, firmness, effort.
33. Laxity .....Denotes weakness and langour.
34. Slow Motions.....Express gentleness, caution, deliberation.
35. Quick Motions .....Boldness, defiance, harshness, temerity, decision.

THE HAND ON THE HEAD ...Indicates pain, distress, thoughtfulness.
THE HAND ON THE EYES ...Shame and sorrow.
THE HAND ON THE LIPS ...Injunction, silence.
THE HAND ON THE BREAST...Appeal to conscience.
WAVED OR FLOURISHED.....Joy or contempt.
CLASPED OR WRUNG .....Affliction, despair.
EXTENDED .....For friendship, appeal, to receive.

There must be sympathetic expression in all these motions. The palms and fingers only convey fine

Fig. 27.

Fig. 28.

Fig. 29.

expression ; there is no more expression in the back of the hand than in the back of the head !

Look at your hand in a looking-glass, with closed fingers (Fig. 27). It means nothing.

But raise the first finger, and begin to show the palm (Fig. 28). See how intelligence begins to develop.

Then follow on with different emotions till you come to the open hand ; what horror it expresses ! (Fig. 29.)

The thumb indicates intelligence and power. As a child develops intelligence the thumb leaves the palm,

and the child becomes artistic, practical, or otherwise, according to development; in old age, approaching death, or idiotcy, the thumb again goes inwards and loses its characteristics.

> "Ages ago, in the days that were earlier,
> There was an ape, and his hair became curlier,
> Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
> Then he was man and a Positivist."—*Punch.*

We now give illustrations, classifying them as far as possible.

The rules of the legs apply equally to the arms. Act with arm *away* from the audience in order that the face and body may not be improperly interfered with.

Other action belongs to both arms, the right having the preference.

The extension of the fingers depends on the position and mood of the speaker. *When calm* and unmoved they are relaxed and ready for use, as in Figs. 30, 31, and 34.

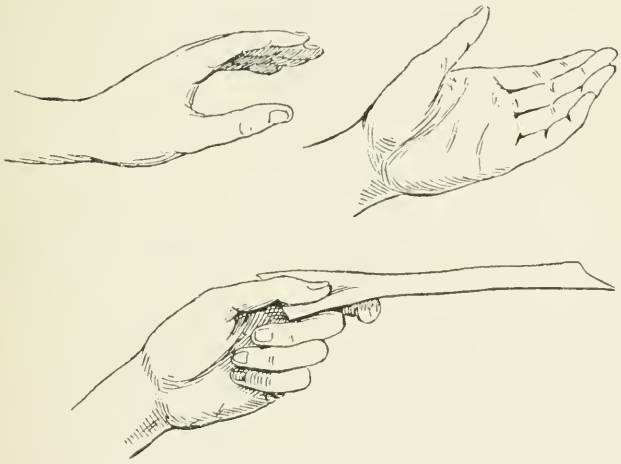
When excited they are extended or contracted with energy, as in Figs. 29 and 37.

Equally with the foregoing must be practised the positions arising from the combined use of both hands. They are not so numerous, but are always most expressive and powerful.

The Rhetoric.—The rhetoric means what it expresses, the class of gestures employed when you "orate" and "lay down" the law, and "preach at" a person or multitude, and for romantic periods.

The Epic.—The Epic follows with power and significance, with arms *above* the shoulder and head, depicting

all that is grand, lofty, and sublime. It accompanies also a curse, madness, or sudden horror. Epic poetry, lyric odes, and sublime descriptions belong to this class of motion. The articulations of the arm with their final determining motions of the hand and fingers should be slowly, smoothly practised; even in the most declama-



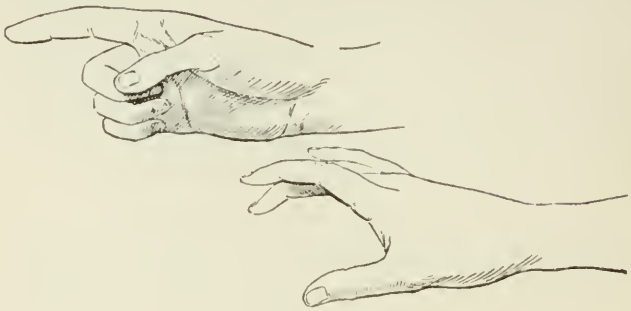
Figs. 30, 31, 32.

Colloquial Hands.

tory and emotional sentences there must be nothing jerky or commonplace about them—all should be grand. The commonplace drama of to-day does not particularly call upon this class of action, and numberless actors know no more how to use them than a footman knows how to handle a flail.

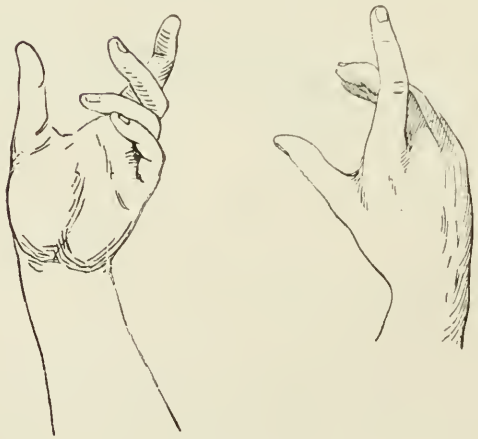
Many other gestures of the hand and arm might be

furnished, but the foregoing, I consider, will suffice as



Figs. 33, 34.

Rhetoric Hands.



Figs. 35, 36.

Epic Hands.

an indication of what is required and what is possible

for a comprehensive system recording distinctly the most useful and symbolic.

Fig. 37.

Rage.

The *principal* gesture should be performed by the *advanced* hand, the *subordinate* by the retired one; with

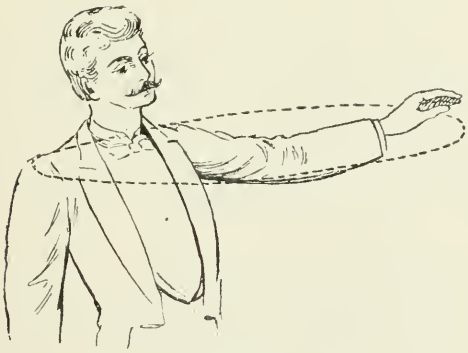


Fig. 38.

most artists the right seems to have a preference, but that should not be encouraged (Fig. 38). I once asked

a student why he did not use his left arm a little. He replied: "I have only been taught with the right." Use both indiscriminately as occasion requires (*i.e.* as you find yourself on the right or the left of the stage), using the one to support or balance the other.

This rule cannot be observed if you carry a cloak or Roman toga. This, of course, gives a preference to the right arm, and we must be true to custom in that costume, which prevented the use of the left, and made it a kind of clothes-peg.

In Quintilian's description of the management of a toga, he says: "Attention to the adjustment of dress belongs only to the commencement of an oration. At the beginning the folds fall with propriety from the shoulder of themselves; when a considerable portion of the oration is exhausted, and whilst fortune favours, almost anything is allowable, perspiration itself and fatigue, and a greater negligence of adjustment and the robe loosened, and, as it were, falling down on every side." By that means both arms would be free and available for epic gestures, without appearance of negligence and violation of the propriety of dress. In a costume like ours of the present day, leaving both arms equally free, the rational objections of the Romans do not apply. To such periods belong the picturesque in art.

The exigencies of public taste, which may desire the Epic to-day, the Rhetoric to-morrow, and the Colloquial the next day, require you to be ready and practised for every style. They are, as has been shown, quite distinct. The knowledge of one style, however, gives a charm and distinction to the other; cultivation in

any branch of plastic art brings us nearer to perfection. The actor cannot, like the painter, hide himself behind his pictures to hear what the judges have to say of his work.

Doctrineless principles and blind slavery and reproductions cripple progress; they are not durable or to be commended in any way. We should apply established principles, not copy individuals.

CLASSIFICATION OF GESTURE.

We have mentioned three rules as the most important and useful, embodying all that is necessary in action. They are classified in the Gartside and Neville method as :—

36. Demonstrative. 37. Illustrative. 38. Indicative.

Demonstrative Motions*...Comprise all motions that appeal to the feelings, actions of the mind and heart ; you demonstrate them.

Illustrative Motions .....Comprise all that you describe, the acts you perform, the deeds you have witnessed and relate ; you illustrate them.

Indicative Motions*.....Point or refer to the thing ; you indicate the object.

General Motions classified.—These are comprised in the following :—

39. Principal. 40. Subordinate. 41. Significant.

All parts of the frame share in discriminating particulars of all the classes. There are details and expressions exclusively belonging to each. As, for example :—

* These motions accord with the different styles of acting, which are of only two substantive kinds, viz., the *Demonstrative* and the *Indicative*. The former must be studied and practised in order to properly *demonstrate* the passions and sentiments with grace and power of movement ; the latter differs. from the fact that passions are merely *indicated*, not acted.

THE HEAD ...With its varied facial expressions, general physiognomy.
THE HANDS ...With their pronating and supinating movements, entreaty, or aversion. (Palms upwards or downwards with the various expressions of the fingers.)
THE LEGS .....In the importance of their varied co-operations in expression.

All share in the subdivisions, comprising:—

42. INTERMISSION.	46. TRANSITION.	50. VARIETY.
43. DISCRIMINATION.	47. ACCOMPANIMENT.	51. PRECISION.
44. SYMPATHY.	48. ALTERNATION.	52. PROPRIETY.
45. MODERATION.	49. COMBINATION.	53. SIMPLICITY.

Study and reflect on the exact meaning of these subdivisions in order to illustrate and enforce all the new circumstances which call the motions into play, even to the delicate muscles of the eyes, nostrils, mouth, and brows required for the *Colloquial*, *Rhetorical*, and *Epic*.

Particular Gestures classified.—We have directed attention to the different parts of the body, and to their movements, which indicate respectively grace, propriety, and effect with thought and care emanating from the zones. You know that the motions in general denote expressions of various kinds; the effect and power being derived from the time and manner of their application, the place where and the time when used, and from various combinations. Some gestures are used at the beginning of sentences, some at the conclusion, but most of them are given on the accentuated syllable or word of a sentence. These gestures may be divided into six classes:—

54. PRIMARY.	56. SIGNIFICANT.	58. SUSPENDING.
55 DISCRIMINATING.	57. AUXILIARY.	59. EMPHATIC.

Primary.—Primary gestures are made at the commencement of an oration (if action be required at all), to call attention, to mark the divisions of the discourse, always slow, easy, gentle, and generally not higher than the horizontal position.

Discriminating.—Discriminating gestures comprise all gestures which modestly indicate persons and objects, as well as those for distinguishing, limiting, modifying, extending, and explaining. They are useful in the intermediate degrees. In the colloquial, the head performs most of these motions.

Significant.—Significant gestures are used for pointing to an object, signifying a person or thing, indicating the zone from which a sentiment emanates, the heart, the brain, &c. "Your finger on your lips" signifies "Be silent."

Auxiliary.—Auxiliary gestures are generally performed by the retired hand to aid the advanced one, either in sustaining an action made on the stroke of the emphatic word and maintained, or to help its easy and graceful retirement. They create variety and energy where necessary.

Suspending.—Suspending gestures are made to hold the audience in suspense preparatory to the stroke before some forcible effort, elevation or contraction of the arm which is to fall on the emphatic word.

Emphatic.—Emphatic gestures strike with force on the particular word that expresses the dominant idea, sometimes on the highest point in the range, sometimes the lowest; they serve also as terminating gestures.

THE HEAD, FACE, EYES, BROWS, AND MOUTH.

The Head.—The head must be held in an erect and natural position, its movements must be suited to the

Fig. 39.

character and delivery, accord with the gestures, and harmonise with the hands and motions of the body.

The *according* actions of the head and hand are—when the hand seeks the head, the head bends forward to meet

it; when the hand moves from the head, the head is held back or averted; in submission, when the hands are prone, it bends downward.

The head, without the aid of the expressive face, performs many useful and appropriate expressions.

60. *When hung down.* humility, shame, and grief are expressed.

Fig. 40.

61. *When turned up,* arrogance, pride, and courage are shown.

62. *When inclined to one side,* languor, mental derangement.

63. *When stiff, rigid, and thrust forward,* nobility, barbarity, brutality; all other positions indicating modesty, doubt, admiration, indignation.

64. A Nod .....Signifies assent, willingness, or approbation (Fig. 39).
65. A Shake ...Signifies disapprobation, annoyance, and rejection (Fig. 40).
66. A Toss .....Contempt, indignation (Fig. 41).
67. Averted ...In dislike or horror (Fig. 42).
68. Forward ...In attention, interest, apprehension (Fig. 43).

Fig 41.

And besides these, impressions created by position nearly all belong to significant gestures.

[*See pages* 160 *to* 169 *for some "Studies of Expression."*]

The Face.—The face is, of course, the sublime fountain of complete, convincing, perfect expression, and in order to accomplish the various motions we must consider the different parts separately, but the eye, eyelids, and eyebrows may be taken together under the heading of

The Eye.—"They burn, they strain, they twinkle,

Fig. 42.

they swim; they are savage, fierce, flaming, and serious, distorted, submissive, insinuating, and sensual," and yet this wonderful assemblage is composed simply of circles of various colours, which indicate the direction from, or to which, impressions tend.

Practise moving the eyeball in all directions slowly whilst the eyelids are raised and steady (Fig. 45).

The eye proper requires the operation of the lids to create perfect expressions.

Intelligence is first seen in the eyes. It precedes the language of the lips (Fig. 46).

There is a difference between the eye of a man and

Fig. 43.

the eye of a woman. The former possesses the epic, philosophical, and intellectual; the latter is formed for its softness and brilliancy, for the exercise of tender sentiments, characteristic delicacy, vitality, intelligence, and truth.

Women frequently destroy the distinguishing cha-

racteristics of their eyes by a thick line of paint on the under lid. This is an error; the upper lid is the striking feature upon which much of the character depends and might be strongly marked; the lower lash does not in any great degree contribute to the marking of the eye, and should be kept light and tender to softly merge into the cheek.

Fig. 44.

Form and expression depend, as I have said, on the eyelids and position of the head, and intensity is strongly marked by the eyebrows (Fig. 47). The eyes are the "index of the mind," the

> "Strong-felt passion bolts into the face—
> The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?"

The muscles of the eyes obey the will, and also act involuntarily, subject to the affections of the mind.

Their complicated fibres serve no purpose but to convey impressions to the soul, and to give external expression to them. "We touch each other by the sense of sight," and the *eyebrow* plays an important part, giving the form to the eye in different degrees, and governing the

Fig. 45.

Fig. 46.

Fig. 47.

forehead, more peculiarly in man than in woman. Its elevation is indicative of intellectual power; it is arched in doubt, surprise, or fear, laughter and admiration; contracted towards the nose, and lowered in rage, despair, jealousy; and in grief and pain contracted and

raised upwards towards the inner extremities. They can move together or separately in the different sentiments they wish to convey. Most of the comic variations are occasioned by the use of the brows *alternately*. The ancients discovered this power and peculiarity, for as far back as the Greeks we find the comic masks for irate fathers who are alternately angry and calm, represented with one eyebrow raised up on the mask, and others variously and peculiarly set to suit the purpose of the time and sentiment, the right brow being usually the comic one.

It is a fault in the brows to be moved too much, or kept immoveable, or too much at variance.

For stage purposes we must remember that the eye is an indicator of direction, possessed of liquid powers which suffuse, swim, become cloudy, and frequently overflow. It therefore should never wander or blink, but remain concentrated and true to its purpose. The trick of real tears was thoroughly understood and practised by the ancients; orators made copious use of them. Demosthenes was denounced by Dinarchus and Æschines for moving the judges by his tears.

> "This man sheds tears with greater facility than others laugh."—*Æschines.*

> Virgil says of Æneas, "Thus he speaks in tears."

> "Whence is drawn that moisture, in grief so abundant, and so quickly furnished, or where, at other times, does it remain?" asks Pliny.

But the progress and generalisation of valuable effects led, as usual, to ridicule and disgust; such

feelings are more easily inspired than the finer. At last tears were mechanically inspired and used by hired mourners at funerals, to shed their "drops of sorrow" for those in whom they could not have been the least interested. Even to this day we find "mutes" at funerals with liquid eyes and lean faces; the happy, fat, and jovial-looking are never employed for that purpose.

So the "single tear" that pleads more forcibly than "fifty lines of complaining declamation" went out of use, and was regarded as weak, unmanly, hypocritical, and ridiculous. Lamentations accompanied by tears should be as brief as possible, and used with consummate discretion.

"Nothing dries sooner than a tear."—*Apollonius.*

Shade the eyes with such loose greys and reds as will give intensity to the object. To darken, in different degrees, especially at the inner part near the nose, gives suffering, acuteness, deep thought, death.

To *redden* it on the outer and under parts, gives grief, tears, sorrow, anxiety, resignation.

For all other purposes, the full eye, which recedes sufficiently to allow a proper shadow from the brow, should be let alone, with observance of the limited instructions which have been given for the lids.

The Nose.—The nose seldom manifests our feelings, spite of the fact that derision, contempt, pride, and power are conveyed by it. It is inelegant to inflate and move the nostrils, to disturb them by forcing the breath through with violence, to put your fingers to them. Let the nose alone, as nature formed it, long or

short, thick or thin, flat or *retroussé*, Grecian, Roman, or composite. The French say, "Le nez n'a jamais gâté beauté." The nose of itself expresses a vast deal, and, like the cheeks and chin, is incapable of much cultivation.

For "make-up" purposes we may remember that full, clear, fleshy cheeks indicate sensitiveness, generosity, nobleness, mildness, sensuality.

Thin and *shrunk*, not addicted to life's enjoyment—hard, rigid, unsympathetic.

Hollow, grief, pain.

69. A Projecting Chin .....Signifies a positive mind.
70. A Retreating Chin .....Weakness and deficiency.
71. A Sharp Chin .....Acuteness and craft.
72. A Double Chin .....Indolence, sensuality.
73. Angular Chins .....Belong to the discreet, firm, well-disposed.
74. Flat Chins .....Cold and dry temperament.
75. Small Chins .....Timidity.
76. Round Chins with Dimple...Kindness.

Sharp indentations in the middle of the chin seem to suggest a judicious, calm understanding, resolute perception.

The Mouth.—We are often asked, "Which is the most expressive feature, the mouth or the eyes?" Without detracting in the least degree from the exquisite functions of the eyes, we think we must fairly say the lips, the seat of smiles and amiability, grace, and sweetness, "where composure calms, discretion keeps the door." The mouth is the "vestibule of the soul, the door of eloquence." Every bad habit defaces its soft beauty, and leaves injurious traces. Intem-

perance discolours and distorts it; ill-nature wrinkles it; envy and malice deform it; voluptuousness bloats it; ill-health and sorrow affect it perceptibly. We look to the mouth for its perfect articulations, which delight the eye as well as the ear.

The lower lip is the active organ; the opening of the mouth puts all the other organs in a state of readiness for effort (Fig. 48).

Fig. 48.

77. Compressed .....It indicates decision of character, resolution of purpose.
78 Open .....Vacancy, idiotcy.
79. For Mirth .....The angles are drawn upwards and backwards, exposing the teeth, and violently opened also for contempt or fear.
80. For Rage .....Downwards and backwards, unevenly showing canine teeth; the same in different degrees for peevishness, discontent, jealousy, and fear.
81. For Devotion ...Lips slightly parted.

We listen and hear, as it were, by the mouth.

FREQUENCY, MODERATION, AND INTERMISSION OF GESTURE.

The foregoing classifications supply the requirements of every oration, and any part of it, by application of their combinations; they are the component parts of every style, in the language of expression, whether tame or vehement, ardent or indifferent, cold or pathetic. These motions should all be practised slowly, never suddenly precipitated to the required position by the shortest course, but in a sort of waving line returning upon itself. Very great care must be observed to avoid pedantry in colloquial actions, although the æsthetics of the day are eminently and acutely pedantic.

Suspending gestures are of more general importance to painters, as they give the preparatory suggestions of the emphatic stroke or significant action, and indicate with subtle interest the principal motions.

Legs, body, arms, and head must work together, every muscle must co-operate, to prevent a puppet-like, absurd performance. You must not represent drunkenness in your legs or head alone; every part must co-operate, even to your mouth, nostrils, brows, and eyes. All strong emotions require this harmony, this "breaking-up" disposition of the frame.

Reserve your gesture for the force and ornament of such passages as require to be rendered with brilliancy

or prominence. Absolute intermission of gesture is frequently advantageous and necessary, especially at the commencement, or when an argument is nearly concluded, or to relieve the monotony of demonstration; regard it as a peppery condiment, and do not use too much, or you will spoil the flavour and ruin the food

THE GESTURES OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Clergymen, barristers, lecturers, and public speakers generally must be governed by the different circumstances in which they are placed, and employ "discriminating" gestures with simplicity and precision, avoiding the character and parade of graces and transitions, which belong to the theatrical. They should be semi-colloquial in style and emphatic only when suited to the manner and matter. Even then gesture should not be too strongly significant and emphatic, or surprising in attitudes, but employed with manly decorum.

Everybody representing characters drawn from any of the classes I have mentioned should understand and faithfully reproduce them. We do not expect to see in the pulpit or in our courts of law the infinite, multitudinous gestures of the theatre. We are a "grave people," and would be shocked to see the real serious business of life so illustrated.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Now, if you put all that has been said together, and practise to make a good and complete picture, stamped with the mark of your own individuality, you will be fully rewarded. You must act with perfect ease, not only in appearance, but within yourself; make yourself acquainted with the methods and principles of those who have preceded you, in order to master the requirements of your art. Never imitate without understanding, and understanding can only be accomplished by study and effort.

Again we warn the student against redundancy or the ridiculous practice of suiting the action to *every* word. You must remember there is always what the French call "le mot de valeur"—the significant word—in a speech or scene with which the most decisive gesture must accord. Remember, also, that gesture is rendered insignificant by frequency. Learn to "think before you act," and act reposefully. *Figurez les choses*, after the manner of the French textbook, "Diseur et Comédien," with *raison d'être*. The perfect knowledge of stage effect (*l'art de la mise-en-scène*) that cultivation gives will tell you where to make your effects, and the *cream* of your training, as it were, should be reserved for those effects. We are told that Madame Arnould Plessy only gives five principal gestures in three plays.

The obvious reason is that the parts demand such reserve to emphasize the principal gestures.

The power of gesture, however, cannot be disputed. We have numberless stories from the time of Nero; and the barbarian prince of Pontus, who went to Rome to do homage to him, was so fascinated with the pantomimists that he begged he might be allowed to take the principal performer home with him, because, having so many neighbours who spoke different languages and did not understand his commands, he thought that with the pantomimist he could make himself intelligible to all.

Bad habits are easily engendered, and must be guarded against. Do not think any labour too onerous which may improve your mind, and regulate your finer sensibility, giving you refinement and grace, even to old age.

The productions of art must follow previous triumphs. Genius is exercised by the employment of their variations, arrangements, comparisons, and combinations. We form our estimate of the past by what is left to us in the present, and we hope to leave examples for the estimation and study of ages to come.

SYMBOLS OF NOTATION.

Notation is sometimes useful to record and recall early impressions. Any mark that constantly conveys the meaning we desire is sufficiently adequate. We need not make an elaborate study of them. We recommend the following table:—

⌇ ..... Uniform force leading up to emphatic gesture.

≡ ..... Lines under emphatic word. Degree of force marked by the number of lines.

// ..... Pause. Length indicated by number of lines.

~~~ ..... Quick.

— — — — ... Slow.

< ..... Crescendo.

o—o—o ..... Diminuendo.

A ..... Arm ascending.

D ..... Arm descending.

! ..... Stroke of determinating movements.

1— 5 ..... Refer to temperament.
6—13 ..... ,, the walk.
14—21 ..... ,, qualities for perfection.
22—24 ..... ,, the zones.
25—35 ..... ,, significant motions.
36—59 ..... ,, classifications.
60—68 ..... ,, the head.
69—76 ..... ,, the chin, nose, &c.
77—81 ..... ,, the mouth.

Numbers are not repeated in these instructions.
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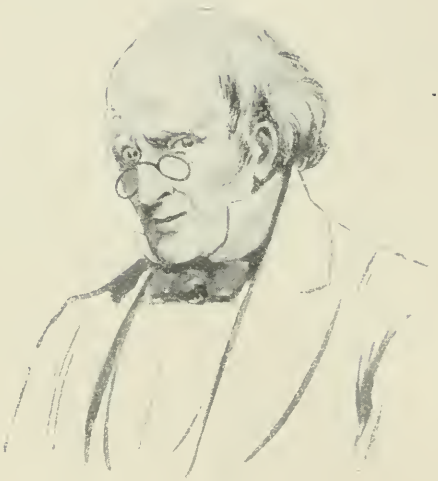


Shrewdness.

Fear.

FIRMNESS.

SURPRISE.

Doubt.

Devotion.

SYMPATHY.

DEFIANCE.

HATRED.

Rage.

IV.

RECITING AND RECITATIVE

BY

CLIFFORD HARRISON

Author of "In Hours of Leisure," "Stray Records," etc.

IV.

RECITING AND RECITATIVE.

SELECTION OF PIECES.

I HAVE been often asked to publish a volume of the pieces I recite. I should like to have done so. But I have always found it to be impracticable. A good half of my repertory could not be published, as the requisite permission from authors and publishers in question could not be obtained. Messrs. Charles William Deacon & Co. have, however, faced the difficulties and overcome them in a way that I cannot too highly praise; sparing neither time nor money to get together a large number of the pieces I recite. Certainly in no other volume are so many of my recitations to be found.

One of the chief difficulties a reciter has to face, and one of the most onerous parts of his work, is the successful selection of pieces adapted to recitation. The choice of such pieces is a task requiring greater judgment and thought than would be supposed. The difficulty is not lessened from the fact that it must after all be almost entirely a matter of personal taste and judg-

ment. Actors, singers, instrumentalists, have at least one-half of their work in combination with other artists. As a rule, the responsibility of the choice of material on these occasions rests with no one of them in particular. But a reciter is wholly and absolutely responsible alike for manner and matter.

There is a temptation to speak certain poems or passages of prose because one loves them. But that is one of the worst reasons for choosing them. The test must be, Do they gain by dramatic recitation? Many poems of great beauty, and even of great drama, do not gain by being spoken dramatically. They rather lose by the process. The chief beauty of the poem may be its form and music, and both may be somewhat jarred and disturbed by exhibitions of personal emotion and dramatic utterance. Or the drama may be taken from the literary point of view, and its very excellencies judged thence may be mistakes from the declamatory point of view. Or the drama may be impossible for a public audience.

Certainly the reciter has in English Literature a fine field. In every department of his art—save perhaps on that of delicate humour, in which I must own I think England has been lacking—he will find ample material. The difficulty lies in selection, in striking a nice and just balance between the claims of his own art and those of Literature. They are often far removed from one another, yet he should have an open mind to both. To take the Literary point of view alone would be to court failure—and deservedly. For he stands up, not as a man of letters, or as a lecturer, but as a reciter and public entertainer. Yet to lose sight of the Literary point of

view, would be to sink the level of his repertory to mere popularity and cheap "sensationalism"—and that in its turn would work a just Nemesis of failure.

"NEW" PIECES FROM OLD PAGES.

The great stock pieces for recitation, both for drama and for humour, have by this time become too hackneyed to be very useful. The reciter must be always on the look-out for new recitations. Yet when I say "new" I by no means mean necessarily pieces written to-day—or "new" in the sense of publication. Some of my most effective "new" pieces have been taken from old pages. I do not think anyone had ever attempted George Eliot, Carlyle, or Matthew Arnold until I gave recitations from their works. Yet on mere popularity and dramatic effect many of their passages are far and away ahead of many of the pieces "written for recitation" nowadays. So, too, with respect to authors as well known to reciters as Tennyson and Browning, I would advise a passing aside of the over-strained popularity of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," or of "How they brought Good News from Ghent"—and can attest to the welcome an audience invariably gives to "Amphion," "The Brook," "A Toccata of Galluppi's," and "Abt Vogler."

Humourous pieces are very difficult to find, especially if the reciter's comedy lies more in the direction of what on the stage is technically known as "Light

Comedy" than to the broader fun called "Low Comedy." English literature must be considered somewhat deficient in the element of this delicate and refined humour. To many of us the "Trial from Pickwick," or "The Jackdaw of Rheims" represent only one side of comedy, and the side we least care for. There are, however, less well-known passages from Dickens's works which are admirable bits of "light comedy," such as "Mr. Silas Wegg" and "Mr. Harold Skimpole," and there is nothing more effective in all my repertory than "The Christmas Carol." In Thackeray and George Eliot I find admirable material, although scenes from novels are always difficult to treat as disjointed recitations, as they often require a long preface of explanation. Such Prefatory Notes have been furnished in many instances in the present volume.

THE NEW HUMOUR.

There are several authors nowadays who are supplying excellent humour of the light kind, notably Mr. Anstey, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. Anthony Hope. I have a very firm belief myself that humour, in its social and colloquial aspect, is a thing each age grows for itself. Of course, there are certain broad living lines of humour, and certain masterpieces of comedy, which remain true and fresh for all time; but in its lighter and everyday vein humour varies, I think, for each generation We hear a good deal nowadays about the rival claims of "the new humour" and "the

old humour," but I suspect the feeling of which the present discussion is an expression is one that obtains in every age. The humour of a bygone time must always appear as old-fashioned to the next generation as the coat of the humourist who wrote it would look in a modern assembly. Those little social, colloquial touches of fun which an audience value so highly are ephemeral things which must be taken fresh and living, and are made from material that is "in the air." And to find pieces that give opportunities of touching an audience thus, the reciter must search the pages of men of his own day. Of such pages there is a growing supply nowadays.

THE GENIUS OF HUMOUR.

And above all a recitation, whether grave or humourous, must be submitted to a fiery ordeal of possible humour. Reciting is perilously girt about with opportunities for sinning against the Genius of humour. And he is a god whom it is dangerous to sin against, for his revenges are cruel and punctual. He is a great god and a powerful, a merry god and a kind—in his way. But he is withal absolutely indifferent and ruthless, and he knows well that he can never assert himself more triumphantly than when he is forgotten. He leaps around the class-room; he pops up in church; he has appeared at funerals; he is in the prompter's box at all tragedies; and he sits in the front row of every recital. His laughter rings out in derision with alarming promptitude. He has no pity. I know no

place where he is more ready for mischief than on the platform of a reciter. Possibly the commonplace but important fact that the speaker is clothed "in his habit, as he lives," is the basis at the outset of a ludicrous possibility of incongruity which may be seized on at any moment, or which only needs some unfortunate, imperceptible touch to be obvious at once to all. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the Genius of humour places a peculiarly mischievous elf by the side of a reciter, who will seize on any, the slightest, vantage ground, and in a moment turn his work into defeat of a very inglorious kind. To keep this spirit dormant and powerless is one of the chief tasks of such an artist. I think it is almost as difficult to keep this spirit at bay when you don't want him, as it is to gain his co-operation when you do.

MUSIC ALLIED WITH RECITATION.

Recitation with music has become an acknowledged branch of declamation. When I began it some fifteen years ago it was practically a new thing. It had been tried in certain pieces by Mr. Bellew years before—but in a different way to anything I attempted. But I had noted the never-failing effect on the stage of words spoken through music, and I had a great belief in the picturesque and articulately suggestive power of music. I have given perhaps more time to the development of this part of my work than to any other, and I feel certain I owe to it a large measure of such success as

has been granted to me. To some people, of course, the music is puzzling and confusing, and seems more of a detriment than an assistance to the meaning and emotion of the words spoken. Many people undoubtedly love music in a purely scholastic way. It never touches that deeper "music" which Kingsley so gloriously speaks of in a passage on music which I recite, or which Browning hints at in his marvellous "Abt Vogler." It never is articulate or picturesque. To such, of course, music in a recitation is no gain. But it is a fact that with the greater proportion of hearers it is a decided help; and with a certain inner circle again it exerts a strange and unique power of appeal. The work is difficult and delicate, and requires not only the greatest care and judgment, but also an amount of work that would surprise most of the listeners.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE DUAL ART.

It is on this latter point that I think the attempt to blend recitation and music generally fails. I have heard it attempted several times, but I cannot honestly say that I have ever heard in the combination any sign of the necessary forerunning work in rehearsal. It has always seemed haphazard. The work required to make the combination successful is great. Even when the music is carefully and skilfully composed by a musical adept, and the words and the music are really well woven together, not more than half the work is done. After I have composed my music to a note, and learnt

my words to a syllable, I often give weeks of hard practice to the performance. How splendid might be the combination of recitation and a fine band in a grand work of music! But alas! how poor the result generally must be confessed to be. I have once had the unhappiness of reciting on such an occasion Beethoven's "Egmont," and I, therefore, speak from experience. But the success that has attended Mr. Bemberg's "La Ballade du Désespéré" shows how excellent a success can, by skilful co-operation, be attained. I have written on the subject elsewhere,* and it may be permissible for me to quote my own words.

". . . I am willing to own that I do not yet see how recitation with music can be made effective under the conditions which usually mark the combination. At present the best chance of success seems to be for one and the same person to give both words and music. He is then master of the means employed. And it appears necessary that he should be master, and that the means employed should be under his control—or rather, under the control of the drama he enunciates. With great practice and an unusually swift understanding, and sympathy, a coherent work might be made between a reciter and a pianist, or even between a reciter and a band. But the latter would require the devotion and labour given to an opera at Bayreuth, instead of the casual combination that is too often attempted on such occasions.†

* *Stray Records* (Richard Bentley & Son).

† Mr. Henry Irving tried the effect in that grisly story, *The Uncle*, music for which was composed by Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. Corder has composed music for a translation of Uhland's *The Minstrel's Curse* Dr. Mackenzie has given us the cantata of *The Dream of Jubal*.

"Schumann and Liszt arranged several ballads for recitation with music. Musically these works are fine, but they do not seem to have even gained a real hold on public attention. I do not believe they ever will For, fine as they are, splendid as is the music, they have, I believe, the radical fault of misconception. They are pre-eminently musical. They should be pre-eminently declamatory. Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' has held its own best because in it the necessary conditions are best observed. Beethoven's 'Egmont' might, as I realise it to myself, have a superb effect—but to gain the effect would necessitate a revolution in the whole scheme of performance and character of rehearsal. . . ."

MUSIC—AN AID ONLY.

Lately we have had several admirable and successful attempts at this new form of recitation. Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Corder, and Mr. Bemberg have written works in which recitation holds a part. I have always felt very strongly that some of Wagner's greatest work may almost be claimed as an example of this idea, for it is essentially declamatory. I like to believe that had this form of dramatic and poetic expression been presented to him in all its fine possibilities, he would have grasped its suggestion to the full, and given us a grand and perfect example of this new recitation.

But the mistake musicians have often made when they have composed music for a recited poem is that

they have overburdened the words with music. They do not like to accept the fact that the music is an accompaniment only—a background—at most an undercurrent of answering emotion. The moment it rises to the level of the words, it ceases to be an aid; the moment it overtops them, it is simply an encumbrance. The recitation—that is to say, the voice of the poet audible through the reciter—must always be prominent. Thus, long descriptive passages, which necessitate that the reciter should leave off speaking and pause for a longer time than he *naturally* would in the drama of the words, are all out of place and proportion, and confuse the sense of the hearer, who stands perplexed whether he is to judge the performance as one of music or of declamation. It is always my aim to keep the recitation so undisputedly the master of the situation that I could if necessary omit the music altogether, and give the poem simply as a recitation without altering a tone, or inflexion, or pause. The music *has* to fit itself into that.

The rhythm of the music and the verse may sometimes seem almost distinct, but they must be in sympathy, working indeed separately, and each on its own level, but now and then—sometimes on a word and a note—meeting with unfailing precision. The aim should be to keep the correspondence unbroken, though it may be often invisible.

SELECTION AND DELIVERY OF MUSICAL RECITATIONS.

It is almost impossible to give actual advice on the matter of working up one of these musical recitations. I have always a strong conviction that every one must decide such points for himself, and that what suits one would not suit another. Even in the matter of choice of a piece suitable to recitation with music, I think no law can be laid down. Some of the most successful pieces I have given thus have but little hint of music *per se* in them; others, again, have a distinct cue for the music.

In all cases I have arranged the music for the recitations myself. I have over a hundred of these musical recitations; but, in all cases, I know the music note for note, and never vary it (unless, indeed, I purposely alter a musical setting, being tired of the old one, or hitting, as it seems to me, on some better *motif*). I have been told that it is supposed that I extemporise very often in these musical recitations. I am always glad to hear that it has that effect, but, in reality, it is as far removed from extemporising as may well be—being in fact the hard result of hard and unremitting practice. I do not, as a rule, believe in any "extemporising" in art. There may be moments of impetus and inevitable and clear "inspiration," but they are rare, I think, even with the greatest artists. And as far as my experience has gone, I have invariably found that the greater

the artist is, the less he cares to trust to these moments of illumination. His work is always the result of hard work. If the work has been sufficiently perfected an appearance of spontaneity is the reward.

In very few of the accompaniments do I use any bar of music not my own. I find that the whole work is more homogeneous if it is all my own. I often regret I have not a technical knowledge of music, but yet I have sometimes found that very fact may be a safeguard, as the danger is always great for the music to overwhelm the words and rise into the prominence of a musical work. Such danger I am guarded against. I find that the words nearly always suggest the air—or *motif*. Sometimes the lilt of the poem echoes itself in a phrase of music, and sometimes it is the emotion that seems to demand expression in music quite apart from the rhythm of the poem.

AIRS TO BE EMPLOYED AND AIRS TO BE AVOIDED.

Known tunes, I think, are decidedly to be avoided as a rule. I have used well-known tunes in only three or four of my recitations. A familiar air will always stir associations and recollections in the minds of the listeners, and seldom will these associations and recollections be anything but a detriment to the disengaged attention and open sympathy desirable in an audience. Of course, there are times when such a stir and rustle

of thought actually aids the emotion of the words spoken. This is the case in a passage in Dickens's "Christmas Carol," during which I play the Christmas hymn, "Hark! the herald Angels sing." In Tennyson's grand Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, the line :—

"Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears,"

necessitates the famous march from *Saul*, and here again the emotion called up aids the words.

But I must own that to my mind to play "Ah! che la morte" during Owen Meredith's "At the Opera" would go far to vulgarise and spoil that delicate and mysterious poem. I cannot but fancy he himself recognised the commonplaceness of the association, for in the last edition he omits the verses which tell us the name of the opera and melody in question.

I may quote one or two other pieces in which I introduce into the accompaniment music that is not my own. In Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," I play for the song, "Come up, Whitefoot: come up, Lightfoot," the old English air known as "The Legend of the Avon." In Alfred Austin's "In the Month when sings the Cuckoo," I work out into many keys and transpositions a *motif* of Macfarren's, in his opera, "She Stoops to Conquer," a part-song called "The Cuckoo." And in Eric Mackay's "Beethoven at the Piano," I play the first part of the "Moonlight" Sonata.

A poem such as Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" is peculiarly easy for musical setting, as the 'cue' for the music is an obvious one, and it is a case

wherein definite Church music may be employed with appropriateness. Baring Gould's "Building of S. Sophia" also suggests music of an unmistakable kind, although in both these instances the fear of being over realistic in the character of the music should be borne in mind.

A curious instance of the capriciousness of choice in the matter of a poem for "musical recitation" may be cited in Shelley's "The Cloud," which I venture to think lends itself perfectly, and with delicate fitness, more felt than to be explained, to an accompaniment; whereas his "Ode to the Skylark," although distinctly a song, and suggestive in its subject of natural music, would be, to my mind, vulgarised by any echo of actual "music." Thus may be pointed out some of the difficulties of the matter, and the difficulty also of laying down definite rules for guidance to others. It must after all be allowed to be a question of personal taste, and stands or falls thereby.

And as known tunes are as a rule to be avoided, so also I think all realistically *imitative* music should be very carefully and sparingly handled. It is true such descriptive music is useful, and may be legitimately used in certain pieces. But the greatest care must be taken that it does not sink to commonplace, and even make the further fall into grotesqueness. It is a good lesson of warning to those who wish to recite with music to hear Mr. George Grossmith give his delicious imitation of one of my musical recitations. It points with delicate humour and fun to the danger of all imitative music, and shows how soon that fatal step can be taken that makes an emotion ridiculous. But

how is one to judge of this? Who is to say how far such music may go? Well, it is that mysterious nameless line that can only be labelled "good taste," and of *that* each man must judge for himself.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD TASTE.

Good taste. A reciter should steadfastly and seriously regard that word. We all know it is a word of the vaguest outline. It is a "moveable feast," and an uncertain quantity. Presumably no two people hear its voice alike, and its unwritten canons are doubtless different to everyone. But yet it stands firm and recognisable. The artist knows and loves it, as a rule, by instinct. But certain arts seemed to stand peculiarly in its light, or with the possibility of its shadow; and Reciting is one of these arts. Judging by the pieces for recitation constantly suggested to me, sent to me, offered to me, and written for me, the temptations placed in the way of a reciter to come under the shadow and frown of this form of vague outline are many.

I note from time to time in periodicals and publications that some of the most infantile and the most decrepit verses published in their columns are often headed, "Written for Recitation." At such times I feel sorry for Recitation. I shudder to think of the maudlin "goody-goody" verses—and, even worse, of the tales of horror, the stories of the gutter, the hospital, and the death-bed—that form so large a portion of the litera-

ture (?) that is specially written for recitation. Truly that unwritten code of good taste should be carefully conned by the student who wishes to become a reciter.

THE AMATEUR RECITER.

Perhaps no form of entertainment, or expression of dramatic art, has been so well abused and so mercilessly caricatured as has Recitation during the last few years. Nor is the reason far to seek. For myself, I have hailed the abuse, and enjoyed the caricature, as sharp and necessary remedies for a growing danger to an art I love, and which has been sorely injured by a fatal popularity. A few years ago, when I first began my work, Mr. Brandram was, broadly speaking, alone in the field. Amateur reciting was almost unknown (oh! happy days!), and, even amongst actors and actresses, it was a form of art but little used or esteemed. Now all that is altered. The times are changed. The field is crowded in every direction; public reciters are many—the stage has owned its poor relation, and the amateur world has seized on the art with unconscionable rapacity. To me it is surprising that, in face of the very immature and strange exhibitions that have been labelled "reciting," both in public and private, the art has survived. It argues the possession of an admirable vigour and vitality. But that it should be by many shunned and looked askance at is not astonishing. For who has not suffered from its evil and desolating claims for silence and a hearing at

"At Homes" and social gatherings? Has not recitation added a new terror to Society, and a new danger to domestic furniture? When will the day come when people will realise and believe that recitation is not an easy but a very difficult art?

RECITATION—AN ART.

That it is truly an art is, I think, clear and provable. Lecky, in his *History of the Rise of Rationalism*, speaking of the theatre, says—"This amusement, which has ever proved one of the chief delights, and one of the most powerful incentives to genius, had at the same time the rare privilege of acting with equal power upon the opposite extremes of intellect, and is even now almost the only work connecting thousands with intellectual pursuits." There seems no reason why Recitation should not share these honours with the stage. For it is eminently capable of "acting with equal power on the opposite extremes of intellect." Longfellow has recorded in a sonnet his delight in the "precious evenings all too swiftly fled" when he listened to Mrs. Fanny Kemble's readings of Shakespeare's plays. Many are the spoken and written confessions of interest and pleasure in recitation that I could quote. Whilst remembering with lively pleasure the tears and laughter, the awakened sympathy and imagination of audiences into whose lives, I fear, little of imagination or sympathy entered, I cannot doubt but that Recitation can also equally touch with a refreshing and refining hand that

class which has little time or power to receive the lessons of the greater parent-arts. Recitation needs a special gift and a special training in the artist. It touches the material it uses, not only with the bare truth of an interpreting voice, but also with a force and a delicacy that are its own. It is a perfect medium whereby the world may be

> ". . . . wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

It is singularly complete and self-contained. It encloses the old primitive way of telling stories in verse by rhythmic repetition, and also the more modern and civilised presentation of drama by the actor. It has been steadily growing in artistic development and in public favour for many years. If true to itself, and if its position be not undermined by the incapacity of well-meaning but imperfect aspirants, it may well look forward to association and brotherhood with those older executive arts by which Literature and Music are brought home to the ears and to the hearts of a world that is ready and willing to listen if only the right voice will speak.

V.

RECITATION WITH MUSIC

BY

FREDERICK CORDER, R.A.M.,

Composer of "Nordisa," "The Bridal of Triermain," "The Sword of Argantyr," etc., etc.

RECITATION

WITH

MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with much diffidence that I venture to speak upon a subject wherein Mr. Clifford Harrison is so eminent an authority. He says—and I, for one, entirely agree with him—that the union of the two arts, recitation and music, can only be perfectly achieved by one and the same person. Nevertheless, attempts have been made, and, as Art progresses, will continue more frequently to be made, to fuse the performances of several artists into one satisfactory whole. What has been done with singer and accompaniment *can*—though with much greater difficulty—be done with reciter and accompaniment.

In considering this matter, it will be most practical to give a survey of the existing field of operations—that is, to make some remarks upon each and all of the important published works of this kind. They are not numerous, and will afford us a firm basis for our deductions.

We may make two distinct classes; that in which the recitation is merely an adjunct to a musical work, and that in which the positions of the two are reversed. The former class only contains the following four works worth mention as being frequently performed in England:—

1. Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, with declaimed portions of the tragedy.
2. Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with accompaniments to certain scenes.
3. Schumann's music to *Manfred*, with accompaniments to certain soliloquies.
4. A. C. Mackenzie, *The Dream of Jubal*, a poem with music for soli, chorus, orchestra, and accompanied recitation.

The play of *Preciosa*, to which Weber composed music, has also been given on the concert platform with a recitation to connect the various pieces of music, but works of this class (in which may be included *Lelio* by Berlioz) demand no notice, as they contain no examples of accompanied recitation.

Class II. is more numerous, but contains few specimens of real interest. In some cases the poems are not in touch with our present sympathies, or are badly translated from foreign languages (and few translated poems recite well); in most cases the music is ungrateful. Many of the pieces here catalogued will be unknown to our readers.

5. "Schön Hedvig." Ballad by Hebbel
6. "Der Haideknabe." Ballad by Hebbel } Music by Schumann
7. "Die Flüchtlinge" (The Fugitives). By Shelley }

8. "Der Trauriche Monch." By N. Lenau.
9. "Lenore." By Bürger.
10. "Des todten Dichters Liebe." By M. Jokai.
11. "Der Blinde Sänger." By Tolstoi.
12. "Helge's Treue." By Strachwitz.
13. "Der Ewige Jude."

Music by Liszt.

14. "The Uncle." By H. G. Bell. Music by J. Benedict.
15. "The Minstrel's Curse." By Uhland. Music by F. Corder.
16. "Thorvenda's Dream." Words and music by G. Bantock.
17. "Bergliot." By Björnson. Music by Ed. Grieg.
18. "The Bells." By Edgar Allan Poe.
19. "Ballad of Lorraine." By C. Kingsley.
20. "Soul Music." By G. J. Whyte-Melville.
21. "The Story of the Faithful Soul." By A. Procter.
22. "Riding thro' the Broom." By Whyte-Melville.
23. "The Curfew Bell." By Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.
24. "The Raven." By Edgar Allan Poe.
25. "Lochinvar." By Sir Walter Scott.
26. "A Ballad of Hell." By John Davidson.
27. "What my Lover said." By Horace Greeley.
28. "The Legend Beautiful." By H. W. Longfellow.
29. "The Thin Red Line." By Alice C. McDonell.
30. "In the Round Tower at Jhansi." By Christina G. Rossetti.

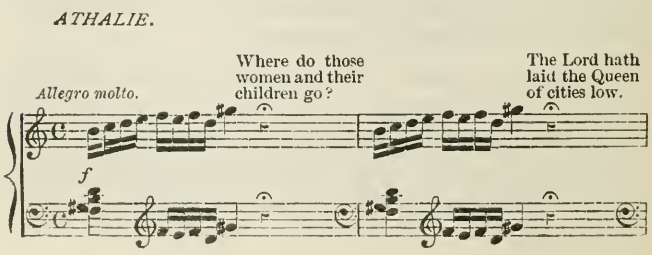
Music by Stanley Hawley.

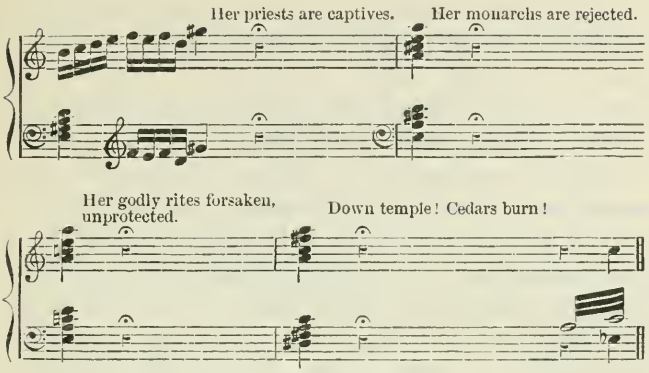
In addition to the thirteen pieces enumerated above, there are six others by Mr. Stanley Hawley, published with English and German text. They comprise "Fair Helen" (anon.), "One of us Two" (Ella Wheeler Wilcox), "The Dead Ship" (Lizette Woodworth Reese), "A Legend of the East Window" (Hubert Cutler), "A Year's Spinning" (E. B. Browning), and "The Death Potion" (Lizette Woodworth Reese). The settings to these are of a more simple character.

I cannot suppose that this list is quite complete, but at least it contains no omissions of any note. Of course the music written by Dr. Mackenzie to *The Dream of Eugene Aram* for Mr. Irving, as well as all Mr. Clifford Harrison's music, cannot be obtained by the public.

MUSICAL WORKS WITH RECITATIONS.

1. The recitation usually given when performing in a concert Mendelssohn's music to Racine's tragedy of *Athalie* is a kind of condensation or synopsis of the drama written in somewhat laboured rhymed Alexandrines, and leading up to the principal musical numbers. In one or two places, where the original stage dialogue was enhanced by short bits of melodrame (as this kind of music is called), the reciter has the uncomfortable task of being at one moment narrator and at another a person in the play. He never needs, however, to trouble himself about the music, the short phrases and detached chords of which must punctuate and emphasize his sentences. The following is the most important passage :—



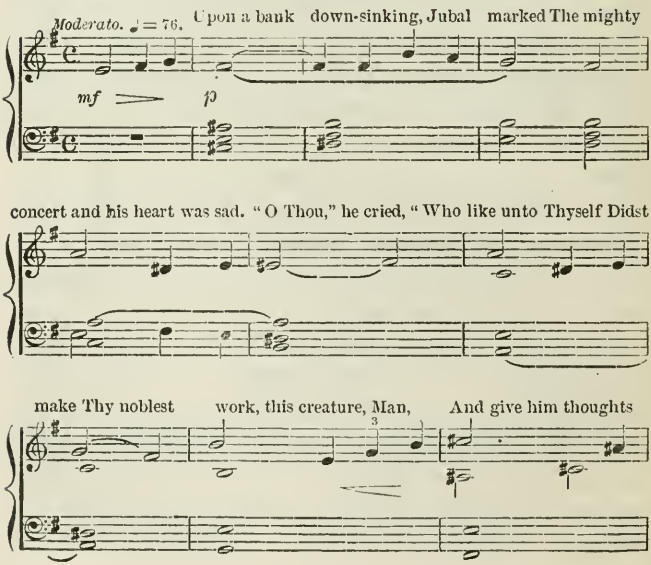


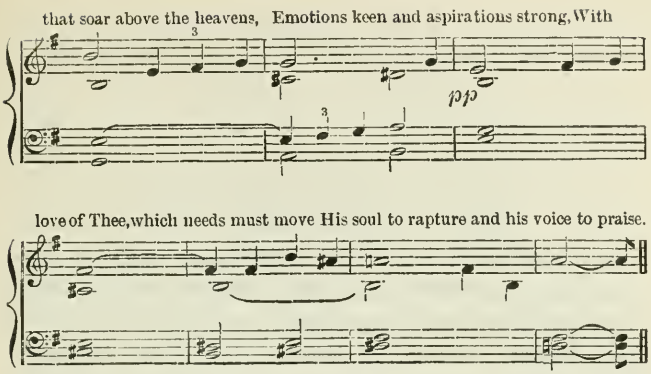
2. Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* used to be given by Mrs. Stirling and others in a shortened form for the better exhibition of Mendelssohn's beautiful music. Accordingly, most of the fairy scenes were spoken as they would be on the dramatic stage with the pauses for action which the music fills up. This is rather worrying to the reciter, but inevitable.

3. Schumann's music to Lord Byron's *Manfred* is sometimes performed in the concert-room with a reciter *to accompany the music* (for that is what it amounts to) of the three soliloquies, "O God, if it be thus," "The spirits I have raised abandon me," and, "There is a calm upon my spirit." The first and last are to be so spoken as to end exactly as the music ends, and this is not easy, the latter being rather slow and far too long for the purpose. Beyond this there is no attempt to make music and words fit in with one another.

4. Without intending a slight to any of our distinguished public reciters, I must express my belief that Mr. Joseph Bennett's beautiful conception of *The Dream of Jubal* has never yet received full justice. Here, indeed, if anywhere, is to be found the successful combination of poetry, declamation and music, and in the hands of a really great reciter, *who must be also a musician,* it should stand revealed for a true masterpiece. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that Dr. Mackenzie's music requires to flow along for the most part in strict time, and yet neither music nor recitation should appear to wait for the other. To take a very simple example, let us look at one of the earlier speeches.

THE DREAM OF JUBAL.





The reciter here usually goes straight on without heeding the music, but this was not the real intention. To fit the recitation to the music is a task of very considerable difficulty. On examination it will be found that the chief points of the words are best emphasised by the music if "and his heart was *sad*" be so delivered that the last word comes exactly upon the first beat of the sixth bar. Again, the word "Man" should come exactly upon the first beat of the tenth bar. There are hundreds of similar points in the work all equally vital to the effect.

HOW TO STUDY THE ART.

Let the elocutionist who understands ever so little of music play the music and read the words of the passage I have quoted until he knows both thoroughly. Then let him strive to fit them as described. Finally, while some one else plays the accompaniment let him deliver the lines, and then compare his performance with a mere haphazard "speaking through music" of another reciter who has not studied thus, and he will be surprised at the difference. This reveals the fact that to recite to a musical accompaniment, however unobtrusive or independent the latter may be, it is imperative that the elocutionist be somewhat of a musician and that he be intimately familiar with the said accompaniment. Is it not the same in song? Every musician knows the difference between accompanying a singer who is a musician and one who is not. The former grasps the meaning of the combination and knows how and where the "points" are to be made, the latter does not comprehend that the accompaniment has any share in the success at all, and tries to "score off his own bat," a selfish stupidity which generally meets its due reward. Let the reciter who is ambitious of undertaking the formidable task of delivering *Jubal* note all the dramatic and elocutionary "points" in the verse, first of all; next let him learn the music till he

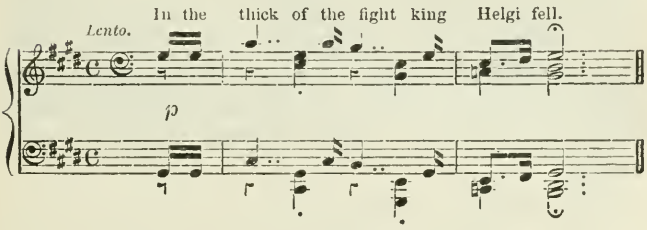
finds the proper corresponding points in this. Then he will require to practise every speech with his accompanist (if for a pianoforte performance), or his conductor (if there is to be an orchestra), until the correct rate of speed is found. The reciter may be presumed to know that this depends largely upon the size of the room in which the performance takes place. Until there is perfect unanimity and *certainty* in this matter success is impossible. One of the hardest passages, and one where the speaker needs most to follow the music without in the least appearing to do so will be found on p. 11 of the vocal score at the line, "Both stood within a temple vast and high." In many other places the music will be somewhat elastic in the time; here it is rigid, the character being that of a church voluntary. It may be noted in passing that much assistance might be obtained by the reciter writing out his copy with the words and music in their proper correspondence, after this has been ascertained by due practice.

5-7. There is little to say about the poems to which Schumann has set music. The published English translations are poor and the music seems superfluous all through. In "The Fugitives" it is far too boisterous, and in "Schön Hedvig" uninteresting.

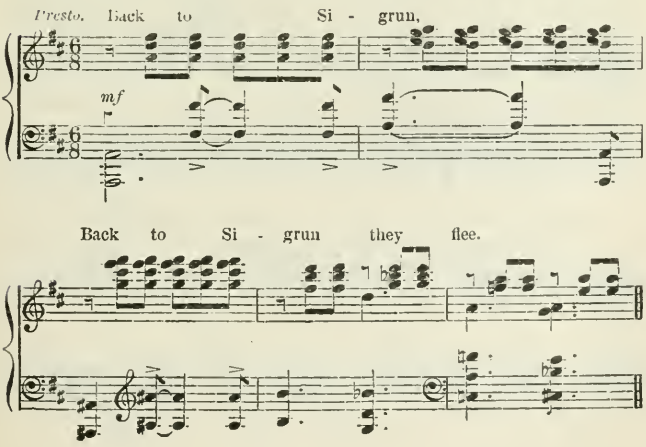
8-13. The poems to which Liszt has added music are, with one exception, unknown to English audiences. The first is a legend of a melancholy ghost, which haunted a ruined castle. Whoever beholds it turns melancholy also and dies. A knight encamps in the ruin, beholds the spectre, and straightway rides into the lake and gets drowned. This is uninteresting, but there is some very creepy music. "Lenore" is better known, having been adapted more or less freely by several of our poets. The music is terribly difficult to play, but immensely effective. I have arranged it for orchestra, to the great enhancement of its beauties, as I venture to think. The accompaniment waits on the voice throughout, so there is no difficulty on this head. "The Dead Poet's Love" is a Hungarian legend so grotesque in conception that no audience could take it seriously. It is very long and the music is not striking. Tolstoi's ballad, "The Blind Minstrel," is also long and dull, in spite of the beautiful initial idea of the poor harper singing his best, flattered by what he takes for the rapt

silence of his audience and then finding that there is no audience at all. "Helgi's Troth" is much better, but the English version is not published. There is a great deal of music—it is, in fact, adapted from a vocal setting by F. Dräseke—and here for the first time we meet with sentences which must be declaimed exactly with the music, *e.g.*:—

HELGI'S TROTH. 1.



HELGI'S TROTH. 2.

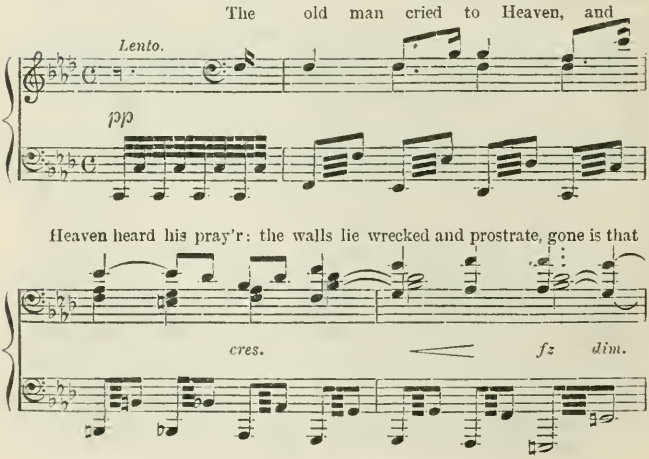


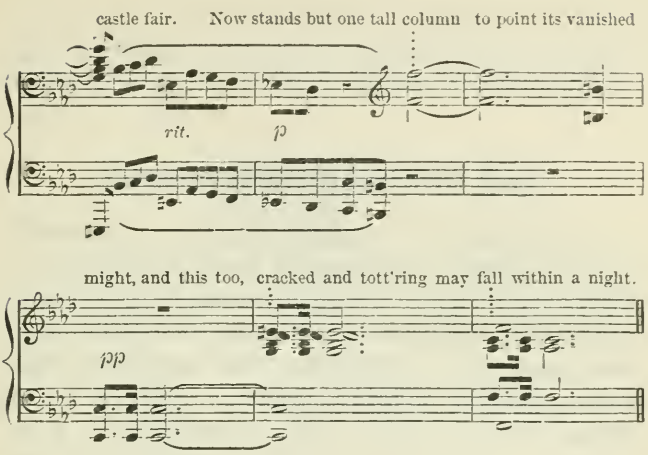
The last piece, "The Wandering Jew," is announced as being published among Liszt's posthumous works, but I have not yet met with it.

14. The well-known poem of "The Uncle" hardly needs more than passing mention. The music is very slight and intends to claim no attention whatever, but aims at fulfilling the same function as the melodramatic music used on the stage, which is usually all but inaudible.

15. In my "Minstrel's Curse" I have gone partly on the lines of Liszt's accompaniments. There is little speaking through music, but I have always found these few passages go badly in performance for the reason indicated above—the reciter ignores the music completely.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.





It is not, one would think, a *very* irksome task to make the two factors coincide at the points indicated, but it is never done unless I accompany it myself and rush after or wait for the reciter with much ingenuity.

16. "Thorvenda's Dream" is slight in texture, but pretty in performance. It has the original feature of a musical movement of some length in the middle to fill up a pause in the poem. This, however, has been done to far greater extent and effect in the piece to be next noticed.

THE ONE COMPLETE SUCCESS.

17. "Bergliot" is a magnificent piece, and decidedly the most effective accompanied poem yet written. It has the advantage of being a monologue in character without any explanatory parts, and the disadvantage that the events of the action are not quite clear to an average English audience (sometimes not even to the reciter, I have found). Some comments on it might find place here, therefore, as it is growing rapidly into popularity. In ancient Norway the country was split up by the feuds of various clans, and the poem deals with one of these party squabbles. Bergliot is the wife of a chieftain bearing the uncouth name of Einar Tambarskelfir (accent on the first and third syllables), who has gone to meet King Harald and settle terms of peace with him in the "All-Thing," or parliament house. The discussion becomes heated, Harald murders Einar and his son Eindridi, a general stampede reveals to the wife waiting without what has happened, and after a tremendous appeal to the people for vengeance—an appeal not responded to—she relapses into stony despair and accompanies the corpses of her dear ones home to the strains of one of the most affecting funeral marches ever penned. The English translation, like the original Norwegian poem, is in alliterative verse—that is, lines of two strong accents, the same letter

beginning the accented words in the same or successive lines, according to rules for which we must refer the reader to works on the Early English and Anglo-Saxon poetry. Thus—

'Tis the *w*ind I *w*een
that *h*urtles *h*ere
o'er open *f*jord
and craggy *f*ell.

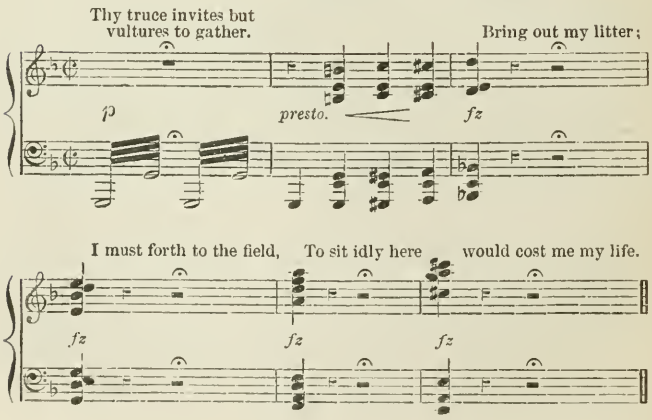
The English version will be found to contain a few archaic expressions and Early English words not generally understood. Here is a list:—

bonders	men owning servants or slaves.
handselled	guaranteed.
fell	hill.
thralls	serfs.
Thing-house	parliament house.
mirk	dark.
Håkon	(proper name, pronounced Hokon).
banesman	slayer.
stead	place.

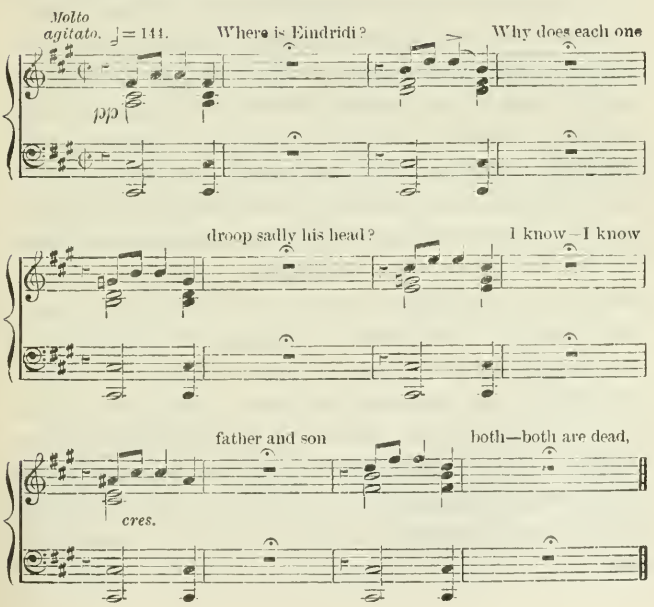
HOW TO RECITE "BERGLIOT."

It is of paramount importance to realise the dramatic situation in the opening lines. The words, "King Harald this day *must* hold to the truce," require to be delivered proudly, yet with a sense of misgiving and a foreboding of coming trouble. The succeeding passages are all in a tone of rising alarm, yet with an endeavour for confidence till the outburst, when the fact of a quarrel is realised—"Treacherous Harald! *Thy* truce invites but vultures to gather." Here the accompaniment must follow the voice absolutely.

BERGLIOT. 1.



Similarly with the lines on p. 9. The pauses marked in the music are not required; it speeds along, and the reader must not think of pausing thus as it is written.

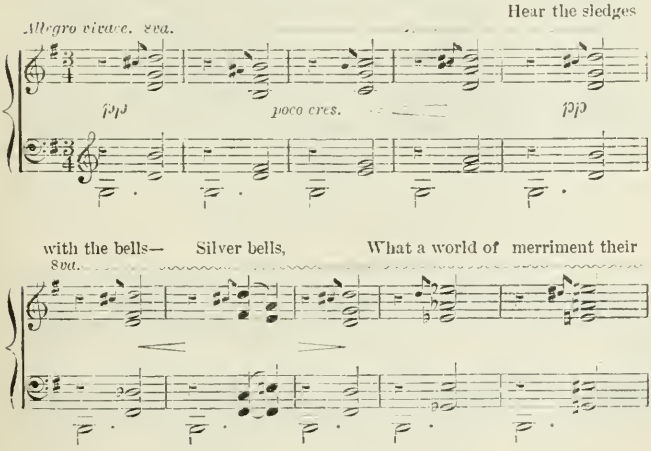


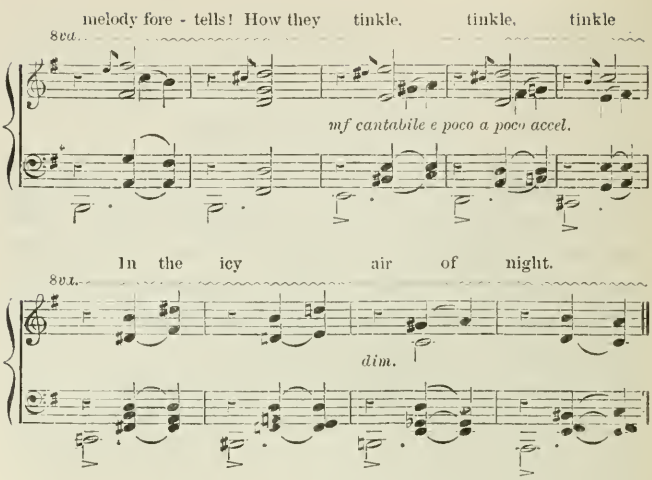
This would be absurd. The lines, "Can this thing be! —Yes—it is he!" must, on the contrary, be gasped out word by word, so as to prepare for the stunned pause which is so eloquently filled up by the dirge following. The next speech must be taken quite freely by the reader, with as little waiting for the music as

possible. The scornful passage, "O, were but Håkon Ivarson here!" needs to wait at each sentence until after the loud chords. Again, the speech beginning "Can I seek Odin, the lord of Valhalla?" must not be too much broken up. Here the accompanist must hurry up. Where the voice comes in during the funeral march the composer originally put little notes above the syllables of the words, to indicate how they should be spoken in time to the music. He removed these afterwards, because he probably found this kindly-meant assistance useless. But these concluding lines are well worth the practice I have suggested for *Jubal*, and not until the reciter is sure of the exact position of every word in the bar will she obtain the utmost effect here, for the accompaniment *must* keep rigid time. In the last line the concluding word "home" must drop naturally upon the first note of the bar, as indicated. I have heard many attempts to recite "Bergliot," many with which the audience has been greatly impressed, but I have yet to hear one which at all approaches the Clifford Harrison standard. And yet this particular piece seems so singularly easy and obvious to make fit, and the work bestowed upon it would be *so* remunerative.

18, 19, 20.—A far harder task is presented in the works lately published by Mr. Stanley Hawley. Here we have this difficulty of making the reciter realise the importance of the music more formidable than ever. The means I have indicated for studying *Jubal* are here indispensable. Under the fingers of the composer the accompaniment to "The Bells" is simply exquisite, but I confess I cannot do anything with it myself. The opening bars will clearly show the kind of thing, rhythm reigning throughout.

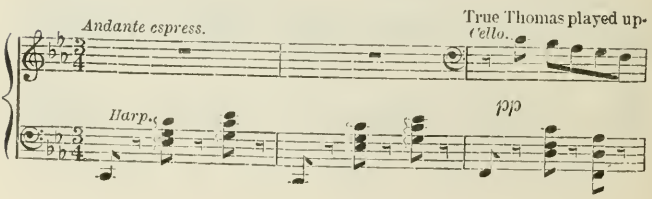
THE BELLS.

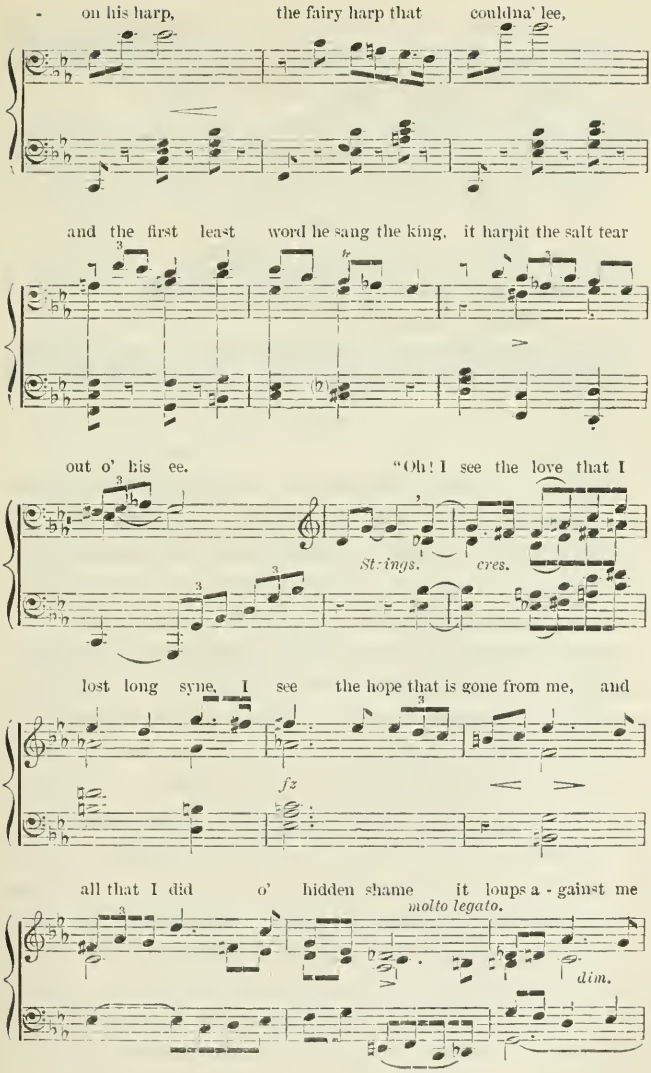


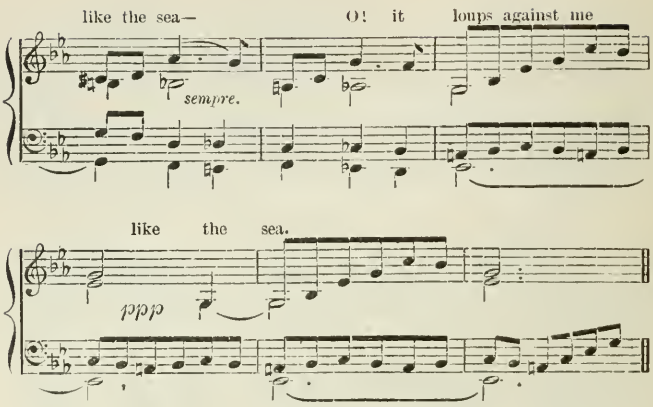


As an experiment on the same lines, I have written music to a ballad of Rudyard Kipling's, in which almost throughout the voice has to go as accurately with the music as in singing, but hitherto I have found the difficulty of performance quite insuperable. A short extract will serve as a typical example of the most intimate union possible between recitation and music. As such I venture to commend it to the student.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS.




- on his harp, the fairy harp that couldna' lee,
and the first least word he sang the king, it harpit the salt tear
out o' his ee. "Oh! I see the love that I
Strings. cres.
lost long syne, I see the hope that is gone from me, and
fz
all that I did o' hidden shame it loups a - gainst me
molto legato.
dim.



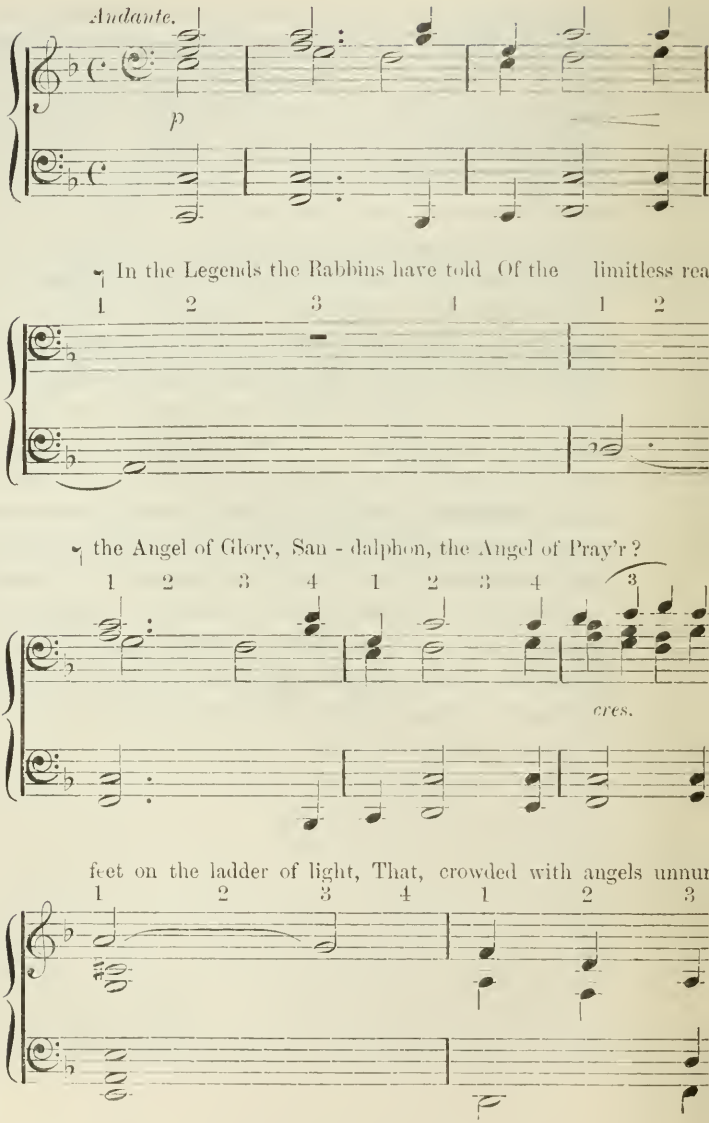
There can be little doubt that in a complete blending of words and music like the above a great effect can be produced, but—as Mr. Clifford Harrison points out—to attain this effect "would require the devotion and labour given to an opera at Bayreuth."

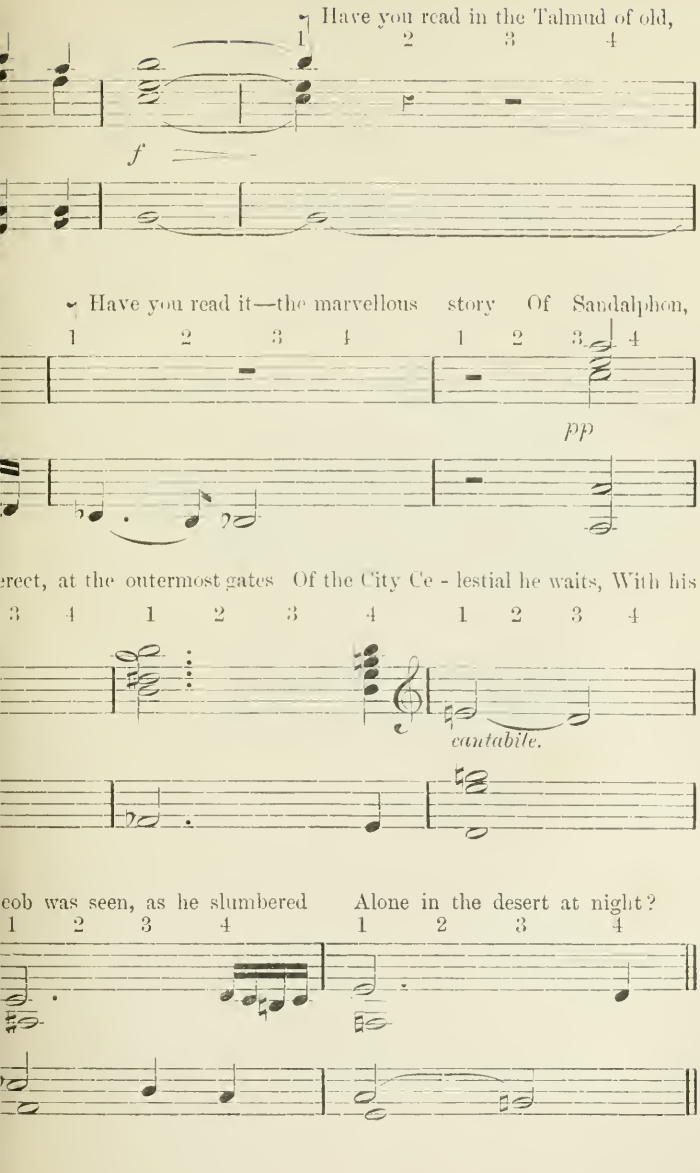
It should be observed that in speaking through music the higher tones of the voice require to be constantly employed, especially in the case of a male reciter; the lower inflections grating too harshly against the musical notes. Yet there must be no suggestion of "chanting" or "sing-song," but only great clearness and purity of utterance—*never* any colloquial or ordinary quality except where the music ceases. To sum up: recitation with music is of three degrees. The first—like stage melodrama—has a faint, unheeded background of music. The finest example of this was in the statue scene of the "Winter's Tale" as performed by Mary Anderson. The second degree is where the music assumes occa-

sional interest in itself (as in the majority of the pieces I have described). Under these conditions there is little unity and much loss of effect, without great gain, save—I think—in the solitary case of "Bergliot." The third degree is that intimate connection of music and recitation which we often dream of, which might be (but never is) heard in *The Dream of Jubal*, which is vainly attempted in the last works I have considered, and which I firmly believe to be the Art of the Future.

To render this essay more complete I will, in conclusion, give the commencement of a setting for Longfellow's *Sandalphon*. The student who possesses any musical talent may perhaps be interested enough to attempt its completion. A very slight accompaniment seems all that is here required. It will be an excellent preliminary exercise for the student desirous of acquiring the art of speaking to music to practise both parts separately, first with a metronome or counting time strictly, and then with that slight elasticity of time which the proper delivery of the poem demands. From this to any of the more elaborate pieces already described will then not be a difficult step.

Sandalphon.


Andante.
p
In the Legends the Rabbins have told Of the limitless rea
the Angel of Glory, San - dalphon, the Angel of Pray'r?
cres.
feet on the ladder of light, That, crowded with angels unnu


Have you read in the Talmud of old,
1 2 3 4
f
Have you read it—the marvellous story Of Sandalphon,
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
pp
erect, at the outermost gates Of the City Ce - lestial he waits, With his
3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
cantabile.
eob was seen, as he slumbered Alone in the desert at night?
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

VI.

SELECTIONS

IN PROSE AND VERSE, ADAPTED FOR RECITATION, READING, AND DRAMATIC RECITAL.

Edited, with Notes and Introduction,

BY

ROBERT D. BLACKMAN,

Author of "A Handbook for Literary Students," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is, happily, no question whatever as to the supreme value of the Art of Elocution. "In these days," says Lord Salisbury, "whether we like it or not, power is with the tongue, power is with those who can speak." In this judgment, if in few others, Mr. Gladstone agrees with Lord Salisbury. "All time and money spent in training the voice and the body," says Mr. Gladstone, "is an investment that pays a larger interest than any other." The finest thought and the most impressive feeling may fail of their proper effects whether in the senate, or on the platform, or at the bar, or in the pulpit, through mere inadequacy of delivery. "How little men think, alas!" laments Dr. George Macdonald, "of the duty that lies in tone!" The recognition of this truth has dawned upon our keenest-sighted educationists, and already in many places the services of a trained elocutionist have been invoked by the authorities for the voice training in seminaries of education, from the elementary schools up to the colleges and the universities. It is about a quarter of a century since Mr. Ruskin declared his testimony on this point at Oxford. "I think," he said, "that general public feeling is tending to the admission that accomplished education must include not only full command of expression by language, but command of

true musical sound by the voice." These views have rapidly gained ground since Mr. Ruskin spoke, but they have yet also vast areas to overtake and sway. Where the public instruction fails to supply the necessary training, the more desirable it is that the individual should supplement the deficiency. In this important sphere of self-discipline, we need offer no apology for attempting to provide these directions and aids to the thoughtful student, and we strongly commend to his serious consideration the opinions of eminent practical men of the time, which we have just cited. "The one thing you have to do," urges Mr. Ruskin, "is to make a clear-voiced little instrument of yourself, which other people can entirely depend upon for the note wanted." This is not merely a matter of your pleasure and advantage; it is a duty to yourself and to all others whom your voice reaches or ought to reach.

ELOCUTION is, in literal signification, simply the act of "speaking out." Among the ancients, who cultivated assiduously the means of influencing their fellows by the spoken word, the term was applied in a more comprehensive sense than is now attached to it. Under elocution, the ancients included the whole art of rhetoric, the composition and style in the broadest acceptation, as well as the art of producing the strongest practical effects by delivery or communication to the hearers. By elocution we now understand the management of Voice, Speech, and Gesture in orally conveying thought to others. Elocution is a Science as well as an Art. It is a Science, inasmuch as broad principles can be laid down for its due execution. It is an Art, inasmuch as it is displayed in practice. In its effective form, as we have indicated, it implies not merely the "speaking out"

of words and thoughts, but every means of voice production, voice management in speech, and appropriate gesture of body—all combined—for bringing home to the realisation of the hearer the full contents and value of the ideas expressed. Each one of these departments of the subject will be found to be fully and lucidly discussed in the preceding Essays.

Elocution may be regarded as the Art of Acting; or, at any rate, it forms a main ingredient in that difficult and charming Art. The great and serious practitioners of the art of acting have always conceived their business in a large spirit; and elocution claims to be considered in a like comprehensive scope.

The Art of the Actor, according to Macready, is "to fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess oneself of the actual mind of the individual man." The actor's business was similarly described by Mr. Henry Irving, in his fine address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1891: "It is," he said, "primarily to reproduce the ideas of the author's brain, to give them form and substance and colour and life, so that those who behold the action of a play may, so far as this can be effected, be lured into the fleeting belief that they behold reality." These descriptions of the art are but amplifications, and more concrete presentations of the grand sweep of Shakespeare's expression of the purpose of playing, "whose end," the immortal dramatist said, "both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body

of the time, his form and pressure." In these worthy conceptions of the art lies the fullest justification of the insistence of our Essayists, in the preceding pages, upon the necessity for the diligent cultivation of all the faculties and powers of the Elocutionist. Of course, every elocutionist does not propose to himself the aim of becoming an accomplished actor, but his aim, if less in degree of attainment, is still the same in kind. And it is plain that the accomplishment, so far as it goes, must give him superiority to uninstructed speakers in all the ordinary occasions of life which call for the effort to influence the minds of men by the means of spoken words.

Thus every speaker owes it to himself and to his audience to understand the mechanism of Voice, and the proper modes of its management and maintenance in sound condition. For this purpose he will find great assistance in the essay here furnished by Dr. Campbell. Dr. Campbell lays down in a clear manner the general principles of Acoustics, explaining the nature of Pitch, Timbre (or quality of tone), Consonance and Resonance. He sets forth, so far as is necessary for the purpose, the anatomical structure of the organs of voice-production, with adequate illustrations; and he shows how these organs act in the production of the vowels and consonants, the elements of speech, and their bearing upon the most important point of articulation. He discusses, in the light of physical facts, the proper method of managing the breathing apparatus; and he gives most valuable practical advice on the means of keeping the delicate vocal organs in a healthy condition. A proper understanding of these facts obviously lies at the root of all sound practical action on the part of the elocutionist.

In the second essay Mr. Brewer deals with the next stage of operations—Speech, or the utterance, by the appropriate organs, of the articulate sounds of a language in such fashion as to convey ideas to other persons. The artistic and effective accomplishment of this act, so as to arouse interest and convince one's hearers, involves the resources of elocution. Mr. Brewer justly insists on the fundamental necessity of acquiring a firm grip, amounting to a second nature, of the true enunciation of vowels and consonants according to the accepted usages of good society, and incidentally he holds up as awful examples of warning the corrupted, or peculiar, or slack enunciations of isolated groups of persons. Granted this essential preliminary, Mr. Brewer proceeds to illustrate the perfect utterance of sounds combined into words. This section of his essay deals with the proper articulation of each sound, the just accent or stress of voice upon the right syllable, and the accepted pronunciation of educated society. Mr. Brewer then finds himself in a position to deal with the all-important topic of delivery, under which he treats pointedly each of the separate elements of this part of effective performance—emphasis, time or speed, pause, pitch of voice, inflection, modulation, and force or energy; and he supplements his positive instructions with specific warnings against the faults that more commonly beset a speaker. The points he appends on the speech-making of ordinary occasions will be found to be of exceptional practical utility.

The third essay, which we owe to Mr. Henry Neville, the well-known actor, deals with the complicated difficulties of pleasing and effective gesture. Gesture there must be, good, bad, or indifferent; and, however open the subject

may be to the remarks of the unthinking, it is still unquestionable that there is a large utility in an exhaustive examination of the various modes, and a collation of the various traditions and canons of this branch of the Art. The momentary inspirations of the elocutionist, as Mr. Neville justly points out, are of the most untrustworthy character; and no imitation of such a great master as Edmund Kean can safely be indulged in by lesser geniuses. For effective gesture, it is true, the elocutionist must be able to control his formal actions with ease and certainty; it is no argument against the assiduous formal study of gesture if he allow the formal action to control him into stilted displays. Here comes in the principle that it is the business of Art to conceal Art, and this end can be attained only by careful study and steady practice. Of course the basis of all high attainment rests in the efficient cultivation of the soul; but the necessary complement of the cultivation of the soul is the cultivation of the body so that it shall respond, as by second nature, to the demands of the spiritual element for beautiful, and harmonious, and effective embodiment. The numerous illustrations of the text will be found extremely helpful to the careful student of this essay.

The fourth essay is from the gifted pen of Mr. Clifford Harrison. It treats of Reciting and Recitative, and gives suggestions with regard to the Selection of Pieces for Recitation, &c. The elocutionist is reminded that there are "New" pieces from old pages to be met with by diligent search; and he obtains glimpses, which may be turned to useful account, of the New Humour and of the Genius of Humour. He has pointed out to him where

Music can with propriety and effect be allied with Recitation, and the difficulties of the Dual Art are clearly indicated. The Reciter is next shown that with Recitation, Music should be an Aid only, and he receives some hints on the selection and delivery of Musical Recitations with a notification of those Airs to employ and those to avoid. And, finally, he has forcibly brought home to him the vast importance of the employment of good taste.

Mr. Frederick Corder, the eminent musician and composer, furnishes the concluding essay, which treats of Recitation with Music. The author gives a survey of, and critically examines, each and all the published works of this character. The elocutionist is instructed how to study the Art of reciting with music, and is advised upon all points of importance in connection with the Art. He has pointed out to him the "one complete success"—*Bergliot*, and receives instructions for the effective delivery of the poem. All other essential matters concerning the Dual Art are made clear to the Elocutionist, and finally he has placed at his disposal for the purposes of study the commencement of a setting for *Sandalphon*. Throughout this essay practical illustrations with music are given, so that when the student has mastered Longfellow's poem, he will be in a position to follow with the other more elaborate pieces, and by assiduous practice overcome the difficulties of the "Art of the Future."

Now, let us assume that the student of Elocution has familiarised himself by earnest study with all the facts and principles set forth in these essays, and has laboured with diligence to reduce his knowledge to practice. Let us assume that the intelligence has been cultivated to a full understanding of the author's meaning; that the feelings

have been disciplined to accordance with the situation depicted; that the voice has been managed to effective utterance; that the taste has infused a tone consonant with the ideas expressed; and that the style has welded the speaker with his author. It is still an important advantage to the elocutionist to be blessed by nature with a good physical endowment. A handsome appearance is conciliatory, and wins the favour of the onlooker. And yet disadvantages on this score may be compensated either by natural force in other directions or by assiduous and persistent endeavour. Sheridan, instead of giving way to discouragement at the failure of his first speech in the House of Commons, exclaimed: "By Heaven, it is in me, and it shall come out." He laboured hard and judiciously, and it did come out; for he became one of the foremost orators of his time. The similar and more recent breakdown of Disraeli only nerved the speaker to severer discipline. "I have begun several things many times," he exclaimed as he sat down, "and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you *shall* hear me." The time did come as predicted; but it came solely because the speaker laboured to remove the causes of previous failure. In like manner Edmund Kean, by the greatness of his spirit, overcame the prejudice raised by his smallness of stature. Even as "Othello," he impressed his audience as majestic, through the grandeur of his genius.

Especially important is it that the elocutionist should cultivate his memory. By failure of memory, the whole idea of the situation is broken to pieces. The hapless speaker loses himself and his audience as well. The silver tie between them is dissolved. The present writer re-

members vividly the melancholy fiasco of a well-known reciter in the North of England, whose defective memory was supported and indulged by the device of a prompter behind the screen beside him. The due effect of the recitation was completely destroyed by the occasional intrusion of the voice of the prompter; and the audience, instead of being enthralled and delighted, were broken away, driven into antagonism, and disgusted. No reciter should attempt to make a public appearance till he has mastered his author so fully and firmly that the words are sure to spring to his memory under even the most disconcerting circumstances.

In Elocution, as in so many other matters, the highest importance attaches to good example. Even the most penetrating student will fail to detect all his own errors and shortcomings, and the aid of a competent teacher will be invaluable in drawing his attention to them and remedying them. To this end he will also find assistance in watching the performance of first-rate exponents of the Art, but probably still more will he be aided by these in the way of positive instruction and revelation. For these purposes, the history of the great personalities of the stage will furnish a large variety of suggestion. Still more effective will be the living voice and action of distinguished artists of the present day. The name of Henry Irving, by universal acknowledgment, stands pre-eminent among the English actors of our time; and no man that ever trod the stage has more sedulously cultivated mind and body, on the principles laid down in our Essays, in the interest of his Art. "There is nothing of chance about the actor's work," Mr. Irving has written. "All, actors and audiences alike, must bear in mind that the whole scheme of the higher drama is not to

be regarded as a game in life which can be played with varying success. Its present intention may be to interest and amuse, but its deeper purpose is earnest, intense, and sincere." The spectacle of such a practical embodiment of deep principle cannot but prove in the highest degree instructive to the young elocutionist. Each actor, even in the same degree of greatness, inevitably has his specific characteristics. How interesting, for example, to study the profound differences in uniform excellence, when Mr. Irving and the late Mr. Edwin Booth alternated the parts of Othello and Iago at the Lyceum! The impersonation of some great characters in the permanent drama, and especially in the great Shakespearian répertoire, may be studied by a comparison of a number of eminent actors. Here is a great school for the young elocutionist. For the Elocutionist, as distinguished from the Actor, probably the highest—certainly the most versatile and picturesque—example now among us is Mr. Clifford Harrison. It is always well to mould one's style from the best models. There are, nevertheless, many actors and elocutionists not of the first rank who are fitted to instruct and inspire the assiduous student of a great Art.

The actor always has one notable advantage which is generally not enjoyed by the ordinary reciter; the scene he represents is staged for him and his audience. The importance of this external assistance to the representation cannot easily be minimised. It is true that it was without the accessories of stage scenery, stage costume, and music that Charles Dickens gave his memorable readings from his immortal works. The genius of the reader, however, triumphed over the lack of all these extraneous aids. "The

scene of the murder of Nancy in 'Oliver Twist,'" wrote the *Daily Telegraph* a year or two back, "was, to all intellectual intents and purposes, a dramatic performance, the force and directness of which conjured up in a moment, in the mind's eye of the hearers, the squalid garret in which the deed was done, the piteous pleading of the unfortunate girl with the ruffian Sikes, and brought even to the sense the very odour of the blood-stained club which the murderer thrust into the fire after his crime had been accomplished." Such is the power of vivid realisation and dramatic force.

In recent years some steps have been taken towards securing the alliance of Music with Recitation; and in this movement a foremost influence has been the practice of Mr. Clifford Harrison. Many pieces have been published for recitation with musical accompaniment. The effective aid of Music, where it can be obtained—and it is not to be obtained without considerable difficulty, hard practice, and frequent rehearsal—must lead to the active spread of a performance that is so capable of enriching as well as supporting the characteristic effects of elocution.

It must be borne in mind that Music should be allied with Recitations as an aid only, and not in such a manner as to be an encumbrance. At a recent entertainment a fine rendering of "The Trumpeter's Betrothed," a translation from the French of Victor Hugo, was marred through the too great prominence of the musical accompaniment, which comprised first violin, second violin, violoncello, drum, and pianoforte! At times the words of the reciter were scarcely audible. There are, however, several examples in which music takes the more prominent part, and some few in which the recitation and the music stand upon an equal footing.

The Pieces which we present to the elocutionist have been chosen with the most careful discrimination. The chief aim in framing this selection has been to furnish the means of illustrating the principles enunciated in the work; and the entire range of English literature from the Elizabethan period has been drawn upon for that purpose. Modern writers contribute a large proportion of the whole, because their work has a more present interest, is under copyright and therefore costly, and not generally accessible. These selections supply the medium of calling into action all the stops of the marvellous organ of the human voice. They range from the historical to the lyrical. The lyrical will especially harmonise with musical accompaniment. A very large proportion of the Pieces has never appeared in any similar collection of representative elocutionary passages. They necessarily comprise such variety as would be likely to meet the taste of a large class of readers. The children, too, have not been forgotten, and among the dramatic scenes will be found "A Floral Birthday Greeting," a simple and effective piece, and one which may inspire the little ones with confidence, and give them an incentive to try their skill in more difficult pieces as their powers increase. Really, there is no voice within the wide circle of our readers which will not find ample scope, in these extracts, for its adequate and appropriate exercise. Every earnest elocutionist may indeed form out of these stores a very handsome repertory.

We have, in a previous page, referred to Mr. Clifford Harrison as the first Reciter of our day, the legitimate successor of Mr. Samuel Brandram. In order to further the opportunities of the student to profit by the example of this

talented elocutionist, we have included in our selection an unusually large number of the pieces—certainly some of the most effective and popular—forming the repertory of Mr. Clifford Harrison. Most of the poems, being short, have been printed at full length. Where they have been considered too long for ordinary recital they have been abridged and occasionally altered to suit the circumstances; but in no case has this been done except under absolute practical necessity and with the exercise of the utmost care. In practice, it may be found further desirable to omit parts here and there even from the passages as printed in the volume; but this step must be left to the judgment of the reciter in the particular circumstances. The student will of course be well advised to commence with the passages involving easier execution, and to go on gradually as his powers develop to the more difficult pieces. The dramatic scenes involving the presentment of several strongly-marked characters should be attempted last of all.

Where a piece does not contain within its four corners the whole of the circumstances necessary for its complete comprehension, or where it contains references not likely to be clearly and fully grasped by a mixed audience, the reciter would do well to preface his reading by a few sentences of explanation. We have given some specimens, partly by way of enhancing the interest of the selections which they accompany, partly by way of example in aid of the student who may wish to frame for himself similar introductions to the passages he may desire to include in his repertory.

The Elocutionist should consider well the character of his audience, and try in every way to win their sympathy at

the outset. He will then find it not difficult to arouse their attention, and attention begets interest. If his powers are good he will elevate the thoughts of his hearers, and make them live for the time with him in the author's work he is depicting. An aristocratic audience, as a rule, prefers recitations of a delicate and refined character; whilst a poorer and work-a-day assembly delights more in thrilling narrative pieces and those which bear on deeds of heroism.

In social gatherings, where the Elocutionist is himself generally a guest, he will experience some difficulty in selecting pieces to please all present. The Reciter on these occasions is generally surrounded by his audience, which does not minimise the awkwardness of the situation; yet with good tact and consideration even these difficulties may be measurably lessened. On the public platform, however, the Reciter is in more ways than one removed from the audience, and he naturally becomes and feels himself to be a freer agent, not only in the matter of his selections, but also in the manner of their delivery.

For a recital to be successful from an artistic point of view, silence and attention on the part of the audience are absolutely essential. When noise or tumult arises, inattention grows apace and their imagination fails. Under such conditions we would recommend the Reciter to whisper and gesticulate as if he were imparting to his audience things of great import. This may, perhaps, have the effect of fixing their attention, and of bringing them back in sympathy with him and his author.

The Elocutionist should be careful to remember that his style should not be stilted or artificial. He must be natural in all he does. When telling a story, he should

bear in mind that it is he himself who is telling it. Whilst describing an incident, he must display such means at his command as are necessary to depict the incident graphically, and make clear to his audience every fact connected with it. All pieces, in which more than one character are introduced, the Reciter should be careful to study each separate character. He must endeavour to assume in turn the various individuals he is depicting, and also to realise, as it were, the manner and tone of voice these characters would be likely in the flesh to possess. To represent effectively a scene of this kind, say, "A Discussion at the Rainbow," requires great study and practice, otherwise the reciter would get the characters so mixed up as to make the piece unintelligible to the audience.

It would be well for the Elocutionist, before giving a public recital, to gain some knowledge of the hall in which he is to appear, and to, if possible, ascertain something of its acoustic properties. If the Reciter's voice is full and powerful, and the hall is small, he must be careful to avoid thundering at his audience. On the other hand, if the hall is spacious he would do well to husband his powers, so as to be ready at the right moment to give forth *le mot de valeur*, so necessary to terminate with effect the dramatic scene he is depicting.

It remains only to add a parting counsel of diligence and persistence. A quite moderate share of these qualities will soon enable anyone of average abilities to read and recite with sufficient distinction to entertain his or her friends with success, and with charm. And thus, on the lowest estimate, every one may easily give an additional pleasure to the circle in which they move. For all speakers, the

advice of Hamlet to the Players remains a treasure-house of instruction :

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it outherods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

"Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve : the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play —and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

"And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
The cannon's bolt and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried,
Then the name of "Allah!" resounded wide,
And the rifles were clutched and the bayonets lowered
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second,—a third straight filled his place;
The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's throne and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his temples bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

They clung about him, and tugged, and knelt.
He drew a pistol out from his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over, that first one toppled; but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honour full, but his life-blood spilt.

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make him a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round.

No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade:—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an Infidel maid!"

"Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

Alfred Austin.

[From *Narrative Poems*, Collected Edition. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

THE STORY OF THE PRIEST PHILEMON.

["There are in the world's history a few old legends and stories which, whether they are related in prose or rhyme, seem to set themselves involuntarily to music. I will tell you one now, if you care to hear it,—the Story of the Priest Philemon." Féraz lifted his eyes,—bright stag-like eyes, now flashing with warmth and inspiration,—and pressing the piano pedals, he played a few slow solemn chords like the opening bars of a church chant; then, in a soft, rich, perfectly modulated voice, he began.]

"Long, long ago, in a far-away province of the Eastern world, there was once a priest named Philemon. Early and late he toiled to acquire wisdom—early and late he prayed and meditated on things divine and unattainable. To the Great Unknown his aspirations turned; with all the ardour of his soul he sought to penetrate behind the mystic veil of the supreme centre of creation; and the joys and

sorrows, hopes and labours of mortal existence seemed to him but worthless and contemptible trifles when compared with the eternal marvels of the incomprehensible Hereafter, on which, in solitude, he loved to dream and ponder."

[Here Féraz paused,—and touching the keys of the piano with a caressing lightness, played a soft minor melody, which like a silver thread of sound, accompanied his next words.]

"And so, by gradual and almost imperceptible degrees, the wise priest Philemon forgot the world;—forgot men, and women, and little children,—forgot the blueness of the skies, the verdure of the fields,—forgot the grace of daisies growing in the grass,—forgot the music of sweet birds singing in the boughs,—forgot indeed everything, except —himself!—and his prayers, and his wisdom, and his burning desire to approach more closely every hour to that wondrous goal of the Divine from whence all life doth come, and to which all life must, in due time, return."

[Here the musical accompaniment changed to a plaintive tenderness.]

"But by-and-by, news of the wise priest Philemon began to spread in the town near where he had his habitation,—and people spoke of his fastings and his watchings with awe and wonder, with hope and fear,—until at last there came a day when a great crowd of the sick and sorrowful and oppressed surrounded his abode, and called upon him to pray for them, and give them comfort.

"'Bestow upon *us* some of the Divine consolation!' they cried, kneeling in the dust and weeping as they spoke —'for we are weary and worn with labour,—we suffer with harsh wounds of the heart and spirit,—many of us have lost all that makes life dear. Pity us, O thou wise servant of the Supreme—and tell us out of thy stores of

heavenly wisdom whether we shall ever regain the loves that we have lost!'

"Then the priest Philemon rose up in haste and wrath, and going out before them said—

"'Depart from me, ye accursed crew of wicked worldlings! Why have ye sought me out, and what have I to do with your petty miseries? Lo, ye have brought the evils of which ye complain upon yourselves, and justice demands that ye should suffer. Ask not from me one word of pity—seek not from me any sympathy for sin. I have severed myself from ye all, to escape pollution,—my life belongs to God, not to Humanity!'

"And the people hearing him were wroth, and went their way homewards, sore at heart, and all uncomforted. And Philemon the priest, fearing lest they might seek him out again, departed from the place for ever, and made for himself a hut in the deep thickness of the forest where never a human foot was found to wander save his own. Here in the silence and deep solitude he resolved to work and pray, keeping his heart and spirit sanctified from every soiling touch of nature that could separate his thoughts from the Divine."

[Again the music changed, this time to a dulcet rippling passage of notes like the flowing of a mountain stream,—and Féraz continued,—]

"One morning, as, lost in a rapture of holy meditation, he prayed his daily prayer, a small bird perched upon his window-sill, and began to sing. Not a loud song, but a sweet song—full of the utmost tenderness and playful warbling,—a song born out of the leaves and grasses and gentle winds of heaven,—as delicate a tune as ever small bird sang. The priest Philemon listened, and his mind wandered. The bird's singing was sweet; oh, so sweet, that it recalled to him many things he had imagined long

ago forgotten,—almost he heard his mother's voice again,—and the blithe and gracious days of his early youth suggested themselves to his memory like the lovely fragments of a poem once familiar, but now scarce remembered. Presently the bird flew away, and the priest Philemon awoke as from a dream,—his prayer had been interrupted; his thoughts had been drawn down to earth from heaven, all through the twittering of a foolish feathered thing not worth a farthing! Angry with himself, he spent the day in penitence,—and on the following morning betook himself to his devotions with more than his usual ardour. Stretched on his prayer-mat he lay entranced; when suddenly a low sweet trill of sound broke gently through the silence,—the innocent twittering voice of the little bird once more aroused him,—first to a sense of wonder, then of wrath. Starting up impatiently he looked about him, and saw the bird quite close, within his reach,—it had flown inside his hut, and now hopped lightly over the floor towards him, its bright eyes full of fearless confidence, its pretty wings still quivering with the fervour of its song. Then the priest Philemon seized a heavy oaken staff, and slew it where it stood with one remorseless blow, and flung the little heap of ruffled feathers out into the woodland, saying fiercely—

"'Thou, at least, shalt never more disturb my prayers!'

"And even as he thus spoke, a great light shone forth suddenly, more dazzling than the brightness of the day, and lo! an Angel stood within the hut, just where the dead bird's blood had stained the floor. And the priest Philemon fell upon his face and trembled greatly, for the Vision was more glorious than the grandest of his dreams. And a Voice called aloud, saying—

"'Philemon, why hast thou slain My messenger?'

"And Philemon looked up in fear and wonderment, answering—

"'Dread Lord, what messenger? I have slain nothing but a bird.'

"And the voice spake again, saying—

"'O thou remorseless priest!—Knowest thou not that every bird in the forests is Mine,—every leaf on the trees is Mine,—every blade of grass and every flower is Mine, and is a part of Me! The song of that slain bird was sweeter than thy many prayers;—and when thou didst listen to its voice thou wert nearer Heaven than thou hast ever been! Thou hast rebelled against My law;—in rejecting Love, thou hast rejected Me,—and when thou didst turn the poor and needy from thy doors, refusing them all comfort, even so did I turn My Face from thee and refuse thy petitions. Wherefore hear now thy punishment. For the space of a thousand years thou shalt live within this forest;—no human eye shall ever find thee,—no human foot shall ever track thee—no human voice shall ever sound upon thy ears. No companions shalt thou have but birds and beasts and flowers,—from these shalt thou learn wisdom, and through thy love of these alone shalt thou make thy peace with Heaven! Pray no more,—fast no more,—for such things count but little in the eternal reckonings,—but *love!*—and learn to make thyself beloved, even by the least and lowest, and by this shalt thou penetrate at last the mystery of the Divine!'

"The voice ceased—the glory vanished, and when the priest Philemon raised his eyes, he was alone."

[Here, altering by a few delicate modulations the dreamy character of the music he had been improvising, Féraz reverted again to the quaint, simple, and solemn chords with which he had opened the recitation.]

"Humbled in spirit, stricken at heart, conscious of the justice of his doom, yet working as one not without hope, Philemon began his heaven-appointed task. And to this

day travellers' legends tell of a vast impenetrable solitude, a forest of giant trees, where never a human step has trod, but where, it is said, strange colonies of birds and beasts do congregate,—where rare and marvellous plants and flowers flourish in their fairest hues,—where golden bees and dazzling butterflies gather by thousands,—where all the songsters of the air make the woods musical,—where birds of passage, outward or homeward bound, rest on their way, sure of a pleasant haven,—and where all the beautiful, wild, and timid inhabitants of field, forest, and mountain are at peace together, mutually content in an Eden of their own. There is a guardian of the place,—so say the country people,—a Spirit, thin and white, and silver-haired, who understands the language of the birds, and knows the secrets of the flowers, and in whom all the creatures of the woods confide—a mystic being whose strange life has lasted nearly a thousand years. Generations have passed—cities and empires have crumbled to decay,—and none remember him who was once called Philemon,—the 'wise' priest, grown wise indeed at last, with the only wisdom God ever sanctifies—the Wisdom of Love."

[With a soft impressive chord the music ceased.]

Marie Corelli.

[From *The Soul of Lilith*. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs Richard Bentley & Son.]

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings,
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love.
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow:
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

Percy B. Shelley.

PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

"THERE'S some think Injins pison . . ." [It was Parson Pete who spoke,
As we sat there, in the camp-fire glare, like shadows among the smoke.
'Twas the dead of night, and in the light our faces burn'd bright red,
And the wind all round made a screeching sound, and the pines roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking; we called him Parson Pete,
For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and handled things so neat;

He'd a preaching style, and a winning smile, and, when all talk was spent,
Six-shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to p'int his argyment.

Some one had spoke of the Injin folk, and we had a guess, you bet,
They might be creeping, while we were sleeping, to catch us in the net;
And half were asleep and snoring deep, while the others vigil kept,
But devil a one let go his gun, whether he woke or slept.]

"There's some think Injins pison, and others count 'em scum,
And night and day they are melting away, clean into Kingdom Come;
But don't you go and make mistakes, like many dern'd fools I've known,
For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh and bone!"

We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a blaze of luck.
More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck;
Like men gone wild we t'iled and t'iled, and never seemed to tire,
The hot sun beamed, and our faces streamed with the sweat of a mad desire.

I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and knife;

Nigh every day there was some new fray, a bullet in some one's brain,
And the viciousest brute to stab and to shoot, was an Imp of Hell from Maine:

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to make you skeer'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted and stabb'd, with carroty hair and beard;
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick'd him in the heel.

No beauty was he, but a sight to see, all stript to the waist and bare,
With his grim-set jaws, and his panther paws, and his hawk's eye all aglare;
With pick and spade in sun and shade he labour'd like darnation,
But when his spell was over,—well! he was fond of his recreation!

And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he had,
When work was over, seemed to *us* a bit too rough and bad;
For to put some lead in a comrade's head was the greatest fun in life,
And the sharpest joke he was known to poke was the p'int of his precious knife.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always fought most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there;

Of honour too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so keen,
Would rather be riddled thro' and thro', than do what he thought mean.

But his eddication to his ruination had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice;
With anything white he'd drink, or he'd fight in fair and open fray;
But to murder and kill was his wicked will, if an Injin came his way!

"A sarpent's hide has pison inside, and an Injin's heart's the same,
If he seems your friend for to gain his end, look out for the sarpent's game;
Of he snakes that crawl, the worst of all is the snake in a skin of red,
A spotted Snake, and no mistake!" that's what he always said.

Well, we'd jest struck our bit of luck, and were wild as raving men,
When who should stray to our camp one day, but Black Panther, the Cheyenne;
Drest like a Christian, all a-grin the old one joins our band,
And tho' the rest look'd black as sin, he shakes *me* by the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been good to us, and I knew that he was true,—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust *you;*
For tho' his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white could wish.

Food had got low, for we didn't know the run of the hunting-ground,
And our hunters were sick, when, jest in the nick, the friend in need was found;
For he knew the place like his mother's face (or better, a heap, you'd say,
Since she was a squaw of the roaming race, and himself a cast-away).

Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was well content,
And off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our hunters went,
And I reckon that day and the next we didn't want for food,
And only one in the camp looked vext—that Imp of Hell, Phil Blood.

Nothing would please his contrairy idees; an Injin made him rile!
He didn't speak, but I saw on his cheek a kind of an ugly smile;
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Panther apart,
For the Injin he was too blind to see the dirt in a white man's heart!

Well, one fine day, we a-resting lay at noon-tide by the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we felt half-dazed, too beat to stir or speak;
'Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease, and we couldn't see the sky,
For the lian-flowers in bright blue showers hung through the branches high.

It was like the gleam of a fairy-dream, and I felt like
earth's first Man,
In an Eden bower with the yellow flower of a cactus for a
fan;
Oranges, peaches, grapes, and figs, cluster'd, ripen'd, and
fell,
And the cedar scent was pleasant, blent with the soothing
'cacia smell.

The squirrels red ran overhead, and I saw the lizards creep,
And the woodpecker bright with the chest so white tapt
like a sound in sleep;
I dreamed and dozed with eyes half-closed, and felt like a
three-year child,
And, a plantain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil
Blood look'd mild.

Well, back, jest then, came our hunting men, with the
Panther at their head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes
were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop
that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd in the
foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his
knife in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eyeballs stare, and I knew how
fierce he felt,—
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him
as he lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and leers
into his eyes!

Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on
his feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart
began to beat;
And, "Git out o' the way," he heard them say, "for he
means to hev your life!"
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash
of the knife.

"Run, Panther, run!" cried each mother's son, and the
Panther took the track;
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood
sprang at his back.
Up the side so steep of the cañon deep the poor old critter
sped,
And the devil's limb ran after him, till they faded over-
head.

Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found was a
queerish place, you'll mark,
Jest under the jags of the mountain crags and the preci-
pices dark;
Far up on high, close to the sky, the two crags leant toge-
ther,
Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden
weather.

A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags
on high,
And along that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly.
Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white beast
back;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying
Injin's track.

Now all below is thick, you know, with 'cacia, alder, and pine,
And the bright shrubs deck the side of the beck, and the lian-flowers so fine,
For the forest creeps all under the steeps, and feathers the feet of the crags
With boughs so thick that your path you pick, like a steamer among the snags.

But right above you the crags, Lord love you! are bare as this here hand,
And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as looking up you stand.
If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he'd never rest arm or leg,
Till neck and crop to the bottom he'd drop—and smash on the stones like an egg!

"Come back, you cuss! come back to us! and let the critter be!"
I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood grinning at them and me . . .
But up they went, and my shots were spent, and at last they disappeared,—
One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had eapt, and *cleared!*

A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest grave below!
But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a bolt from a bow!
Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as dark as death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for breath.

For breath at the brink! but—a white man shrink, when
a red had passed so neat?
I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead
beat!
He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the
slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul! just
touches the tother edge!

One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men
that stand and stare,—
Black in the blue where the sky looks thro', he staggers,
dwarf'd up there;
The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—
our eyes grow dim—
I turn away—what's that they say?—he's a-hanging on to
the brim!

. . . On the very brink of the fatal chink a ragged shrub
there grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and
the blue,
And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I'd seen
them flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do
you think I see?

All up? Not quite. Still hanging? Right! But he'd
torn away the shrub;
With lolling tongue he clutch'd and swung—to what? ay,
that's the rub!
I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for the empty hole he
trode,—
Help'd by a *pair of hands* up there!—The Injin's? Yes,
by God!

Now, boys, look here! for many a year I've roam'd in this here land—
And many a sight both day and night I've seen that I think grand;
Over the whole wide world I've been, and I known both things and men,
But the biggest sight I've ever seen was the sight I saw jest then.

I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung hand and limb,
And it seem'd to us all that down he'd fall, with the Panther after him;
But the Injin at length put out his strength—and another minute past,—
—Then safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil Blood, at last!!

Saved? True for you! By an Injin too!—and the man he meant to kill!
There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing still;
Phil Blood, gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a great mad bull at bay,
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeer'd smile, ready to spring away.

What did Phil do? Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil Blood turn back,
Bend over the brink and take a blink right down the chasm black,
Then stooping low for a moment or so, he sheath'd his bowie bright,
Spat slowly down, and watch'd with a frown, as the spittle sank from sight;

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful, and grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on him,
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by the mountain track,
With his lips set tight and his face all white, and the Panther at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never a word Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let them have their joke;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes too bright,
And for many a week, in spite of their cheek, he never offered to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiller tongue,
And whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head he hung;
But whenever he heard the lying word, "*It's a* LIE!" Phil Blood would groan;
"*A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake! but an Injin's flesh and bone!*"

Robert Buchanan.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Buchanan. By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

'Twas on a dark December evening;
Loud the blast, and bitter cold:
Downwards came the whirling waters;
Deep and black the river roll'd:
Not a dog beneath the tempest!
Not a beggar upon his beat!
Wind and Rain, and Cold and Darkness,
Sweep through every desert street.

Muffled to the teeth, that evening
I was struggling in the storm,
Thro' pestilent lanes and hungry alleys:
Suddenly,—an Ancient Form
Peered from out a gloomy doorway,
And with trembling croak, it said—
"In the left-hand empty garret
You will find a woman—dead.

"Never stepped a finer creature,
When she was a simple maid:
But she did like many others,—
Loved a man, and was betrayed.
I have seen her in her carriage,
Diamonds flaming in her hair;
And I've seen her starving (starving,
Do you hear?) and now—*she's there!*"

Up the worn and slippery stair
With a quickened pulse I sprung;
Famine, filth, and mean despair
Round about the darkness hung:

No kind vision met my glances,
  Friend or helper of the poor,
So the crazy room I enter'd,
  And look'd down upon the floor!

There,—on the rough and naked boards,
  A long, gaunt, wasted figure lay,
Murder'd in its youth by Hunger;
  All its beauty—wrinkled clay!
Life's poor wants had left her nothing;
  Clothes nor fuel,—food nor bed;
Nothing,—save some ragged letters
  Whereon lay the ghastly head.

* * * *

"Nothing!"—yet what more could Pity
  Crave, for one about to die,
Than sweet words from one she worshipp'd,—
  (Sweet, though every word a lie!)
In the morning of her pleasure,
  In the midnight of her pain,
They were all;—her wealth, her comfort;
  Treasured,—ay, and not in vain.

And with her they now lie mouldering;
  And a date upon a stone
Telleth where (to end the story)
  Love's poor Outcast sleeps alone!
Mourn not; for at length she sleepeth
  The soft slumber of the Dead;
Resting on her loved love-letters,
  Last, fit pillow for her head!

Barry Cornwall.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

Despair of all, and hope for none!
We are unclean beneath the sun.
Foul vapours cling to all that's high,
Notes jar in every harmony.
We tame our flights to lower goals,
Mean deeds defile the purest souls.
Trust nothing—this alone is sure,
We pass, and nothing will endure.

For all men hope, despair of none!
Foul vapours flee, the golden sun
The darkest puddles draws on high
To paint the sky with harmony.
So Love shall lift to higher goals
The lowest lives, the darkest souls.
Rejoice we then, of one thing sure,
We pass, but deeds of love endure.

I. Zangwill.

[By permission of the Author.]

MY FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

How I ever came to do it, I don't know. I was not a theatrical man. I had never acted a part in my life, except once at charade when I was a little boy, and then my elder brother smacked my head in the passage afterwards because I let out the word with appalling significance immediately I came on. As far as I have anything like an impression on the subject, I think it was all owing to

Duncan. If it was not, I have done him a wrong of tall dimensions, inasmuch as I have cut him persistently ever since it occurred, seven years ago.

If I am not dreaming, Duncan called on me on the day of the performance, and said, in about two breaths and a half, that it was for the benefit of a charity, and somebody could not play the small part of Giuseppe Diavolo at the last moment because his mother was ill, and would I do it, and it was as easy as possible, and I should only be on the stage a few minutes, and the theatre was in Bayswater, and would I start, please, not later than a quarter-past six, and he was sure I could not refuse, and it was very kind of me to say I would do it (I had not said anything of the kind), and there was the book with the part all marked, and he was very sorry he could not stop, but he had to go and see the costumier, who had only sent him one grey whisker instead of two to play an old man's part in, and, as he said before, it really was very good-natured indeed, and *au revoir*—and then I found myself alone with the book.

If I am not still dreaming, I rushed out to call Duncan back; but by the time I got to the top of the stairs, the tails of his coat were just whisking out of the door, and he either would not or could not hear my despairing shout.

I believe, also, that when I came back into my room again, I took the book up and began to learn my part. I shall always declare to the end of my life—and thumbscrews won't make me depart from the statement—that at 5 P.M. I knew every single word of it. But I confess myself totally at a loss to account for the phenomenon, that at 5.30 I didn't know it quite so well; that at 6 a distinct coolness had sprung up between me and it; and that at 6.15, when I had been requested to start for the scene of action, we were complete strangers to each other.

I started mechanically, book in hand, and I hailed a cab. My composure of mind was not augmented by the circum-

stance that the driver confounded the elegant little bijou theatre to which he was directed to take me, first with a low music-hall, and then with a lower music-hall; and that he then, as it were, suddenly repenting, drove me in triumph up to the front entrance of a dissenting chapel. We ultimately arrived at my real destination; but the devious route by which I had come, and the stoppages which had occurred on the way, had consumed so much time, that the performance was about to begin; and all hope of my having a little quiet "study" at my part had vanished.

I think, but I am not sure, that I expected, when I got to the door, to see Duncan there in the act of putting on his whiskers. If I did I was doomed to disappointment, for he was nowhere visible. This being so, I thought I had better ask for the "green-room," and I did so of a man who was standing at the door, in a tone which might naturally accompany an inquiry for the condemned cell.

"Green-room, sir? Bless yer, there ain't no green-room 'ere; but the dressin'-rooms is hunder the stage. You've come to the wrong hentrance haltogether; but if you go along that there passidge, and hopen that there door at the hend of it, and go down the stairs (which, the roof being low and the timbers sticking hout, you'll wery likely 'it your 'ed as you goes), you'll find another door as leads into another passidge, and the dressin'-rooms leads hout of that."

This complicated and not, strictly speaking, cheerful direction is impressed on my memory with exactness, because I *did* hit my head against a protruding timber as I went down the stairs to which the man had alluded. And as I have the scar now, I am led to think that this part of the evening, at all events, is not a creature of my imagination.

Giddy with the blow, I found myself, somehow, in the

passage out of which the various dressing-rooms led, and the questions which I had to solve were, which dressing-room was intended for me, how I was going to be dressed, and who was going to dress me. I gently tried a door with the words "Dressing-room" written over it. It was locked, and a shrill treble scream from within gave me reason to suppose that if it had *not* been locked the consequences might have been embarrassing. I fled on tip-toe, and was getting desperate, when a door lower down opened a little way, and an anxious head was thrust out. It was so disguised with paint, an unearthly wig, and two venerable grey whiskers, that I should not, I think, have recognised its owner but for the fact of his speaking to me in the unmistakable tones of Duncan.

"My dear fellow, this is your room. I told the man at the stage-door to show it to you. For mercy's sake, make haste! you've got to be dressed, and you come on quite early in the first act. Come along, pray."

I went along, pray; and the next thing I remember is that I found myself dressed up as a brigand, with a long cloak thrown loosely over me, as to which I can recall that whenever I walked I tripped up in it, and fell forwards, and whenever I stood still I caught my heels in it, and fell backwards. After I had done this impartially about six times each way, I thought it advisable to tuck it up. I am inclined now to believe that I must then have looked rather more like an elderly lady going over a crossing on a wet day than a bloodthirsty brigand.

I was scarcely tucked up when Duncan, who had gone upstairs and told me to wait in the dressing-room till he called me, came rushing down.

"Come up instantly—you'll be on in a minute. Don't forget the pistols, and the sword, and the rifle, and the dagger."

I had put those weapons all down while arranging the

cloak to my satisfaction, and I now seized them hastily, and put the dagger through my belt on one side with the handle downwards, and the pistols on the other side with the barrels pointing upwards, so that if they had been loaded and had gone off they must infallibly have blown my head off; and I clung to the sword in one hand, and to some part, but I really don't know what part, of the gun in the other hand, and ran after Duncan.

The moment I got to the top of the stairs the dagger began to wriggle, and the weight of the handle being at the wrong end, it fell out of the scabbard, and I had to pick it up; and as the scabbard had got mixed up with the belt, and I could not unfasten it, I had to make dabs at it with the dagger, which resulted in my receiving six small flesh wounds, and then throwing the dagger away. I was in the very act of doing so when my turn came to go on.

I am prepared to state on oath, that from the time of my reaching the theatre until that moment no subject had been more distant from my mind than my part. Owing to my lateness, the succession of events had been so rapid and startling that I had not had one instant for reflection of any kind, and had given myself up to the situation like a straw in a whirlwind.

Accordingly, when Duncan gave me a push and whispered, "Now then, fire away; flourish your gun and say, 'Ha! ha! whom have we here?'" I was as much astonished at the moment as if he had asked me to assassinate his mother.

The scene must, I think, have been a forest. My reason for thinking so is, that there were two or three evergreens and a general appearance of green paint about, and that two ladies, an old and a young one, were wandering up and down and trying not to see me (which was a difficult matter, as the size of the stage would not allow of my being more than about three yards off them), and that they men-

tioned at intervals that the carriage had broken down, and they feared they had lost the path, and they sincerely trusted that Heaven would not, in that very unpleasant dilemma, desert them.

I have sometimes since, in a quiet hour, speculated in my mind as to whether, in happier circumstances, I might have gone so far as to deliver myself of the ridiculous observation, "Ha! ha! whom have we here?" I almost think I should have got to it in time; I seem even to recall a desperate effort to clear my mind and be equal to the occasion; but at the critical moment when my lips were about to move and say something—it might have been "Ha! ha! whom have we here?" or it might not; I won't pledge myself on the point—I dropped a pistol. I stooped down instinctively to pick up the pistol, and down went the gun, and then the other pistol, and then the sword, and then the pistol I had just picked up; and the more agonised I grew, and the more desperately I struggled, the more hopeless I found it to retain all my weapons at one and the same moment. If I got a firm hold of the pistols, the gun was prostrate and the sword between my legs; if I secured the sword nd one pistol, the other pistol rolled about the stage like a nine-pin, and the gun fell with a thud on my toe. The violence of my exertions caused the arrangement by which I had fastened up my cloak to give way; and just as I had at last fairly got hold of sword, gun, and pistols, and was clutching them in my arms like a person nursing several babies at once, down went that abominable garment to its full length, and the next moment I had tripped up, and was rolling about the stage on my back, with the implements of war on the top of me, clutched in my arms as before, and hurting most dreadfully.

I know that Duncan has denied it since, but I am positively certain that exactly at that moment he observed, in a most unkind tone of voice from the side-wings—it is

painful to me to repeat his coarse language, but I must do it—he observed, "Come off, you ass."

I was so convinced of it at the time, and so full of indignation that I sat up (I couldn't stand), forgetful of audience and of everything but my wrongs, and threw first one pistol and then another at the place from which Duncan's voice came. The first one broke a plate-glass window, and the other hit the stage carpenter on the head.

The discharge of these missiles was followed by an instant burning desire for precipitate flight. I got up like lightning (I managed it that time), made for the wings, tore off my cloak, went upstairs, downstairs, and along passages, as if pursued by all the furies; reached the stage-door, rushed past the man who was there, opened it and made for home in a costume consisting of buff-coloured boots up to the thighs, a leather belt about two feet wide, with the scabbard of the dagger still thrust into it wrong side up, and a crimson coat and trousers. I must add that I was also garnished with a gigantic pair of beetle eyebrows, a large black beard, and a shaggy wig. I had been originally finished off with a conical-shaped hat, but that must have come off somewhere, for I certainly had nothing on my head, except the wig, when I started from the theatre. My impression is, that it fell off and rolled about like a pudding-basin in distress when I tumbled down.

How I ever got through the streets I know not. At all events, I am persuaded that if I had had to be let in at my lodgings by the servant, I should have been responsible for her sudden death from fright. But luckily I had, from some instinctive impulse, transferred my latch-key, notwithstanding the haste in which I had dressed, to the pocket of my theatrical costume, and I was able to let myself in.

I sent back the costume in a hamper next day, anony-

mously. No one ever sent me back my own clothes, and, for the wealth of the Indies, I couldn't have gone to the theatre to claim them.

I have stated here what I believe to have been facts that actually occurred. There is only one thing which makes me doubt whether my whole story is not based on some extraordinary hallucination. It is this—that in a theatrical magazine, which I took up accidentally soon after the date on which I suppose these events to have happened, there was contained a criticism on the performance in which I had, as I thought, taken part in the character of Giuseppe Diavolo, and in that criticism appeared the following paragraph:—

"The play was a melodrama of the heaviest type, and it was relieved only from intolerable dulness by the irresistibly droll acting of the gentleman who played the part of a comic brigand named Giuseppe Diavolo. This actor contrived, out of the slender materials of pure pantomimic action, to provoke the most side-splitting laughter we ever remember to have heard in a theatre, and his sudden and somewhat unexplained disappearance left a blank which was not supplied during the remainder of the evening."

Edward F. Turner.

[From *T-Leaves*. By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.]

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in the chair,
Always looking what I'm about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon;
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep
Down laid the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high,
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

He blew, and he blew, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and silent the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry, mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar:
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more

He flew in a rage—he danced and he blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

George Macdonald.

[By permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A VETERAN FRENCH OFFICER.

Yes ! I have served that noble chief throughout his proud career,
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and near—
Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of the north,
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle forth.

'Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine ;
Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that lived to kill,
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with shadows that rise and fall,
Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appal ;
The woful things both seen and done, we heeded little then,
But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep of agèd men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain stream;
The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet silver eye,
And the chestnut woods were still and calm, beneath the deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the ground;—
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each trailing vine,
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,
But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay;
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched away;

They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and cursings grim,
"Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from limb."

The woman shaking off *his* blood, rose raven-haired and tall,
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all;
"Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them for the dead,
"But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a secret place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's face;
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene:

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise;
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sate, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our feet;
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
And we like marble statues glared—a chill unmoving line,

All white, all cold; and moments thus flew by without a breath,
A company of living things where all was still—but death—

My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I stood
And watched the only thing that stirred—the ripple of the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,
And human fear displacing awe upon our spirits fell—
"Ho! slayers of the sinewless, ho! tramplers of the weak!
"What! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine ye seek?—

"Feed and begone, I wish to weep—I bring you out my store;
"Devour it—waste it all—and then, pass, and be seen no more—
"Poison! is that your craven fear?" she snatched a goblet up,
And raised it to her queen-like head, as if to drain the cup—

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist, "No! woman, no!" he said,
"A mother's heart of love is deep.—Give it your child instead."
She only smiled a bitter smile,—"Frenchmen, I do not shrink;
"As pledge of my fidelity—behold the infant drink."—

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning the inmost soul,
But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.
And we, with lightsome hardihood dismissing idle care,
Sat down to eat and drink and laugh, over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light—
But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night;
I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain—

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer,
To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen spear.
"Ay," shrieked the woman, darting up, "I pray you trust again
"A widow's hospitality, in our unyielding Spain.

"Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God Himself I swore
"To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.
"Yon secret place *I* filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare,
"The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

"A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase it ill,
"But in your hunger, ye forgot that hate is deeper still.
"The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered love the wife—
"To tell you, that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on,
Nor count the crowded brave who sleep under a single stone;
I can but tell you, how before that horrid hour went by,
I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die—

But though upon her wretchèd limbs they leapt like beasts of prey,
And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life away,

Triumphant hate, and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,
Drifting, like storm-tost clouds, around the mother and her child—
While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,
And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same unchanging smile.

Sir F. H. Doyle.

[From *The Poems* of Sir F. H. Doyle. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

THE SPHYNX.

And near the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world: the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day,—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx.

A. W. Kinglake.

[From *Eothen*. By permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.]

THE SINGING OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

A LEGEND.

In midst of wide, green pasture-lands, cut through
By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,
Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew,
And rest and peace, and all the flowers of dreams,
The abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part
Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

Where grey-green willows fringed the stream and pool,
The lazy, meek-faced cattle strayed to graze,
Sheep in the meadows cropped the grasses cool,
And silver fish shone through the watery ways,
And many a load of fruit and load of corn
Into the abbey storehouses was borne.

Yet though so much they had of life's good things,
The monks but held them as a sacred trust,
Lent from the storehouse of the King of kings
Till they, His stewards, should crumble back to dust.
"Not as our own," they said, "but as the Lord's,
All that the stream yields, or the land affords."

And all the villages and hamlets near
Knew the monks' wealth, and how their wealth was spent
In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear,
First to the abbey all the peasants went,
Certain to find a welcome, and to be
Helped in the hour of their extremity.

When plague or sickness smote the people sore,
The brothers prayed beside the dying bed,
And nursed the sick back into health once more,
And through the horror and the danger said:
"How good is God, who has such love for us,
He lets us tend His suffering children thus!"

They in their simple ways and works were glad;
Yet all men must have sorrows of their own.
And so a bitter grief the brothers had,
Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.
This was the secret of their sorrowing,
That not a monk in all the house could sing!

Was it the damp air from the lovely marsh,
  Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,
That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh
  As any frog's that croaks in evening air—
That made less music in their hymns to lie
Than in the hoarsest wild-fowl's hoarsest cry?

If love could sweeten voice to sing a song,
  Theirs had been sweetest song was ever sung:
But their hearts' music reached their lips all wrong,
  The soul's intent foiled by the traitorous tongue
That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scare
The rapt devotion lingering in the air.

The birds that in the chapel built their nests,
  And in the stone-work found their small lives fair,
Flew thence with hurried wings and fluttering breasts
  When rang the bell to call the monks to prayer.
"Why will they sing," they twittered, "why at all?
In heaven their silence must be festival!"

The brothers prayed with penance and with tears
  That God would let them give some little part
Out for the solace of their own sad ears
  Of all the music crowded in their heart.
Their nature and the marsh-air had their way,
And still they sang more vilely every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
  To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,
The abbot said: "Gifts He did not allot
  God at our hands will not again require;
The love He gives us He will ask again
In love to Him and to our fellow-men.

"Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise
As we would choose, we praise Him as we can.
In heaven we shall be taught the angels' ways
Of singing—we afford to wait a span.
In singing, as in toil, do ye your best;
God will adjust the balance—do the rest!"

But one good brother, anxious to remove
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,
Rejected counsel, and for very love
Besought a brother, skilled in the art of song,
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—
And sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve.

So when each brown monk duly sought his place,
By two and two, slow pacing to the choir,
Shrined in his dark oak stall, the strange monk's face
Shone with a light as of devotion's fire,
Good, young and fair, his seemed a form wherein
Pure beauty left no room at all for sin.

And when the time for singing it had come,
"*Magnificat*," face raised, and voice, he sang:
Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,
As through the chancel's dusk his voice out-rang,
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

At the first notes the abbot's heart spoke low:
"O God, accept this singing, seeing we,
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—
Would ever, Lord, Thou know'st, sing thus for Thee;
Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,
As he Thou blessest sings them with his tongue."

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,
The abbot's heart said: "Thou hast heard us grieve,
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,
To sing *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve;
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee."

Through the cold Christmas night the hymn rang out,
In perfect cadence, clear as sunlit rain—
Such heavenly music that the birds without
Beat their warm wings against the window pane,
Scattered the frosted crystal snow outspread
Upon the stone-lace and the window-lead.

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze
On the pure face and eyes the singer raised;
The storm-wind hushed the clamour of its ways,
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised,
And breathless all the brothers stood, and still
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-remembered hours,
Dreams of delight that never was to be,
Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers
Laid on the grave of life's felicity;
An infinite dear passion of regret
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet.

The birds beat ever at the window, till
They broke the pane, and so could entrance win;
Their slender feet clung to the window-sill.
And though with them the bitter air came in,
The monks were glad that the birds too should hear,
Since to God's creatures all, His praise is dear.

The lovely music waxed and waned, and sank,
And brought less conscious sadness in its train,
Unrecognised despair that thinks to thank
God for a joy renounced, a chosen pain—
And deems that peace which is but stifled life,
Dulled by a too-prolonged unfruitful strife.

When, service done, the brothers gathered round
To thank the singer—modest-eyed, said he:
"Not mine the grace, if grace indeed abound;
God gave the power, if any power there be;
If I in hymn or psalm clear voice can raise,
As His the gift, so His be all the praise!"

That night—the abbot lying on his bed—
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
Poured from the crucifix above his head,
And cast a stream of light across his cell—
And in the fullest fervour of the light
An angel stood, glittering, and great, and white.

His wings of thousand rainbow clouds seemed made,
A thousand lamps of love shone in his eyes,
The light of dawn upon his brows was laid,
Odours of thousand flowers of Paradise
Filled all the cell, and through the heart there stirred
A sense of music that could not be heard.

The angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet
As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore—
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:
"Brother," he said, "the God we both adore
Has sent me down to ask, is all not right?—
Why was *Magnificat* not sung to-night?"

Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought,
The abbot answered: "All these weary years
We have sung our best—but always have we thought
Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears;
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
And by it the *Magnificat* was sung."

The angel answered: "All these happy years
In heaven has your *Magnificat* been heard;
This night alone, the angels' listening ears
Of all its music caught no single word.
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
Enough to bear the burden of his song?"

The abbot named his name. "Ah, why," he cried,
"Have angels heard not what we found so dear?"
"Only pure hearts," the angel's voice replied,
"Can carry human songs up to God's ear;
To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

"The monk who sang *Magnificat* is filled
With lust of praise, and with hypocrisy;
He sings for earth—in heaven his notes are stilled
By muffling weight of deadening vanity;
His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear
His singing higher than the listening air!

"From purest hearts most perfect music springs,
And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,
Marred by the accident of earthly things,—
In heaven, God, listening, judged your song complete,
The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
The music of a noble life and true!"

E. Nesbit.

[From *Lays and Legends*. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the wingèd plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,

Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

Wm. C. Bryant.

IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE CUCKOO.

Hark! Spring is coming. Her herald sings,
Cuckoo!
The air resounds and the woodland rings,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Leave the milking pail and the mantling cream,
And down by the meadow, and up by the stream,
Where movement is music and life a dream,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Away with old Winter's frowns and fears,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Now May with a smile dries April's tears,
Cuckoo
When the bees are humming in bloom and bud,
And the kine sit chewing the moist green cud,
Shall the snow not melt in a maiden's blood,
In the month when sings the cuckoo?

The popinjay mates and the lapwing woos;
Cuckoo!
In the lane is a footstep. I wonder whose?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
How sweet are low whispers! and sweet, so sweet,
When the warm hands touch and the shy lips meet,
And sorrel and woodruff are round our feet,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Your face is as fragrant as moist musk-rose;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
All the year in your cheek the windflower blows;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You flit as blithely as bird on wing;
And when you answer, and when they sing,
I know not if they, or You, be Spring,
In the month when pairs the cuckoo.

Will you love me still when the blossom droops?
Cuckoo!
When the cracked husk falls and the fieldfare troops?
Cuckoo!
Let sere leaf or snowdrift shade your brow,
By the soul of the Spring, sweet-heart, I vow,
I will love you then as I love you now,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Smooth, smooth is the sward where the loosestrife grows,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
As we lie and hear in a dreamy doze,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
And smooth is the curve of a maiden's cheek,
When she loves to listen but fears to speak,
And we yearn but we know not what we seek,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

But in warm mid summer we hear no more,
Cuckoo!
And August brings not, with all its store,
Cuckoo!
When Autumn shivers on Winter's brink,
And the wet wind wails through crevice and chink,
We gaze at the logs, and sadly think
Of the month when called the cuckoo.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once more,
Cuckoo!
And the world is as young as it was before;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
It grows not older for mortal tears,
For the falsehood of men or for women's fears;
'Tis as young as it was in the bygone years,
When first was heard the cuckoo.

I will love you then as I love you now.
Cuckoo!
What cares the Spring for a broken vow?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
The broods of last year are pairing, this;
And there never will lack, while love is bliss,
Fresh ears to cozen, fresh lips to kiss,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

O cruel bird! will you never have done?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You sing for the cloud, as you sang for the sun;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You mock me now as you mocked me then,
When I knew not yet that the loves of men
Are as brief as the glamour of glade and glen,
And the glee of the fleeting cuckoo.

O, to lie once more in the long fresh grass,
Cuckoo!
And dream of the sounds and scents that pass;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
To savour the woodbine, surmise the dove,
With no roof save the far-off sky above,
And a curtain of kisses round couch of love,
While distantly called the cuckoo.

But if now I slept, I should sleep to wake
To the sleepless pang and the dreamless ache,
To the wild babe blossom within my heart,
To the darkening terror and swelling smart,
To the searching look and the words apart,
And the hint of the tell-tale cuckoo.

The meadow grows thick, and the stream runs deep,
Cuckoo!
Where the aspens quake and the willows weep;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
The dew of the night and the morning heat
Will close up the track of my farewell feet:—
So good-bye to the life that once was sweet,
When so sweetly called the cuckoo.

The kine are unmilked, and the cream unchurned,
Cuckoo!
The pillow unpressed, and the quilt unturned,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
'Twas easy to gibe at a beldame's fear
For the quick brief blush and the sidelong tear;
But if maids will gad in the youth of the year,
They should heed what says the cuckoo.

There are marks in the meadow laid up for hay,
Cuckoo!
And the tread of a foot where no foot should stray:
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
The banks of the pool are broken down,
Where the water is quiet and deep and brown;—
The very spot, if one longed to drown,
And no more to hear the cuckoo.

'Tis a full taut net and a heavy haul.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Look! her auburn hair and her trim new shawl!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Draw a bit this way where 'tis not so steep;
There, cover her face! She but seems asleep;
While the swallows skim and the graylings leap,
And joyously sings the cuckoo.

Alfred Austin.

[From *Narrative Poems*, Collected Edition. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

The lights extinguished, by the hearth I leant,
Half weary with a listless discontent.
The flickering giant shadows, gathering near,
Closed round me with a dim and silent fear.
All dull, all dark; save when the leaping flame,
Glancing, lit up a Picture's ancient frame.
Above the hearth it hung. Perhaps the night,
My foolish tremors, or the gleaming light,
Lent power to that Portrait dark and quaint—
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint—

The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace
A world of sorrow in the patient face,
In the thin hands folded across her breast—
Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest.
I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred,
Till an old legend that I once had heard
Came back to me; linked to the mystic gloom
Of that dark Picture in the ghostly room.

In the far south, where clustering vines are hung;
Where first the old chivalric lays were sung,
Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France,
Angel and knight and fairy called Romance,
I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread
Upon the earth; blue summer overhead,
Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare,
Without a breath to stir its sultry air.
All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush
Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush
Upon the beach; where, glittering towards the strand,
The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.
All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime
Broke on the mid-day silence for a time,
Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease,
In deeper silence and more utter peace.
So as I turned to gaze, where gleaming white,
Half hid by shadowy trees from passers' sight,
The Convent lay, one who had dwelt for long
In that fair home of ancient tale and song,
Who knew the story of each cave and hill,
And every haunting fancy lingering still
Within the land, spake thus to me, and told
The Convent's treasured Legend, quaint and old:

Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood
Still more concealed where the white Convent stood.

Borne on its perfumed wings the title came:
"Our Lady of the Hawthorns" is its name.
Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day,
Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray.
Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight
Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight;
For humbler cottage strife or village brawl,
The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled all.
Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or wrong,
Left her kind presence comforted and strong.
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night.
But, more than this, the Nuns could well impart
The deepest mysteries of the healing art;
Their store of herbs and simples was renowned,
And held in wondering faith for miles around.
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate,
Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the Nuns, no heart was half so light,
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright,
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,
No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear,
No heart to all the others half so dear,
So surely touched by others' pain or woe,
(Guessing the grief her young life could not know,)
No soul in childlike faith so undefiled,
As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child."
For thus they loved to call her. She had known
No home, no love, no kindred, save their own.
An orphan, to their tender nursing given,
Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of Heaven.
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light
That swung before the altar, day and night;

Her hands it was whose patient skill could trace
The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace;
But most of all, her first and dearest care,
The office she would never miss or share,
Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet,
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet.
Nature is bounteous in that region fair,
For even winter has her blossoms there.
Thus Angela loved to count each feast the best,
By telling with what flowers the shrine was dressed.
In pomp supreme the countless Roses passed,
Battalion on battalion thronging fast,
Each with a different banner, flaming bright,
Damask, or striped, or crimson, pink or white,
Until they bowed before a new-born queen,
And the pure virgin Lily rose serene.
Though Angela always thought the Mother blest
Must love the time of her own hawthorn best,
Each evening through the year, with equal care,
She placed her flowers; then kneeling down in prayer,
As their faint perfume rose before the shrine,
So rose her thoughts, as pure and as divine.
She knelt until the shades grew dim without,
Till one by one the altar lights shone out,
Till one by one the Nuns, like shadows dim,
Gathered around to chant their vesper hymn;
Her voice then led the music's winged flight,
And "Ave, Maris Stella" filled the night.
But wherefore linger on those days of peace?
When storms draw near, then quiet hours must cease.
War, cruel war, defaced the land, and came
So near the convent with its breath of flame,
That, seeking shelter, frightened peasants fled,
Sobbing out tales of coming fear and dread.
Till after a fierce skirmish, down the road,

One night came straggling soldiers, with their load
Of wounded, dying comrades; and the band,
Half pleading, yet as if they could command,
Summoned the trembling Sisters, craved their care,
Then rode away, and left the wounded there.
But soon compassion bade all fear depart,
And bidding every Sister do her part,
Some prepare simples, healing salves, or bands,
The Abbess chose the more experienced hands,
To dress the wounds needing most skilful care;
Yet even the youngest novice took her share.
To Angela, who had but ready will
And tender pity, yet no special skill,
Was given the charge of a young foreign knight,
Whose wounds were painful, but whose danger slight
Day after day she watched beside his bed,
And first in hushed repose the hours fled:
His feverish moans alone the silence stirred,
Or her soft voice, uttering some pious word.
At last the fever left him; day by day
The hours, no longer silent, passed away.
What could she speak of? First, to still his plaints,
She told him legends of the martyred Saints;
Described the pangs, which, through God's plenteous grace,
Had gained their souls so high and bright a place.
This pious artifice soon found success—
Or so she fancied—for he murmured less.
So she described the glorious pomp sublime.
In which the chapel shone at Easter time,
The Banners, Vestments, gold, and colours bright,
Counted how many tapers gave their light;
Then, in minute detail went on to say,
How the High Altar looked on Christmas-day:
The kings and shepherds, all in green and red,
And a bright star of jewels overhead.

Then told the sign by which they all had seen
How even nature loved to greet her Queen,
For, when Our Lady's last procession went
Down the long garden, every head was bent,
And, rosary in hand, each Sister prayed;
As the long floating banners were displayed,
They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showers and showers
Of buds and blossoms strewed her way with flowers.
The Knight unwearied listened; till at last,
He too described the glories of his past;
Tourney, and joust, and pageant bright and fair,
And all the lovely ladies who were there.
But half incredulous she heard. Could this—
This be the world? this place of love and bliss!
Where then was hid the strange and hideous charm,
That never failed to bring the gazer harm?
She crossed herself, yet asked, and listened still,
And still the knight described with all his skill
The glorious world of joy, all joys above,
Transfigured in the golden mist of love.
Spread, spread your wings, ye angel guardians bright,
And shield these dazzling phantoms from her sight!
But no; days passed, matins and vespers rang,
And still the quiet Nuns toiled, prayed, and sang,
And never guessed the fatal coiling net
Which every day drew near, and nearer yet,
Around their darling; for she went and came
About her duties, outwardly the same.
The same? ah, no! even when she knelt to pray,
Some charmèd dream kept all her heart away.
So days went on, until the convent gate
Opened one night. Who durst go forth so late?
Across the moonlit grass with stealthy tread,
Two silent, shrouded figures passed and fled.
And all was silent, save the moaning seas,

That sobbed and pleaded, and a wailing breeze
That sighed among the perfumed hawthorn trees.

What need to tell that dream so bright and brief,
Of joy unchequered by a dread of grief?
What need to tell how all such dreams must fade,
Before the slow, foreboding, dreaded shade,
That floated nearer, until pomp and pride,
Pleasure and wealth, were summoned to her side,
To bid, at least, the noisy hours forget,
And clamour down the whispers of regret.
Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain;
Awakened once, she could not sleep again.
She saw, each day and hour, more worthless grown
The heart for which she cast away her own;
And her soul learnt, through bitterest inward strife,
The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life,
The phantom for which all her hope was given,
The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven!
But all in vain; would even the tenderest heart
Now stoop to take so poor an outcast's part?

Years fled, and she grew reckless more and more,
Until the humblest peasant closed his door,
And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride
Shuddered, and drew their rustling robes aside.
At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul,
A longing that was stronger than control:
Once more, just once again, to see the place
That knew her young and innocent; to retrace
The long and weary southern path; to gaze
Upon the haven of her childish days;
Once more beneath the convent roof to lie;
Once more to look upon her home—and die!
Weary and worn—her comrades, chill remorse

And black despair, yet a strange silent force
Within her heart, that drew her more and more—
Onward she crawled, and begged from door to door.
Weighed down with weary days, her failing strength
Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length,
As first its rays flooded the world with light,
Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright
And where, amid the leafy hawthorn wood,
Just as of old the quiet cloister stood.
Would any know her? Nay, no fear. Her face
Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace,
Of the pure happy soul they used to know—
The novice Angela—so long ago.
She rang the convent-bell. The well-known sound
Smote on her heart, and bowed her to the ground,
And she, who had not wept for long dry years,
Felt the strange rush of unaccustomed tears;
Terror and anguish seemed to check her breath,
And stop her heart. Oh God! could this be death?
Crouching against the iron gate, she laid
Her weary head against the bars, and prayed;
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait:
And then she heard the opening of the grate,
And saw the withered face, on which awoke
Pity and sorrow, as the portress spoke,
And asked the stranger's bidding: "Take me in,"
She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,
And sorrow, and despair, that will not cease;
Oh, take me in, and let me die in peace!"
With soothing words the Sister bade her wait,
Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.
The beggar tried to thank her as she lay,
And heard the echoing footsteps die away.
But what soft voice was that which sounded near,
And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear?

She raised her head; she saw—she seemed to know—
A face that came from long, long years ago:
Herself; yet not as when she fled away,
The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene:
The outcast knew it—*what she might have been.*
But, as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;
The Nun was there no longer, but instead,
A figure with a circle round its head,
A ring of glory; and a face so meek,
So soft, so tender. . . . Angela strove to speak,
And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,
Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child!"
And Mary answered, "From thy bitter past,
Welcome, my child! oh, welcome home at last!
I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,
For all thy daily duties I have done;
Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sung, and slept;
Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*
Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means *crowned,* not *vanquished,* when it says 'Forgiven!'"
Back hurried Sister Monica; but where
Was the poor beggar she left lying there?
Gone: and she searched in vain, and sought the place
For that wan woman with the piteous face:
But only Angela at the gateway stood,
Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.
And never did a day pass by again,
But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,

Would sorrow for her loitering: with a prayer
That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,
Might not have come to any ill; and when
She ended, "God forgive her!" humbly then
Did Angela bow her head, and say "Amen!"
How pitiful her heart was! all could trace
Something that dimmed the brightness of her face
After that day, which none had seen before;
Not trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread
Saw all the sisters kneeling round a bed,
Where Angela lay dying; every breath
Struggling beneath the heavy hand of death.
But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,
She raised her wan right hand and strove to speak.
In sorrowing love they listened; not a sound
Or sigh disturbed the utter silence round.
The very tapers' flames were scarcely stirred,
In such hushed awe the sisters knelt and heard.
And through that silence Angela told her life:
Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife,
And the return; and then clear, low and calm,
"Praise God for me, my sisters;" and the psalm
Rang up to heaven, far and clear and wide,
Again and yet again, then sank and died;
While her white face had such a smile of peace,
They saw she never heard the music cease;
And weeping sisters laid her in her tomb,
Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.

And thus the legend ended. It may be
Something is hidden in the mystery,
Besides the lesson of God's pardon shown,
Never enough believed, or asked, or known.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.
But still *our place is kept*, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late:
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life—can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

[From *Legends and Lyrics* By permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons.]

NEGLECT OF LITTLE THINGS.

"*He that despiseth little things, shall perish by little and little.*"—ECCLESIASTICUS

NEGLECT of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depends upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with. Character is built up on little things—little things well and honourably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to

little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for. Good government can only be accomplished in the same way—by well-regulated provisions for the doing of little things.

Accumulations of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing or accumulate nothing in life, are set down as failures—because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but in fact they have been their own enemies. There has long been a popular belief in "good luck"; but, like many other popular notions, it is gradually giving way. The conviction is extending that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be proportionate to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows, never meet with luck; because the results of industry are denied to those who will not use the proper efforts to secure them.

It is not luck, but labour, that makes men. Luck, says an American writer, is ever waiting for something to turn up; Labour, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labour turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; Labour whistles. Luck relies on chance; Labour on character. Luck slips downwards to self-indulgence; Labour strides upward, and aspires to independence.

A pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking out for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one, of whom he was

partially enamoured, one day entered the room in which he was seated, with her dress partially unpinned, and her hair untidy: he never went back. You may say, such a fellow was "not worth a pin"; but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterwards made a good husband. He judged of women as of men—by little things; and he was right.

Neglect of little things has ruined many fortunes and marred the best of enterprises. The ship which bore home the merchant's treasure was lost because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom. For want of a nail the shoe of the aide-de-camp's horse was lost; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for want of the horse, the aide-de-camp himself was lost, for the enemy took him and killed him; and for want of the aide-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost; and all because a little nail had not been properly fixed in a horse's shoe!

"It will do!" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "It will do!" has blighted many a character, blasted many a fortune, sunk many a ship, burnt down many a house, and irretrievably ruined thousands of hopeful projects of human good. It always means stopping short of the right thing. It is a makeshift. It is a failure and defeat. Not what "will do," but what is the best possible thing to do—is the point to be aimed at! Let a man once adopt the maxim of "It will do," and he is given over to the enemy—he is on the side of incompetency and defeat—and we give him up as a hopeless subject!

M. Say, the French political economist, has related the following illustration of the neglect of little things. Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate enclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two, and a few minutes' time, would have made all right.

It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost. One day a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook, and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, got a sprain that kept him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the farm-house, found the linen burnt that she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milkmaid, having forgotten in her haste to tie up the cattle in the cow-house, one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed. The linen burnt and the gardener's work lost, were worth full five pounds, and the colt worth nearly double that money: so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few halfpence.

Life is full of illustrations of a similar kind. When small things are habitually neglected, ruin is not far off. It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich; and the diligent man or woman is attentive to small things as well as great. The things may appear very little and insignificant, yet attention to them is as necessary as to matters of greater moment.

Samuel Smiles.

[From *Thrift*. By permission of Mr. John Murray.]

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

A TALE of the Siege of Lucknow, though the years have
rolled away,
It is fresh in my memory still—like a story of yesterday.

'Twas the terrible mutiny time, when the fierce fanatical hordes
Rose,—and nought to withstand but the flash of a handful of swords,
Only a handful of men stood shoulder to shoulder sore smitten,
Fighting for country and Queen, and bearing the banner of Britain.

They had hemmed us in, trapped us in Lucknow; wherever the outlook there came
The roar of their rifles and cannon: the signs of the circle of flame.
Wot ye well 'mid that weariful leaguer that high deeds of daring were done;
But how could we break out from the place when the foe was a thousand to one?
And the ring of dark faces was there from the earliest flush of the light,
While their sentinels held us on guard through the long monotonous night.

But keen was the foe and alert and hyæna-like hungered for prey;
And the list of the dead and dying grew longer from day to day.
And day after day went on, and weary we were, and worn;
With never a realisation at night of the hope of morn.
And our store of food ran short—and our brave defenders then
Cried, "Give it the women and children, we can but die like men."
Like men they died. You honoured their deeds with tears and laurels at home:
There never were nobler heroes in the mightiest days of Rome.

As I saw it all then, I can see it now, and oft in the still midnight
I hear the ring of the rifles, and the fearsome din of the fight;
I hear the wailing of children, and the moaning of men in pain;
I see what the siege of Lucknow burnt in upon my brain;
And my pulses fail and my heart stands still so real the vision seems,
Of each terrible hour that yet has power to redden all my dreams.

Then the last day came as we thought: and death seemed fairer still
Than the fate which might one day be ours if the foeman had his will.
And I turned to the man who loved me, and I said—"By our plighted troth,
By the love that we bear each other, now swear me a resolute oath:
When the last onset comes, you will keep me one cartridge;—you understand:
And save me; and kill me. O love! 'Twill be best that I die by your hand."
Then he bent down and kist me and promised, while the words that he spoke will remain
Engraven for aye on my heart; until death reunites us again.

Our men with the strife were spent, and we felt that the end was come,
We could only watch them with straining eyes, and our lips were dumb
Save only for prayer: and the pitiless sun in the hot blue sky looked down
On hapless men and women, and the fierce insurgent town.

So the day drew on to a close, and it seemed far sweeter to die:
When a Scotch girl—there in the corner laid prostrate—rose with a cry
Of "Dinna ye hear it? the pipes! The Highlanders come to save!"
And we listened, but all was stillness; a silence as of the grave.

She was weary and worn with fasting, what wonder we sighed and thought—
Poor girl, she raves in her sleep, 'tis the cry of a woman distraught.
Then again the muskets rang out, and we listened with bated breath
For the last and the fatal onset, deliverance only in death.

But again she rose! and "Dinna ye hear it?" once more she cried,
"The pipes! I had never thought to hear them again ere I died.
They mind me of dear old Scotland, the land of the heath and the hill;
Of the rowan and purple heather and many a bonnie brown rill.
It *is* the sound of the pibroch! I know 'tis the Highlanders!"
And we listened. But no! our ears were not so keen as hers.

But hark! There surely were sounds on the fierce hot evening air;
And again we held our breaths, while our hearts went out in prayer.

"Yes! yes! It was true! She was right! For the sound
came nearer still;
The pipes rang out on the night with a piercing voice and
shrill!
And with them there came the tramp we had listened so long
for: and then
We heard "The Campbells are coming."
The march of the Highland men!

Then we saw the waving tartans: and the glimmer of
steel outshine,
Ah me! How our hearts had ached for a sight of that
ordered line.
And then the peril was ended: and the sorrow was overpast.
They had raised the leaguer of Lucknow! and we knew we
were saved at last!
And the foul foe knew to his cost in that night of ruin and
wrack,
The strength of our soldiers of England 'neath the banner
that never goes back.

H. Savile Clarke.

[By permission of Mrs. H. Savile Clarke.]

THE MAGIC WAND.

A SCHOOL BOARD OFFICER'S STORY.

Horrible dens, sir, aren't they?
This is one of my daily rounds;
It's here, in these awful places,
That child-life most abounds.
We ferret from roof to basement
In search of our tiny prey;
We're down on their homes directly
If they happen to stop away.

Knock at the door! Pooh, nonsense!
They wouldn't know what it meant.
Come in and look about you;
They'll think you're a School Board gent.
Did you ever see such hovels?
Dirty, and damp, and small.
Look at the rotten flooring,
Look at the filthy wall.

That's lucky—the place is empty,
The whole of the family's out.
This is one of my fav'rite cases:
Just give a glance about.
There's a father and four young children,
And Sally the eldest's eight;
They're horribly poor—half-starving—
And they live in a shocking state.

The father gets drunk and beats them,
The mother she died last year:
There's a story about her dying,
I fancy you'd like to hear.
She was one of our backward pupils,
Was Sally the eldest child—
A poor little London blossom
The alley had not defiled.

She was on at the Lane last winter—
She played in the pantomime;
A lot of our School Board children
Get on at the Christmas time.
She was one of a group of fairies,
And her wand was the wand up there—
There, in the filthy corner
Behind the broken chair.

The gilt of the star has faded,
And the tinsel's peeled away;
But once, in the glaring lime-light,
It gleamed like a jewelled spray.
A fairy's wand in a lodging
In a slum like this looks queer;
But you'll guess why they let her keep it
When you know how the wand came here.

Her mother was ill that winter,
Her father, the drunken sot,
Was spending his weekly earnings
And all that the fairy got.
The woman lay sick and moaning,
Dying by slow degrees
Of a cruel and wasting fever
That rages in dens like these.

But night after night went Sally,
Half-starved, to the splendid scene
Where she waved a wand of magic
As a Liliput fairy queen.
She stood in the "Land of Shadows"
Where a demon worked his spell,
At a wave of her hand he vanished,
And the scene was changed as well.

She'd a couple of lines to utter,
Which bade the gloom give way
To the "Golden Home of Blisses
In the Land of the Shining Day."
She gazed on the limelit splendours
That grew as she waved her wand,
And she thought of the cheerless cellar
Old Drury's walls beyond.

And when, in her ragged garments,
No longer a potent fay,
She knelt by the wretched pallet
Where her dying mother lay,
She thought, as she stooped and kissed her,
And looked in the ghastly face,
Of the wand that could change a dungeon
To a sweet and lovely place.

She was only a wretched outcast,
A waif of the London slums;
It's little of truth and knowledge
To the ears of such children comes.
She fancied her wand was truly
Possessed of a magic charm,
That it punished the wicked people,
And shielded the good from harm.

Her mother grew slowly weaker,
The depth of the winter came,
And the teeth of the biting weather
Seized on the wasted frame.
And Sally, who saw her sinking,
Came home from the Lane one night
With her shawl wrapped over something,
And her face a ghostly white.

She had hidden the wand and brought it,
The wand that could do so much;
She crept to the sleeping woman,
Who moved not at her touch.
She stooped to hear her breathing,
It was, O, so faint and low;
Then, raising her wand, she waved it,
Like a fairy, to and fro.

Her well-known lines she uttered,
That bade the gloom give way
To "The Golden Home of Blisses
In the Land of the Shining Day."
She murmured, "O mother, dearest,
You shall look on the splendid scene!"
While a man from the playhouse watched her
Who'd followed the fairy queen.

He thought she had stolen something,
And brought it away to sell,
He had followed her home and caught her
And then he'd a tale to tell.
He told how he watched her waving
The wand by her mother's bed,
O'er a face where the faint grey shadows
Of the last long sleep had spread.

* * * *

She's still at the school, is Sally,
And she's heard of the Realms of Light;
So she clings to the childish fancy
That entered her head that night.
She says that her poor sick mother
By her wand was charmed away
From earth to the Home of Blisses
In the Land of Eternal Day.

George R. Sims.

[By permission of the Author.]

MARINO FALIERO TO THE CONSPIRATORS.*

You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of one hundred isles,

* The Venetian commonwealth, in 1355, acknowledged as its head one of the greatest, and at the same time most unfortunate, of men. Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, had won for himself a reputation in almost every path of life, seldom equalled in extent and splendour. As warrior, diplomatist, and ruler, he was alike successful and honoured, till it seemed as if Providence had gilded his name with these brilliant titles, only to make his fall the more remarkable and astounding. A short time after his return to Venice from Rome, where he had been ambassador, and where he had received the proud intelligence that in his absence the grateful commonwealth had conferred upon him the highest dignity of the State, he gave a splendid festival at his palace in commemoration of his accession to the ducal crown. A young noble, named Michelo Steno, who had found his way into the state saloon, where Angiolina, the young and beautiful wife of the great Doge, was seated, surrounded by the ladies of her court, paid such indiscreet attention to one of the latter, as to draw the displeasure of the Duchess upon him, and, warned by her, the Doge gave orders that the intruder should be immediately and forcibly removed from the spot. This was effected before the entire assembly. Michelo was a patrician, and his fiery pride could not brook the indignity of so public an insult. Instigated by anger and revenge, he watched his opportunity, stole to the audience-chamber, and, with all the treacherous spleen of Iago, traced on the ducal chair the fatal words:—

"*Marin Falier, marito della bella moglie, altri la gode; egli la mantiene.*"

This atrocious accusation, proclaimed in a public hall of audience, and obvious to all eyes, was calculated to rouse feelings of the sternest indignation and most irremediable wretchedness in the breasts of its high-souled, and, till now, blameless and honoured victims. An officious friend directed the Duke's eye to the fatal charge. His young wife was the next instant summoned, and she had no sooner become aware of its fatal purport, than, turning away, she clung to him in an agony of terror. She seemed to read the griefs and calamities of the future, as, with all the energy and vehemence of youth, the old man raised his clenched hand to heaven, and invoked the bitterest curses and the deadliest vengeance on the reckless perpetrator of so foul a calumny. The affair was brought before the

Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know;
Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wrong'd,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged, and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart what brought him here?

Senate. A reward was offered for the discovery of the culprit, and Signor Michelo stood before them and confessed his guilt. The Council, in consideration of his youth, mitigated his punishment to two months' imprisonment and one year of exile. The Doge was filled with the most extravagant rage at what he considered to be so inadequate a sentence, and, finding that the body of nobles took no share in his wrath, he entered into a conspiracy with the admiral of the arsenal, and some others who were discontented with the government on other accounts, and projected a method of vindicating his wife's honour. It was resolved by those desperadoes to massacre the whole Grand Council. Such a scene of bloodshed on account of one woman has not been imagined since the Trojan war. This plot, though conducted with the utmost secrecy, was disclosed in somewhat a similar manner as that which threatened the life of James I. of England. The day was fixed for the 18th of April, 1355, and the proud aristocracy slept on the edge of a precipice undisturbed. Bertrand Bergamese, one of the conspirators, moved by compassion for a friend, entreated him not to attend the Grand Council on the following day. This friendly caution was met by threats and a denunciation to the ten, and the whole conspiracy was exposed. The principal conspirators were arrested at their houses, but on learning that the great Doge was at the head of the combination, the Council were for some time awed and struck with terror, and no one dared either speak or move; but they soon gained courage, and got over all scruples by asserting that, when duly considered, the Doge was only the first subject of the republic. The result is soon told. The arrest of the Doge, the agony and despair of the youthful Angiolina, who in vain solicited a remission of the sentence which Faliero himself scorned to ask. He was condemned to death, the ducal honours were torn from his dress, and on the Staircase of the Giants, where first the Republic welcomed him as ruler, the head of the greatest warrior and statesman whom Venice had ever produced was seen to roll in the dust! In the great chamber of the palace, where the portraits of the Doges are placed, there is a vacant space between the portraits of Faliero's immediate predecessor and successor, with this inscription—

"*Locus Marini Falieri decapitati.*"

You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here at my heart the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices,
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth—
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people
But all the sins of the old Spartan state,
Without its virtues—temperance and valour.
The Lords of Lacedæmon were true soldiers,
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved;
Although dressed out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form
A pastime for their children. You are met
To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you—if you trust in me;
If not, strike home,—my life is compromised.

And I would rather fall by freemen's hands
Than live another day to act the tyrant
As delegate of tyrants; such I am not,
And never have been—read it in our annals;
I can appeal to my past government
In many lands and cities; they can tell you
If I were an oppressor, or a man
Feeling and thinking for my fellow men.
Haply had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture;
A popular scourge, a ready sentence-signer,
A stickler for the Senate and "the Forty,"
A sceptic of all measures which had not
The sanction of "the Ten," a council-fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet—they had ne'er
Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reach'd me through my pity for the people!
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn; meantime I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—
My present power, such as it is, not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)
My heart, my hope, my soul, upon this cast!
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs; accept me or reject me,—
A Prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

Byron (*Doge of Venice*).

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour,
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the air it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells.
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;

Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels
In the silence of the night;
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone,
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan,
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their King it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A. Poe.

GOOD OLD SOULS.

My dame is old, and I am old,
We're dazed and dim, and dull and cold:
But what care I, and what cares she?
We're happy folk whatever be.

Time was when she was young and gay,
Would smirk and smile, and dance away:
Though dancing does not now agree,
We jog on happy, I and she.

And I was once a lively boy,
Would sing my song, and pipe for joy:
No more of piping now for me,
Yet all our days are harmony.

We do not bill and coo and kiss;
A loving hug would come amiss

To old rheumatic bones, you see:
But that is nought to her and me.

In summer, when the sun is hot,
We toddle round our garden plot;
And bask a bit, and watch the bee:
It hums for joy, and so do we.

And when the winter snows and blows,
We sit beside the fire and doze;
Or laugh and chat and drink our tea,
With—"Here's to you!"—from her and me.

Our earthly race is nearly run,
We're getting both so old and done:
But bodies old as old may be
While souls are young, so what care we!

For when it's time for us to die,
We don't intend to say Good-bye:
Since neither death nor life, you see,
Shall part my dear old dame and me!

The Earl of Southesk.

[From *The Burial of Isis and other Poems.* By permission of the Author and of Mr. David Douglas.]

MRS. B.'S ALARMS.

Mrs. B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labours, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs. B.'s

alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and sick-rooms.

"*Henry, Henry, Henry.*"

How many times she had repeated this I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I wake, to view, by the dim firelight, this vision: Mrs. B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her nightcap (one with cherry-coloured ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side like a banner furled; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

"*Henry*, did you hear *that?*"

"What, my love?"

"That noise. There it is again; there—*there.*"

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say so much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

"No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that: it's a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry, that it is a file."

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing-gown. Mrs. B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into

my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

"Stop a bit, Henry," she exclaims, "until I have looked into the cupboards and places;" which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and Mrs. B. locks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that almost catches my retreating garment. My expedition therefore combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of the disturber of Mrs. B.'s repose, which, I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except blackbeetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar such as Mrs. B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipated burglars, but which I recognise in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganisation of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless; a ghostly arm-chair is doing the grim honours of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about —— Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No! the warning of the great clock—one, two, three. . . . What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual

snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a *réunion?* They are here even at this moment, perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclothed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs. B. again, my great-grandfather "walks"; in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by gout from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think, as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold: yes, the cold. It is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs. B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. "Henry, Henry!" she cries, in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great-grandfather. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

"Open, open!" shout I. "What on earth is the matter?"

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: "Who are you—what do you want?"

"You very silly woman," I answered; not from unpoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language recovers

and assures her of my identity better than any other—"why, it's I."

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs. B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my attiring chamber.

"There's sur—sur—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room," she sobs, "all the time you were away."

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humour, and although sympathizing very tenderly with poor Mrs. B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs. B. is all the better for this explosion.

"Consider, my love," I reason, "consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather-beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snor——"

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs. B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with the boots in them, hanging over the bedside something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at

sixes and sevens as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when "Henry, Henry," again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

"Are you *certain*, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string."

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no supposition too incompatible with reason, for Mrs. B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs. B., since I was suffering from a quinsy—contracted mainly by my being sent about the house o' nights in the usual scanty drapery—had to be sworn in as her own special constable.

"Henry, Henry," she whispered upon this occasion, "there's a dreadful cat in the room."

"Pooh, pooh!" I gasped; "it's only in the street; I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles."

"No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's a—— Ugh, what's that?"

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again, at my wife's interjection, with extreme agility. I thought Mrs. B. would have had a fit, but she didn't. She told me, dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would

turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighbourhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed after this mishap to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs. B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying grimalkin from her eminence, and to listen to the changeful dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

"Puss, puss, pussy—poor pussy."

"Miau, miau, miau," was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

"Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Puss, puss. Henry, the horrid beast is going to fly at me! Whist, whist, cat."

"Ps-s-s-s, ps-s-s-s, miau; ps-s-s-s-s-s-s-s," replied the other, in a voice like fat in the fire.

"My dear love," cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsy, "you have never opened the door; where is the poor thing to run to?"

Mrs. B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovel, without giving it the opportunity to escape, which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience, partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs. B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and

more than the duty, of an efficient house-dog, which before that epoch, I understand, was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly transfixed me with the kitchen-spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both our nervous systems such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot, upon a third, to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A.M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs. B. had "staked her existence" that night that she had heard the area gate "go." When I consider the extremely free and unconstrained manner in which I was received, poker and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is that they did not signify their arrivals by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorable night, and on one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The grey of morning had just begun to steal into our bedchamber, when Mrs. B. ejaculated with unusual vigour, "Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room; and they've just knocked down the parrot screen."

"My love," I was about to observe, "your imaginative powers have now arrived at the pitch of *clairvoyance*," when

a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fire-irons had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge to myself at least that there was something in Mrs. B.'s alarms at last. I trod downstairs as noiselessly as I could, and in almost utter darkness. The drawing-room door was ajar, and through the crevice I could distinguish, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crape, fitting quite closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs. B. had cried "Wolf!" so often that I had almost ceased to believe in wolves of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstance under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper of "*Henry, Henry,*" from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of *vertu* upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously to the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the "*Henry, Henry!*" still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the craped marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bullock beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bedchamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the washhand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs. B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last."

"My dear Henry," she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, "I am very sorry. I tried to call you back. But when I sent you downstairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweeps!"

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

It is but fair to state the primary cause to which all Mrs. B.'s alarms, and, by consequence, my own little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs. B.'s mamma was one of the last admirers of the "Old Manor House" and "Mysteries of the Castle" school of literature, and her daughters were brought up in her own faith: that Mrs. Radcliff was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr. Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was going on—as they say at St. Stephen's—"in another place." So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her life-time, by the perusal of these her favourite books, that it was rumoured that she married each of her four husbands at least as much from a disinclination to be without a protector during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs. B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a *doppelgänger;* that there was a duplicate of her going about the world at the same time; and that some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, at last they did so, and in the following manner:—Her mamma was residing for a few days at Keswick, supping full of horrors in the German division of the late Mr. Southey's library every

evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly felt ill, or thought she was falling, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs. B.), who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined that nothing but filial duty would have induced my *doppelgänger* to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs. B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like any boulder, nor did she wake until the chaise had skirted Ullswater, and was within a few miles of home. She had looked carefully under both seats, and even into the side pockets of the carriage, before starting, to make sure that there was no other passenger; and yet there was now a form sitting upon the opposite cushions—a female form, muffled up in much clothing, but with a face pale in the moonlight, with eyes half shut, yet with a look of haggard meaning in them, steadily fixed upon her own. It was herself! It was Mrs. B.'s double! The dreadful hour was come. The poor girl closed her eyelids to keep off the horrid sight, and tried to reason with herself upon the impossibility of the thing being really there, but in vain. She had been thoroughly awake, she was sure; the vision was not the offspring of a distempered brain, for she felt collected, and even almost calm. Venturing to steal another look at it, there it still sat, peering with half-shut eyes into her face with the same curious anxiety as before. Not even when they rumbled over Keswick stones, nor until she felt herself being lifted out in the post-boy's arms, did she trust herself to look forth again. The carriage she had just quitted was empty. "There was something sitting there, man," said she solemnly, pointing to the vacant cushion. "Yes, miss," replied he, pointing to a huge package on the ground beside them; "I pro-

mised to bring it on for a poor man, a cabinet-maker at Pooley Bridge, and seeing you were asleep when we stopped there, I made bold to put it upon the opposite seat. I hope it did not inconvenience you, miss. It was only a looking-glass; and as I know pretty young ladies don't object to seeing themselves in looking-glasses, I turned its face towards *you*."

James Payn.

[From *Humorous Stories*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

"PRINCE:"

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

I think you remember a man we knew, who went by the name of "Prince,"
With sinews of iron and nerves of steel that never were known to wince!
How came he to win that nickname? Well, that's more than I now can say:
Because, perhaps, he was given to rule, and all of us liked his sway;
Because he was free with his cash, perhaps, or maybe because, like Saul,
He looked a king, and stood, without boots, head and shoulders out-topping us all.
Oh yes, there were stories afloat, I know: he was wicked and wild, they said.
'Tis slander, I tell you; and what so base as a slander against the dead!

I don't deny that he wasted time at billiards and cards and dice,
And "folly" is only a friendly name for a passion that smacks of vice;
I know how he trifled with shot and steel, and deaths have been laid at his door,
But he never was guilty of murderous deed to settle a private score.
He was quick to avenge a comrade's wrong, or a comrade's right defend,
And never was known to break his word, nor ever to fail a friend.
I see him now as I saw him then—and yet 'tis a long while since—
A hero, if ever a hero lived, was he whom we nicknamed "Prince."

Well, "Prince" had a friend—his pal, his mate,
A little chap, curly and brown;
They both of them hailed from Virginia State,
And were born in the selfsame town;
And "Prince" would have died for Charley, I know,
And Charley'd have died for him;
And if luck was high or if luck was low,
Together they'd sink or swim.

But there came a time when their path was crossed
By a girl with an angel face,
And the love of the friends was swamped and lost
In the passion that filled its place;
'Twas a secret at first each kept from each,
And neither would dare disclose,
Till they broke the ice with a heedless speech,
And fronted each other as foes.

It wasn't *her* fault, I will take my oath,
She didn't flirt even in fun;
She only tried to be kind to both
For the love that she bore to one.
'Twould have gone to her heart, I know, to offend
By speaking the truth pat down;
For she *liked* the "Prince," though she *loved* his friend,
The little chap, curly and brown.

It was strange, you say, she should care for *him*—
You think most women prefer
The stalwart form and the lengthy limb—
Well, it wasn't the case with her.
Oh, "Prince" was the better man of the two
By far, I don't deny;
Yet her love for Charley was tender and true,
And it's no good asking *why*.

But a letter was left at Charley's door
In a hand he knew, which said:
"The days that are past can return no more
And nothing can raise what's dead;
For Faith and Love they have lied to me,
While I was the dupe of each,
And honour, in woman or man, I see,
Is only a figure of speech."

Hard words enough—they might have been worse;
I am glad he stopped short there;
Thank God he didn't denounce a curse!
For he went, and we knew not where;
To the Southerners' camp he went, they said,
To the war that had just begun;
If he couldn't love he would fight instead,
For the *joy* of his life was done.

The war that ended in '65
Maybe if we *could* we *wouldn't* revive.
What matters it now to prate and rave
Of the rights and wrongs of the nigger slave!
The thing has been settled and long gone by,
Though you fought for it once, and so did I;
We've all of us fought both once and again—
For the pick of the lot were Virginia men—
And in twenty years one has ceased to fret;
But there's *one* day's fighting I can't forget!
Balls and bullets, and shot and shell,
Musketry rattling, powder smell;
Clouds of smoke and rivers of blood—
Life choked out on a field of mud;
Horses and riders dying—dead,
And a scorching sun in the sky o'erhead;
And the van of our troops was led that day
By one whom nothing could stop nor stay;
When last I saw him 'twas six months since—
He had changed in the time, yet I knew the "Prince."

The Virginia men were all to the front,
To lead their comrades and bear the brunt;
But when the night fell, cold and damp,
There were twenty down in the enemy's camp:
Ten to return in exchange for ten
The Southerners had of the Northerners' men,
Six for the prison, four to be shot—
And the fate of each to be drawn by lot!

And "Prince" was one of that fated row
  Close guarded the long night through;
And Charley, who'd joined but a week ago,
  Was one of the prisoners too.

'Twas strange that they thus should meet again
Each waiting for death or life;
None knew what the one was thinking then,
But the other—he thought of his wife!
And never a word was spoke that night;
But when the day broke fair and bright
By the glare of the morning sky
The lots were drawn—and the "Prince" was free
To go once more to his home by the sea,
And Charley was doomed to die!

Then "Prince," when he hears how the lots have gone, goes straight where the General he sees.
"A word with you, General," says he, like a king, "apart from the rest, if you please.
There's one of our lot who is drawn for death, a little chap, curly and brown:
Now 'tis nothing to *you* who goes or who stays, for your soldiers to shoot him down,
And whether *I* die or whether *I* live, don't matter a curse to *me;*
But, General, it matters a deal to him, for the little chap's married, you see.
So if it's a death you needs must have, there's mine, you can take my life;
But tell *him* he's drawn for exchange, not death—and let him return to his wife."

I reckon the General did not demur; from the soldier's point of view
The "Prince" was a nobler prize by far, as the better man of the two.
There were three led out in the sun that day and shot by the men of the North,
And a fourth was shot in the rank with them—but Charley was not that fourth

He never was told till the deed was done and "You're free
to go," they said;
And they bade him look, as he went his way, on his four
companions dead:
And he saw the corpse—they were strong in death, those
arms and that sinewy chest!—
Of the man he had loved, who loved him too—and *her*—
and he knew the rest!
Oh, aye! the story is true enough; I'm likely to know,
you see,
For *I* was the little chap, curly and brown—his friend—
and he died for *me*.

Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton.

[From *Original Readings and Recitations*. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Ltd.]

BALLAD

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÈE.

"ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Baree,
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coul-
terlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the run
for me.
Barum, Barum," etc.

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe.

Charles Kingsley.

[From the *Poems* of Charles Kingsley. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas Christmas Eve. The frost lay on the road,
And moonlight smote with silver all the fields,
Around the gable-ends of an old house
That stood alone, beyond the village-street.
Alone, unvisited by priest, or friend,
Shunn'd, as plague-stricken, while its casements flashed
From their blue diamonds not one welcoming light
To the wayfarer. All was dark within;
Dark without hope,—save that the clear white moon
Shone, like God's truth, upon the good and ill
That the room held, wherein a sinful man
Lay dying. On one side his bed, there stood
A woman, who had journeyed here in haste,
Flush'd, as the marble statue may be flush'd
By wrathful torch-light. On the other, knelt
A creature, shaken in her dumb despair,
Crush'd, tear-stain'd. He had been untrue to both,
As only Man can—ne'er baser beasts:
Untrue to vows he pledged unto the one,
Before the altar,—pledged for weight of gold—
Untrue to honour, lying, while he loved
The other one, betrayed.
The impartial moon
Lit the thin outline of the unloved wife,
Hard, upright, just: and touched the head, bow'd low,
Of her who knelt; and made a halo round
A gold-hair'd child, who played upon the floor,
With strings of daisies. O'er the wasted face
Of him who lay a-dying it fell full,
As on an open book, wherein was writ
Remorse; no coward dread of punishment
For self, but a great fear for those
He left behind, whose ruin he had wrought.

Then spake the wife to her who knelt, "Go forth!
My place is here, beside my dying lord—
Whom God hath join'd, let no man put asunder."
The woman gave an inarticulate cry:
The child, unconscious, wove its chain of stars.
"O, pardon . . . pardon!" moaned the hapless one.
"I wronged you—yes! but knew not all the wrong.
I ask your mercy, as I ask for Christ's.
He who forgave a sinner once, like me,
Perhaps *He* will not shut me out!" . . .
. . . "*I* do."
The wife replied, "We cannot both stay here.
The house is mine. You took my husband's love;
His soul—his body—all belong to you.
My home made desolate—my reverence lost,
My faith destroy'd in man; loveless, alone,
No baby-blossom at my breast, have I
Toiled on. Your deed! Living, he was all yours:
Dead, he is mine. Mine now the right to close
The eyes that never yet have look'd with joy
Into mine eyes, as they have into yours!
Why do I claim that right? Why am I come?
Because I would redeem him yet,—save him
From passing hence, with unrepented sin."

Then gasped the dying man, "I do repent
The more, because I see her agony.
Mine, only mine, the sin—not hers—not hers!
She knew not I was wed. She gave her life,—
She, a mere child,—into my keeping. Now,
It is in yours: be merciful to her.
Thrust her not out. You, blameless, holy, pure,
Since all is past, and sin outlives not life,
Will you not stoop to lift the fallen up?"
"Sin *doth* outlive life," she in haste replied.

"There is the child—*not mine, but hers.* . . . And yet,
I would not harm it, nor its mother. So,
If poor lip-pardon, that can never reach
The inner heart of wrongs, suffice to soothe
Your dying hour, 'tis yours—'tis hers. . . . But let
Her presence here no more distract your thoughts
From Heaven, nor outrage me, your wife."
At once,
That frail young creature, white as drifted snow,
Trembling, arose. "The right is yours." She bowed
Her head. . . . "O Love! loved only here too well,
We part, but not for long . . . stricken unto death
Am I, and shall not linger far behind,
Only"—and here her voice broke down—"the child . . .
To leave him motherless,—without a friend!" . . .
Suddenly, voices from the village-choir,
Singing from house to house their Christmas Song,
Rose in the frosty night, exultant, clear,
As those the Shepherds heard in Bethlehem.

"Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

It seemed to her who stood beside that bed,
—The embittered wife, who never had known peace,—
A message straight from Him. And she beheld
The Heavens open, and she saw His face
Fill'd with divine compassion for the sins
And suffering of His creatures: and she heard
A voice like music, "Inasmuch as ye
Have done it unto one, the least of Mine,
Ye did it unto Me."
Then all the ice
Frozen by winters on her heart seemed broke,
And Pity welled up, as she took the babe

In her wide-open arms, and said "So be it:
When both are gone, your child shall be as mine.
I take this sacred charge: and if it please
The Lord, the void of love in my lone life
May be refilled."
Then the glazed eyes of him
Who heard her sought, with tenderness unknown
Before, his wife's eyes. The cold fingers pressed
Her hand. That touch healed all the wounded past.
For, as she stooped to catch the last faint breath,
"Kiss me!" he whispered—and so passed away.

Hamilton Aïdé.

[From *Songs without Music.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons.]

SCROOGE FULFILS HIS VOW.*

"I DON'T know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never

* Ebenezer Scrooge had been for many years a partner with Old Jacob Marley, the stockbroker, now deceased. "Scrooge was his sole executor, sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner." When Scrooge first appears on the scene he is depicted as "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner, as hard and sharp as flint," utterly devoid of a single particle of love or sympathy, and detested by everybody. One Christmas Eve, after counting his money and attending to his office affairs, he goes home to his gloomy chambers, which formerly belonged to his deceased partner, and the Ghost of Old Marley appears to him. Soon after midnight he is visited by the Ghost of Christmas Past; then by Christmas Present; and then by the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. The phantom of Christmas Past takes him back to his childhood days, and shows him what he was when a schoolboy and an apprentice; and it reminds him of his sweetheart of former days—the young girl he forsook as his wealth increased—whom he now sees married and happy, surrounded by her little family. The Ghost of Christmas Present leads him to the home of Bob Cratchit, his clerk, who has contrived to save enough to make merry on Christmas

mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"EH?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow," said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY!"

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey: the big one."

Day, although he has to support a family of nine on fifteen shillings a-week; it shows him also the happy home of his young nephew. The Ghost of the Future, in terms of impressive warning, foretells Scrooge the misery that will come upon him unless he amends his miserly ways. These Phantoms completely alter his character. His nature is wholly changed, and he becomes "as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world."

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my lad!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge. "I'm in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He sha'nt know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

"Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them, with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl! Very."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up stairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again: "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you, for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God Bless Us, Every One!"

Dickens (*A Christmas Carol*).

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.*

"Thou falcon-hearted dove!"—COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall
Waved free its lily-flowers.
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
The wine-cup round to send;
For each that touched it silently
Then missed a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrilled in a woman's form.

* Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment; and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe,
Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen!
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there midst arms the couch was spread,
And with banners curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright queen of St. Louis,
The star of court and hall!
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the tempest's call!
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppressed,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the Crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rushed through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights
From the bands of Italy!" *

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quailed before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes! as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from th' imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
Through the din of arms around—
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep;

* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian the Knights of Pisa.

And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it *these* your hearts would yield
To the godless infidel?

"Then bring me here a breastplate
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die!
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within mine arms to death
Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
The princely babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
To perish undefiled;
A woman, and a queen, to guard
Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless One,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee;
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be!

Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast!
Rest—we will guard thee well!
St. Denis for the Lily-flower
And the Christian citadel!"

Felicia Hemans.

AT THE OPERA.*

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
Non ti scordar di me!

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

* The version here given is from the 1893 edition. When accompanied with music it would be well to omit certain stanzas of the poem. (*See* Mr. Clifford Harrison's remarks, page 185.)—Ed.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
  Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
  And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
  Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
  So confident of her charm!

I have no doubt she was thinking then
  Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
  The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
  Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
  To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
  As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
  Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
  When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
  In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
  And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
  And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade

(In short, from the future back to the past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
At the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

Owen Meredith.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Owen Meredith. By permission of the Countess of Lytton and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

THE HEBREW RACE.*

You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews: that mysterious Russian diplomacy

* In this passage Lord Beaconsfield speaks of the Hebrew as "the Pariah of ungrateful Europe." This complaint still remains, on the whole, just. But probably the chief reason lies in the unaccommodating temper of some individuals, who push to extremes the Jewish tendency to isolation as 'a peculiar people.' In recent times, we are but too familiar with the harsh persecution of Jews in Continental countries, particularly in Russia; and the writer will not readily forget the humiliating treatment and harsh conduct exhibited by the officials, particularly the police, towards both the resident Jews and those travelling in that country. In freer England, they fare much better. The career of Lord Beaconsfield himself stands out in distinguished prominence. Here we have not only great Jewish bankers, but also Jews who figure in the first rank in the learned secular professions, and in all the great departments of commercial life. Lord Chancellor Herschell is understood to belong, not indeed to the Jewish faith, yet to the Jewish race; the late Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, is universally acknowledged to have been one of the greatest Equity lawyers that ever adorned the English Bench; and a living Jewish solicitor is popularly supposed to hold in his keeping the family and personal secrets of many of our highest nobility and gentry, and his services are always in requisition in the most important and difficult legal cases. Some of our greatest newspapers are owned, and, partly at least, conducted by Jews. It is superfluous to refer to the acknowledged pre-eminence of the race in all departments of finance, or to name Mr. Goschen as one of our foremost financial statesmen.

which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the history of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahommed. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. Favoured by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philippics. Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature, we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles—after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled—deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled —we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery; during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the school-men,

Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza! But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations—the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted—have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your "Muscadins" of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering homage to the sweet singers of Israel.

Beaconsfield (*Coningsby*).

THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

Bring, novelists, your note-book! bring, dramatists, your pen!
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,
Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened off Mumbles Head!
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth!
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of stone.
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, or the storm-bell tolled, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launched, and a desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who about the coast, 'twas said,
Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so a-head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!
Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns,
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love,
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.
Then at last on the poor doom'd lifeboat a wave broke mountains high!
"God help us now," said the father. "It's over, my lads! Good-bye."
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure — a fighting form,

It might be a grey-haired father—then the women held
their breath,
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round
with death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to
the sea in ships;
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had heard
the worst, and more;
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the
lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in
hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to
reach the land.
'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
What are a couple of women? Well, more than three
craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to
stir—and then
Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn
and rent,
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the
sea they went!

"Come back," cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for God's
sake, girls, come back!"
As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the
fierce attack.
"Come back!" moaned the grey-haired mother, as she
stood by the angry sea,
"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left
to me."

"Come back!" said three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,
"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"
"Come back!" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town,
We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!
Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!
Wait for the next wave, darling, only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe to shore."
Up to their arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you know the rest.
Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was toss'd right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

Clement Scott.

[From *Lays and Lyrics*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.]

MARSYAS.

HADES.

THEN from those dark
And dreadful precincts passing, ghostly fields
And voiceless took me. A faint twilight veiled
The leafless, shadowy trees and herbless plains.

There stirred no breath of air to wake to life
The slumbers of the world. The sky above
Was one gray, changeless cloud; there looked no eye
Of life from the veiled heavens; but Sleep and Death
Compassed me everywhere. And yet no fear
Nor horror took me here, where was no pain
Nor dread, save that strange tremor which assails
One who in life's hot noontide looks on death
And knows he too shall die. The ghosts which rose
From every darkling copse showed thin and pale—
Thinner and paler far than those I left
In agony; even as Pity seems to wear
A thinner form than Fear.
Not caged alone
Like those the avenging Furies purged were these,
Nor that dim land as those black cavernous depths
Where no hope comes. Fair souls were they and white
Whom there I saw, waiting as we shall wait,
The Beatific End, but thin and pale
As the young faith which made them, touched a little
By the sad memories of the earth, made glad
A little by past joys: no more; and wrapt
In musing on the brief play played by them
Upon the lively earth, yet ignorant
Of the long lapse of years, and what had been
Since they too breathed Life's air, or if they knew
Keeping some echo only; but their pain
Was fainter than their joy, and a great hope
Like ours possessed them dimly.

First I saw
A youth who pensive leaned against the trunk
Of a dark cypress, and an idle flute
Hung at his side. A sorrowful sad soul,
Such as sometimes he knows, who meets the gaze,
Mute, uncomplaining yet most pitiful,
Of one whom Nature, by some secret spite,
Has maimed and left imperfect; or the pain
Which fills a poet's eyes. Beneath his robe

I seemed to see the scar of cruel stripes,
Too hastily concealed. Yet was he not
Wholly unhappy, but from out the core
Of suffering flowed a secret spring of joy,
Which mocked the droughts of Fate, and left him glad
And glorying in his sorrow. As I gazed
He raised his silent flute, and, half ashamed,
Blew a soft note; and as I stayed awhile
I heard him thus discourse—

"The flute is sweet
To gods and men, but sweeter far the lyre
And voice of a true singer. Shall I fear
To tell that great trial, when I strove
And Phœbus conquered? Nay, no shame it is
To bow to an immortal melody;
But glory.

Once among the Phrygian hills
I lay a-musing,—while the silly sheep
Wandered among the thyme—upon the bank
Of a clear mountain stream, beneath the pines,
Safe hidden from the noon. A dreamy haze
Played on the uplands, but the hills were clear
In sunlight, and no cloud was on the sky.
It was the time when a deep silence comes
Upon the summer earth, and all the birds
Have ceased from singing, and the world is still
As midnight, and if any live thing move—
Some fur-clad creature, or cool gliding snake—
Within the pipy overgrowth of weeds,
The ear can catch the rustle, and the trees
And earth and air are listening. As I lay
Faintly, as in a dream, I seemed to hear
A tender music, like the Æolian chords,
Sound low within the woodland, whence the stream
Flowed full, yet silent. Long, with ear to ground,

I hearkened; and the sweet strain, fuller grown,
Rounder and clearer came, and danced along
In mirthful measure now, and now grown grave
In dying falls, and sweeter and more clear,
Tripping at nuptials and high revelry,
Wailing at burials, rapt in soaring thoughts,
Chanting strange sea-tales full of mystery,
Touching all chords of being, life and death,
Now rose, now sank, and always was divine,
So strange the music came.
Till, as I lay
Enraptured, shrill a sudden discord rang,
Then all the sounds were still. A lightning-flash,
As from a sun-kissed gem, revealed the wood.
A noise of water smitten, and on the heights
A fair white fleece of cloud, which swiftly climbed
Into the furthest heaven. Then, as I mused,
Knowing a parting goddess, straight I saw
A wayward splendour float upon the stream,
And knew it for this jewelled flute, which paused
Before me on an eddy. It I snatched
Eager, and to my ardent lips I bore
The wonder, and behold, with the first breath—
The first warm human breath, the silent strains,
The half-drowned notes which late the goddess blew.
Revived, and sounded clearer, sweeter far
Than mortal skill could make. So with delight
I left my flocks to wander o'er the wastes
Untended, and the wolves and eagles seized
The tender lambs, but I was for my art—
Nought else; and though the high-pitched notes divine
Grew faint, yet something lingered, and at last
So sweet a note I sounded of my skill,
That all the Phrygian highlands, all the far
Hill villages, were fain to hear the strain,

Which the mad shepherd made.
So, overbold,
And rapt in my new art, at last I dared
To challenge Phœbus' self.
'Twas a fair day
When sudden, on the mountain side, I saw
A train of fleecy clouds in a white band
Descending. Down the gleaming pinnacles
And difficult crags they floated, and the arch,
Drawn with its thousand rays against the sun,
Hung like a glory o'er them. Midst the pines
They clothed themselves with form, and straight I knew
The immortals. Young Apollo, with his lyre,
Kissed by the sun, and all the Muses clad
In robes of gleaming white; then a great fear,
Yet mixed with joy, assailed me, for I knew
Myself a mortal equalled with the gods.
Ah me! how fair they were! how fair and dread
In face and form, they showed, when now they stayed
Upon the thymy slope, and the young god
Lay with his choir around him, beautiful
And bold as Youth and Dawn! There was no cloud
Upon the sky, nor any sound at all
When I began my strain. No coward fear
Of what might come restrained me; but an awe
Of those immortal eyes and ears divine
Looking and listening. All the earth seemed full
Of ears for me alone—the woods, the fields,
The hills, the skies were listening. Scarce a sound
My flute might make; such subtle harmonies
The silence seemed to weave round me and flout
The half-unuttered thought. Till last I blew,
As now, a hesitating note, and lo!
The breath divine, lingering on mortal lips,
Hurried my soul along to such fair rhymes,

Sweeter than wont, that swift I knew my life
Rise up within me, and expand, and all
The human, which so nearly is divine,
Was glorified, and on the Muses' lips,
And in their lovely eyes, I saw a fair
Approval, and my soul in me was glad.
For all the strains I blew were strains of love—
Love striving, love triumphant, love that lies
Within belovèd arms, and wreathes his locks
With flowers, and lets the world go by and sings
Unheeding; and I saw a kindly gleam
Within the Muses' eyes, who were indeed,
Women, though god-like.
But upon the face
Of the young Sun-god only haughty scorn
Sate, and he swiftly struck his golden lyre,
And played the Song of Life; and lo, I knew
My strain, how earthly! Oh, to hear the young
Apollo playing! and the hidden cells
And chambers of the universe displayed
Before the charmèd sound! I seemed to float
In some enchanted cave, where the wave dips
In from the sunlit sea, and floods its depths
With reflex hues of heaven. My soul was rapt
By that I heard, and dared to wish no more
For victory; and yet because the sound
Of music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make; therefore I knew,
With a mixed thrill of pity and delight,
The nine immortal Sisters hardly touched
By that fine strain of music, as by mine,
And when the high lay trembled to its close,
Still doubting.
Then upon the Sun-god's face

There passed a cold, proud smile. He swept his lyre
Once more, then laid it down, and with clear voice,
The voice of godhead, sang. Oh, ecstasy,
Oh happiness of him who once has heard
Apollo singing! For his ears the sound
Of grosser music dies, and all the earth
Is full of subtle undertones, which change
The listener and transform him. As he sang—
Of what I know not, but the music touched
Each chord of being—I felt my secret life
Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns
To drink the summer rain; and at the call
Of those refreshing waters, all my thought
Stir from its dark and sunless depths, and burst
Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells
Deep call to deep, and all the mystery
Of all that is, laid open. As he sang,
I saw the Nine, with lovely pitying eyes,
Sign 'He has conquered.' Yet I felt no pang
Of fear, only deep joy that I had heard
Such music while I lived, even though it brought
Torture and death. For what were it to lie
Sleek, crowned with roses, drinking vulgar praise,
And surfeited with offerings, the dull gift
Of ignorant hands—all which I might have known—
To this diviner failure? Godlike 'tis
To climb upon the icy ledge, and fall
Where other footsteps dare not. So I knew
My fate, and it was near.
For to a pine
They bound me willing, and with cruel stripes
Tore me, and took my life.
But from my blood
Was born the stream of song, and on its flow
My poor flute, to the clear swift river borne.

Floated, and thence adown a lordlier tide
Into the deep, wide sea. I do not blame
Phœbus, or Nature which has set this bar
Betwixt success and failure, for I know
How far high failure overleaps the bound
Of low successes. Only suffering draws
The inner heart of song and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul. 'Twere not enough
To fail, for that were happiness to him
Who ever upward looks with reverent eye
And seeks but to admire. So, since the race
Of bards soars highest; as who seek to show
Our lives as in a glass; therefore it comes
That suffering weds with song, from him of old,
Who solaced his blank darkness with his lyre;
Through all the story of neglect and scorn,
Necessity, sheer hunger, early death,
Which smite the singer still. Not only those
Who keep clear accents of the voice divine
Are honourable—they are happy, indeed,
Whate'er the world has held—but those who hear
Some fair faint echoes, though the crowd be deaf,
And see the white gods' garments on the hills,
Which the crowd sees not, though they may not find
Fit music for their thought; they too are blest,
Not pitiable. Not from arrogant pride
Nor over-boldness fail they who have striven
To tell what they have heard, with voice too weak
For such high message. More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
To have seen white Presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods."

So spake he, and I seemed to look on him,
Whose sad young eyes grow on us from the page

Of his own verse: who did himself to death:
Or whom the dullard slew: or whom the sea
Rapt from us: and I passed without a word,
Slow, grave, with many musings.

Lewis Morris.

[From *The Epic of Hades.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound,
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted!"

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,

But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother, with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground,
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

John Stuart Blackie.

[From *Lays of the Highlands and Islands*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Walter Scott, Ltd.]

STAGE-LAND.

The Hero.—His name is George, generally speaking: "Call me George!" he says to the heroine. She calls him George (in a very low voice, because she is so young and timid). Then he is happy.

The Stage hero never has any work to do. He is always hanging about and getting into trouble. His chief aim in life is to be accused of crimes he has never committed, and if he can muddle things up with a corpse, in some complicated way, so as to get himself reasonably mistaken for the murderer, he feels his day has not been wasted.

He has a wonderful gift of speech, and a flow of language, calculated to strike terror to the bravest heart. It is a grand thing to hear him bullyragging the villain.

The Stage hero is always entitled to "estates," chiefly remarkable for their high state of cultivation and for the eccentric ground plan of the "Manor House" upon them.

There is generally a publichouse immediately opposite. This is handy.

These "estates" are a great anxiety to the Stage hero. He is not what you would call a business man, as far as we can judge, and his attempts to manage his own property invariably land him in ruin and distraction. His "estates," however, always get taken away from him by the villain, before the first act is over, and this saves him all further trouble with regard to them, until the end of the play, when he gets saddled with them once more.

Being thrown upon his own resources, he naturally starves.

He can make long speeches, he can tell you all his troubles, he can stand in the limelight and strike attitudes, he can knock the villain down, and he can defy the police, but

these requirements are not much in demand in the labour market, and, as they are all he can do or cares to do, he finds earning his living a much more difficult affair than he fancied.

The Stage hero always wears patent leather boots, and they are always spotlessly clean. Sometimes he is rich, and lives in a room with seven doors to it, and at other times he is starving in a garret; but in either event, he still wears brand-new patent leather boots.

He crosses the African desert in patent leather boots, does the Stage hero. He takes a supply with him, when he is wrecked on an uninhabited island. He arrives from long and trying journeys: his clothes are ragged and torn; but his boots are new and shiny. He puts on patent leather boots to tramp through the Australian bush, to fight in Egypt, to discover the North Pole.

Sometimes he is a gold digger, sometimes a dock labourer, sometimes a soldier, sometimes a sailor, but, whatever he is, he wears patent leather boots.

The Villain.—He wears a clean collar, and smokes a cigarette; that is how we know he is a villain. All the good people in the play say rude and insulting things to him.

"Ha, ha, wait till Monday week," is the most brilliant retort that he can make, and he has to get into a corner by himself to think of even that.

A few years ago the villain used to be blessed with a hopeful and philosophical temperament, which enabled him to bear up under these constantly recurring disappointments and reverses. It was "no matter," he would say. Crushed for the moment though he might be, his buoyant heart never lost courage. He had a simple, childlike faith in Providence. "A time will come," he would remark, and this idea consoled him.

The Stage villain is superior to the villain of real life. The villain of real life is actuated by mere sordid and selfish motives. The Stage villain does villainy, not for any personal advantage to himself, but merely from the love of the thing, as an art. Villainy is, to him, its own reward; he revels in it.

"Better far be poor and villainous," he says to himself, "than possess all the wealth of the Indies, with a clear conscience." "I *will* be a villain," he cries, "I will, at great expense and inconvenience to myself, murder the good old man, get the hero accused of the crime, and make love to his wife, while he is in prison. It will be a risky and laborious business for me, from beginning to end, and can bring me no practical advantage whatever. The girl will call me insulting names when I pay her a visit, and will push me violently in the chest when I get near her; her golden-haired infant will say I am a bad man, and may even refuse to kiss me. The comic man will cover me with humorous opprobrium; and the villagers will get a day off, and hang about the village pub and hoot me. Everybody will see through my villainy, and I shall be nabbed in the end. I always am. But it is no matter, I will be a villain, ha, ha!"

The Comic Man.—He follows the hero all over the world. This is rough on the hero.

What makes him so gone on the hero is that, when they were boys together, the hero used to knock him down and kick him. The comic man remembers this with a glow of pride, when he is grown up; and it makes him love the hero and determine to devote his life to him.

He is a man of humble station—the comic man. The village blacksmith or a pedlar. You never see a rich or aristocratic comic man on the stage. You can have your choice on the stage; you can be funny and of lowly origin,

or you can be well-to-do and without any sense of humour. Peers and policemen are the people most utterly devoid of humour on the stage.

The chief duty of the comic man's life is to make love to servant girls, and they slap his face; but it does not discourage him; he seems to be more smitten by them than ever.

The comic man is not a sportsman. If he goes out shooting, we know that when he returns we shall hear that he has shot the dog. If he takes his girl out on the river he upsets her, (literally we mean). The comic man never goes out for a day's pleasure without coming home a wreck.

If he merely goes to tea with his girl at her mother's, he swallows a muffin and chokes himself.

Still, with all his faults, we like the comic man. He is not always in trouble, and he does not make long speeches.

Let us bless him.

The Lawyer.—He is very old, and very long, and very thin. He has white hair. He dresses in the costume of the last generation but seven. He has bushy eyebrows, and is clean shaven. His chin itches, considerably, so that he has to be always scratching it. His favourite remark is "Ah."

The Stage lawyer never has any office of his own. He transacts all his business at his clients' houses. He will travel hundreds of miles to tell them the most trivial piece of legal information. It never occurs to him how much simpler it would be to write a letter.

There are two moments in the course of his client's career, that the Stage lawyer particularly enjoys. The first is when the client comes unexpectedly into a fortune; the second, when he unexpectedly loses it.

In the former case, upon learning the good news, he at

once leaves his business, and hurries off to the other end of the kingdom to bear the glad tidings. He arrives at the humble domicile of the beneficiary in question, sends up his card, and is ushered into the front parlour. He enters mysteriously, and sits left, client sits right. An ordinary, common lawyer would come to the point at once, state the matter in a plain, business-like way, and trust that he might have the pleasure of representing, &c., &c.; but such simple methods are not those of the Stage lawyer. He looks at the client, and says:

"You had a father."

The client starts. How on earth did this calm, thin, keen-eyed old man in black know that he had a father? Subterfuge he feels is useless, and amazed, bewildered, at the knowledge of his most private affairs, possessed by his strange visitant, he admits the fact: he had a father.

The lawyer smiles with a quiet smile of triumph, and scratches his chin.

"You had a mother, too, if I am informed correctly," he continues.

It is idle attempting to escape this man's supernatural acuteness, and the client owns up to having had a mother also.

From this the lawyer goes on to communicate to the client, as a great secret, the whole of his (the client's) history from his cradle upwards, and also the history of his nearer relatives, and in less than half-an-hour from the old man's entrance, or, say, forty minutes at the outside, the client almost knows what the business is about.

On the other occasion, when the client has lost his fortune, the Stage lawyer is even still happier. He comes down to tell the misfortune (he would not miss the job for worlds), and he takes care to choose the most unpropitious moment possible for breaking the news. On the eldest

daughter's birthday, when there is a big party on, is his favourite time. He comes in about midnight, and tells them just as they are going down to supper.

If he cannot work it for a birthday, then he waits till there is a wedding on, and gets up early in the morning on purpose to run down and spoil the show.

The Child.—It is nice and quiet and it talks pretty. The Stage child is affectionate to its parents, and its nurse; and is respectful in its demeanour towards those whom Providence has placed in authority over it; and so far, it is certainly much to be preferred to the real article. It speaks of its male and female progenitors as "dear, dear papa," and "dear, dear mama," and it refers to its nurse as "darling nursey."

A Stage child does not get up at five o'clock in the morning to practise playing on a penny whistle. A Stage child never wants a bicycle, and drives you mad about it. A Stage child does not ask twenty complicated questions a minute about things that you don't understand, and then wind up by asking why you don't seem to know anything, and why wouldn't anybody teach you anything when you were a little boy.

The Stage child is much admired by the audience. Its pathos makes them weep; its tragedy thrills them; its declamation, as for instance, when it takes the centre of the stage, and says it will kill the wicked man, and the police, and everybody who hurts its mar, stirs them like a trumpet note; and its light comedy is generally held to be the most truly humorous thing in the whole range of dramatic art.

The Comic Lovers. — They *are* funny! They have nothing to do with the play, but they come on immediately

after anything very sad has happened, and make love. This is why we watch sad scenes on the stage with such patience. We are not eager for them to be got over. Maybe, they are very uninteresting scenes, as well as sad ones, and they make us yawn; but we have no desire to see them hurried through. The longer they take, the better pleased we are: we know that, when they are finished, the comic lovers will come on.

The comic lovers do not have the facilities for love-making that the hero and heroine do. The hero and heroine have big rooms to make love in, with a fire and plenty of easy chairs, so that they can sit about in picturesque attitudes, and do it comfortably. Or if they want to do it out of doors, they have a ruined abbey, with a big stone seat in the centre, and moonlight.

The comic lovers, on the other hand, have to do it, standing up all the time, in busy streets, or in cheerless-looking and curiously narrow rooms, in which there is no furniture whatever, and no fire.

And there is always a tremendous row going on in the house, when the comic lovers are making love. Somebody always seems to be putting up pictures in the next room, and putting them up boisterously, too; so that the comic lovers have to shout at each other.

The Peasants.—They are so clean. We have seen peasantry off the stage, and it has presented an untidy—occasionally a disreputable and unwashed appearance; but the Stage peasant seems to spend all his wages on soap and hair oil.

They are always round the corner—or rather round the two corners—and they come on in a couple of streams, and meet in the centre; and, when they are in their proper position, they smile.

There is nothing like the Stage peasants' smile in this world—nothing so perfectly inane, so calmly imbecile.

They are so happy. They don't look it, but we know they are, because they say so. If you don't believe them, they dance three steps to the right and three steps to the left back again. They can't help it. It is because they are so happy.

They are very sympathetic, are Stage peasants. They never seem to have any affairs of their own to think about, but they make up for this by taking a three hundred horse-power interest in things in which they have no earthly concern.

What particularly rouses them is the heroine's love affairs. They could listen to that all day.

They yearn to hear what she said to him, and to be told what he replied to her, and they repeat it to each other.

They are very faithful, are Stage peasants. No jilting, no fickleness, no breach of promise. If the gentleman in pink walks out with the lady in blue in the first act, pink and blue will be married in the end.

One grows to love the Stage peasant after awhile. He is so good, so childlike, so unworldly.

The Good Old Man.—He has lost his wife. But he knows where she is—among the angels!

She isn't all gone, because the heroine has her hair. "Ah, you've got your mother's hair," says the good old man, feeling the girl's head all over, as she kneels beside him. Then they all wipe away a tear.

He is a most unfortunate old gentleman. Anything he is mixed up in seems bound to go wrong. If he is manager or director of a bank, smash it goes before even one act is over. His particular firm is always on the verge of bankruptcy. We have only to be told that he has put all his

savings into a company—no matter how sound and promising an affair it may always have been, and may still seem—to know that that company is a "gone-er."

No power on earth can save it, after once the good old man has become a shareholder.

If we lived in Stage-land, and were asked to join any financial scheme, our first question would be: "Is the good old man in it?" If so, that would decide us.

He is just the sort of old man that we should imagine the hero *would* develop into.

THE IRISHMAN.—He says: "Shure" and "Bedad," and, in moments of exultation, "Beghorra." That is all the Irish he knows.

He is very poor, but scrupulously honest. His great ambition is to pay his rent, and he is devoted to his landlord.

The Stage Irishman is always doing the most wonderful things imaginable. We do not see him do these wonderful things. He does them when nobody is by, and tells us all about them afterwards: that is how we know of them.

The Irishman is very fond of whisky—the Stage Irishman, we mean. Whisky is for ever in his thoughts—and often in other places belonging to him, besides.

The fashion in dress among Stage Irishmen is rather picturesque than neat.

The Stage Irishman has also an original taste in hats. He always wears a hat without a crown; whether to keep his head cool, or with any political significance, we cannot say.

THE DETECTIVE.—He is the only man, in the play, who does not swallow all the villain tells him and believe it, and come up with his mouth open for more. He is the only

man who can see through the disguise of an overcoat and a new hat.

Even the bad people, who, as a rule, do possess a little sense—indeed, they are the only persons, in the play, who ever pretend to any—are deceived by singularly thin disguises.

The detective comes in to their secret councils, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and followed by the hero, speaking in a squeaky voice; and the villains mistake them for members of the band, and tell them all their plans.

The Stage detective is, in fact, the earthly agent of a discerning and benevolent Providence. He stands by, and allows vice to be triumphant and the good people to be persecuted, for a while, without interference. Then when he considers that we have all had about enough of it (to which conclusion, by-the-bye, he arrives somewhat late) he comes forward, handcuffs the bad people, sorts out and gives back to the good people all their various estates and wives, promises the chief villain twenty years' penal servitude, and all is joy.

The Sailor.—He does suffer so with his trousers. He has to stop and pull them up about twice every minute.

Sailors, in real life, do not have nearly so much trouble with their trousers as sailors on the stage do. Why is this? We have seen a good deal of sailors in real life, but, on only one occasion, that we can remember, did we ever see a real sailor pull his trousers up.

And then he did not do it a bit like they do it on the stage.

"Shiver my timbers!" is the request he makes to every one he meets. But nobody ever does it.

The Stage sailor is good to his mother, and dances the hornpipe beautifully. We have never found a real sailor

who could dance a hornpipe, though we have made extensive enquiries throughout the profession.

The Stage sailor seems to have an easy time of it, when at sea. The hardest work we have ever seen him do then, has been folding up a rope or dusting the sides of the ship.

By the way, speaking of the sea, few things are more remarkable in their behaviour than a Stage sea. It must be difficult to navigate in a Stage sea, the currents are so confusing.

To begin with, everybody sits sideways along the middle of the boat, all facing the starboard. They do not attempt to row. One man does all the work with one scull. This scull he puts down through the water till it touches the bed of the ocean, and then he shoves.

"Deep sea punting" would be the technical term for the method, we presume.

In this way do they toil—or rather, to speak correctly, does the one man toil—through the awful night, until with joy they see before them the lighthouse rocks.

The lighthouse keeper comes out with a lantern. The boat is run in among the breakers, and all are saved!

And then the band plays.

Jerome K. Jerome.

[From *Stage-Land*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

THE BENEDICTION.*

In the year eighteen and nine we took
Saragossa. I was a sergeant then.
As soon as the town was ours, the men

* Adapted for recitation from "La Bénédiction," by Francois Coppée.

Were ordered to enter each street and nook
And search every house. So in we went.
Close-barred and shuttered at windows and doors,
(At once we saw that mischief was meant!)
The houses had a treacherous look,
As if they held part in some deadly plot.
No lie. For from all the upper floors
A very hail of bullet and shot
Fell like a fiery rain of death.
And we whispered bitterly under our breath,
"This is the work of the priests!" And thus—
Although we'd been fighting since break of day,
And the dust had well-nigh blinded us,
And our clothes were discoloured with smoke and clay,
And our lips were burnt with the bitter taste
Of the cartridges,—when at the end of the street
We spied some priests escaping in haste,
We took our aim with a pleasant sense
Of fit reward and recompense,
Which made the murderous business sweet,
And shot them down as you'd shoot down rats:—
Those long black cassocks and great black hats!

My company struck up a narrow lane,
A sort of alley. I went ahead.
And as I went, with cautious tread,
(Hard in the smoke and the dust to see plain!)
I watched the roofs to left and right;
And suddenly in the strip of the sky
I saw the dull red pulsing light,
Like the breath of a forge, from the streets hard by
Where the flames had won the victory;
Whilst rising swift and sinister
Came the sharp shrill shrieks of the massacre.

The road was thickly strewn with the dead.
We trod on them: no time to pick
Our way, the bodies lay so thick!
Well, slowly up the lane we crept.
A sharp look out all round was kept,
As stopping at every house our men
Burst open the door, and stooping low,
As if they were storming a wild beast's den,
Entered; and in a minute or so
Came out again with bayonets red.
It was horrible work, let it be said.
And then they'd trace upon the wall
A sort of grim sign manual,—
A cross—with their crimsoned hands, to show
That the house was ours. For it's well to know
In these narrow streets that you leave no foe
At your back. Still on and up the lane we went.
Not a bit of a tune to help us on,
Not a drum tap even,—silent as mutes!
The officers thoughtful, black brows bent;
Veterans anxious, keeping in touch
At the elbow: and every mother's son
Sickening—no wonder!—at heart as much
As if we were boys and raw recruits.

Suddenly at the end of the street
We heard loud shouts in French.
Nothing for it but a rush to gain
Our friends in peril! At once we made
A desperate charge, with answering cheers,
Right through the alley. And there we found
The men who had called and the reason why.
It was a line of Grenadiers,
Who every moment were losing ground,

Pressed back ignominiously
From some steps that rose in triple tiers
To a convent. Twenty monks at least,—
Black demons with their shaven crowns !—
Were gathered on the topmost stair.
White woollen crosses were on their gowns :
And with their blood-stained arms all bare,
Their sleeves thrown back, they clustered there,
Flinging large stones and heavy sticks,
Whilst in their midst a half-mad priest
Beat back the soldiers everywhere,
With blows from a gold crucifix.

Bah ! it was tragic !—what a scene !
We levelled and fired by platoon.
'Twas done quite coolly :—like a machine !
We were weary and sick, and we seemed a troup
Of butchers. An executioner
Would scarce do such work without demur.
As we fired, we saw the horrible group
Of heroes,—for such in truth they were !—
Go down in a writhing heap.

As soon
As the thick smoke cleared, sure enough a mass
Of bodies lay there : and underneath
Long lines of blood crept dark and slow
Along and over the steps. And lo !
Behind the foreground, grim with death,
The great church opened out, immense,
And cool, and dark ; with shadows dense
Lit dimly with the rich stained glass.
On the high altar candles burned.
And in the chancel, far away,

Shrined as it were in dusk profound,
A priest, with long hair silver grey,
Solemnly toward the altar turned,
And undisturbed as though no sound
Had reached him of the outside fray,
And wars on earth did not exist,
And death itself were not hard by,
Was finishing quite tranquilly,
The Office of the Eucharist.
Look here! a bitter blasphemy
Had grown to be a part of me.
I was a very heathen—well,
Give it the right name—infidel.
And in my time . . . . there, let it be!
What need to tell you? Only this:—
No sort of violence came amiss
To me the battered man of blood.
I had no fear of Gods or men.
The very wrinkle on my lip,
Which wrought an evil line there when
I smiled, proclaimed my fellowship
With men who laugh at what is good.
But this old man who calmly stood,
So tall and white and undismayed,
Made me—I scarce know how,—afraid!

"Fire!" cried an officer. No doubt
The priest (I'm sure it was so!)—heard;
But quietly he stood, without
A quiver. Not a man had stirred.
Sudden the old man turned about,
And faced us with the Sacrament.

It was the point, you'll understand,
At which the priest, concluding Mass

Turns to the kneeling church, and has
To bless with an uplifted hand
The faithful and the penitent.
His vestments, with the arms outspread,
Looked like great wings. A beam of light
Happening to fall upon his head,
The silver whiteness of his hair
Gleamed like a halo. Standing there
He held the Monstrance high in air,
And with it three times made the sign
Of the cross. His hands were firm as mine.
He shook no more, I tell you, sirs,
Than if he stood before a crowd
Of awed and kneeling worshippers.
Then, speaking solemnly and slow,
With that strange chaunt which, as you know,
Priests always use, he cried aloud,—
"*Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus*"—

"Fire!" again the word of command.
We watched him still and could not stir:
When a soldier in our midst—the cur!
Took aim and fired. The old man paled,
But never once his courage failed.
His eye gleamed brighter, and his hand
With blessing more beneficent
Lifted on high the Sacrament.
And once again he spake and said,—
"*Pater et Filius*"—

What anger stirred us I know not:
What murderous mist, of hatred bred,
Blinded us, who can say? A shot
Crashed forth again. Shame? You are right.
A shame!—but still the thing was done.

The monk a moment bowed his head,
Whilst we stood breathless, everyone.
Then, lifting up a death-pale face,
Propping himself as best he might
Against the altar slab, he tried
Feebly again in air to trace
The symbol of the Crucified.
And in a low voice—every word
In that deep hush was plainly heard—
With slowly closing eyes, he said—
"*Et Spiritus Sanctus!*"—
And at the altar steps fell dead!

The Monstrance, tumbling to the ground,
Rebounded three times on the stone,
And clattered down the steps. No sound
Was heard. Awe silenced everyone!
Yes, even us—hard, hardened men!

A hoarse laugh broke the silence then,
And a drummer-boy sang out—"Amen!"

I think perhaps since life began
For me—now near its close!—almost
The only blessing I can boast,
In which I've had the smallest share,
Is this! And some folks might declare
That given so, by such a man,
'Twas less of blessing than of ban.
But not so meant that priest, I'll swear!"
We did our duty. He did his.
Priests know what soldiers' duty is.
They too are soldiers. *Vive la Guerre!*

Clifford Harrison.

[Contributed by the Author.]

JAFFAR.

Jaffar the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath ;

All but the brave Mondeer ; he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried ; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he,
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;
From wants, from shames, from loveliest household fears,
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,

Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

Leigh Hunt

WOMAN AND THE WEED.

(FOUNDED ON A NEW ZEALAND MYTH.)

In the Morning of Time, when his fortunes began,
How bleak, how un-Greek, was the Nature of Man!
From his wigwam, if ever he ventured to roam,
There was nobody waiting to welcome him home;
For the Man had been made, but the woman had *not*,
And Earth was a highly detestable spot.
Man hated his neighbours; they met and they scowled,
They did not converse but they struggled and howled,
For Man had no tact—he would ne'er take a hint,
And his notions he backed with a hatchet of flint.

So Man was alone, and he wished he could see
On the Earth some one like him, but fairer than he,
With locks like the red gold, a smile like the sun,
To welcome him back when his hunting was done.

And he sighed for a voice that should answer him still,
Like the affable Echo he heard on the hill:
That should answer him softly and always agree,
And oh, Man reflected, *how nice it would be!*

So he prayed to the Gods, and they stooped to his prayer
And they spoke to the Sun on his way through the air,
And he married the Echo one fortunate morn
And Woman, their beautiful daughter, was born!
The daughter of Sunshine and Echo she came,
With a voice like a song, with a face like a flame;
With a face like a flame, and a voice like a song,
And happy was Man, but it was not for long!

For weather's a painfully changeable thing,
Not always the child of the Echo would sing,
And the face of the Sun may be hidden with mist,
And his child can be terribly cross if she list.
And unfortunate Man had to learn with surprise
That a frown's not peculiar to masculine eyes;
That the sweetest of voices can scold and can sneer,
And cannot be answered—like men—with a spear.

So Man went and called to the Gods in his woe,
And they answered him—"Sir, you would needs have it so;
And the thing must go on as the thing has begun,
She's immortal—your child of the Echo and Sun.
But we'll send you another, and fairer is she,
This maiden with locks that are flowing and free,
This maiden so gentle, so kind, and so fair,
With a flower like a star in the night of her hair,

With her eyes like the smoke that is misty and blue,
With her heart that is heavenly, and tender, and true.
She will die in the night, but no need you should mourn;
You shall bury her body and thence shall be born
A weed that is green, that is fragrant and fair,
With a flower like the star in the night of her hair.
And the leaves must ye burn till they offer to you
Soft smoke, like her eyes that are misty and blue.

"And the smoke shall ye breathe and no more shall ye fret,
But the child of the Echo and Sun shall forget:
Shall forget all the trouble and torment she brings,
Shall bethink ye of none but delectable things;
And the sound of the wars with your brethren shall cease,
While ye smoke by the camp-fire the great pipe of peace."
So the last state of Man was by no means the worst,
The second gift softened the sting of the first

Nor the child of the Echo and Sun doth he heed
When he dreams with the Maid that was changed to the weed;
Though the Echo be silent, the Sun in a mist,
The Maid is the fairest that ever was kissed.
And when tempests are over and ended the rain,
And the child of the Sunshine is sunny again,
He comes back, glad at heart, and again is at one
With the changeable child of the Echo and Sun.

Andrew Lang.

[From *Ballades in Blue China*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears:
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumours
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet, now and then seemed watching,
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
"Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,
"Ere one more day is flown,
"Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
"Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet Pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"Oh God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honour still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

Adelaide Anne Procter

[From *Legends and Lyrics*. By permission of Messrs. Geo Bell & Sons.]

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters,

* Marie Antoinette, the youngest daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, was married to Louis the Dauphin in 1770. Four years later, on the death of his grandfather, Louis ascended the throne, as Louis XVI. of France. He was a man of pure life, and of the best intentions, but lacked the resource and energy, so requisite to one destined to govern in such troublous times. His wife—beautiful, accomplished, energetic—was very unpopular, partly on account of her Austrian origin, and partly through the simplicity of her manners, which shocked the worldly courtiers of the King. Extravagant in her love of gaiety, she appeared to some unstable and frivolous; and the popular sentiment traced the misfortunes of the reign, with much injustice, to her. The storm which had been long gathering now burst over the country with all its mighty fury. The Revolution swept before it all the established institutions of government. Louis was executed January 1st, 1793, and the unfortunate Queen, after suffering many gross indignities, met her death at the guillotine, October 16th of the same year. Mr. Burke, one of the greatest of English political writers, and one of the most celebrated of English political figures, was revolted by the excesses of the Revolution, and held up the brighter aspects of the old régime.

economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the chief defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Edmund Burke (*Reflections on the French Revolution*).

THE SURGEON'S CHILD.

Who's that snarling at Doctor? Come, out wi' it, mate, let's hear;
What's he been doin' to vex 'ee? I shan't tell him, no fear;
Wouldn't sign up your papers, said you could work quite well?
Thought you was shammin', I reckon, an' wasn't afeard to tell.
Why do I get in a temper? Look here, I'll tell 'ee for why:
'Tis twenty years as I've know'd him; an' that means knowin', says I;
Know'd what he's done for the village, toiled for us night an' day,
Wi' fidgets an' grumbles for thanks, an' little to get for pay.
So stop your mutters, Jem Brown, there; don't hark to him, mates, I say;
Leave him alone on the settle, to grumble an' mumble away.

I'll tell 'ee a tale of Doctor, if you've a mind to bid;
Jem's told 'ee some'at he *ha'n't* done, I'll tell 'ee some'at he *did*.

'Twere five years ago this Christmas just such another night,
Snow, snow, snow, driftin' an' deep an' white,
Snow on the Battery Woods, an' all over Weston Down,
Right along Portbury Valley away t'ward Bristol town.
I were sittin' alone in the tallet, the hosses were munchin' below,
Tired, like I, poor brutes; we'd been out all day in the snow.
'Twere a sorrowful Christmas eve, in the old house there that night,
Never a branch o' holly nor a sound o' laughter light;
No one there in the hall, where all on us used to go
To give 'em our Christmas wishes an' hang up the mistletoe.
The house were all dumb an' dark, the children they couldn't play,
For their little blue-eyed sister were dyin', you see, that day,
Master's bonniest darlin'—down like a broken rose,
An' when she were taken from him, what 'd he do, God knows.
They thought she were dyin' that mornin'—yet Master were bound to go,
Bound to leave little Missie, though he loved her, love her so.
But he were the parish doctor, an' he'd got his work to do,
An' he know'd it an' did it, God bless him! though it tore his heart in two.
All day long through the village from house to house he passed,
For that were the terrible winter, an' the folks were dyin' fast;
Went wi' his skilful hand and his comfortin' voice and smile.

While at home his blue-eyed darlin' lay dyin' all the while.
An' I watched him when he comes in, wi' his face so stern and white,
Never a word he said, for he knew 'twas her last long night.
An' I prayed for our little Missie, for I thought that God, mebbe,
Would hear for the sake o' Master, if not for the likes o' me.
An' I made me a bed in the tallet, in a bundle o' straw and hay,
For I couldn't go home that night, she might die while I were away.
But I hadn't been dozin' or sleepin' not more nor an hour or so,
When I hears the Master callin', down in the yard below:
"Robbins! put to the horses!" I thought I was dreamin' then;
I listened—"Robbins! Robbins!" I heard him callin' agen.
An' down I goes in a minit, an' there he stood in the way,
Wi' Norman's lad wi' a lantern, as had come from Weston Bay.
We harnessed the hosses; he helped me, but never a word he said,
His hands were tremblin', I felt 'em, but his face were like the dead.
"Where be you goin', sir?" I asked him, for I couldn't believe it still;
"Why can't they wait till the morning', wi' poor little Missie so ill?
Don't leave her, sir, don't, I tell 'ee—you'll never see her no more."
"Quick! be quick!" he whispered, "there's a ship run aground at the Nore!"
I knew what that meant in a minit, as I heard the wind a-blow,

An' I thought o' the crazy vessel driftin' through wave an' snow,
Till I seemed to see her strikin' an' to hear the breakers roar,
As they dashed the half-dead bodies up on that open shore ;
An' how 'ud the fishermen help 'em? What 'ud they know to do
For the lives o' these poor creatures, drippin' an' stark an' blue ?
They wanted my Master, I knew it, wanted the Doctor's aid ;
But what were twenty strangers to the life o' his little maid ?
An' I begged him not to leave her. "Mebbe she'll rally," said I,
"You'd know what to do to save her if you was only by."
"Robbins," he answered hoarsely, "we're all in God's hands to-day ;
There's a wreck at the Nore, I tell you ; take hold o' the reins, I say."
"Master, forgi'e me," I muttered, "'twas all o' my foolish heart,
But let me see little Missie just once afore we start,
An' I'll go to the end o' the world, wherever you wants to go,
For God will send an angel to watch in your place, I trow."

We left the boy wi' the hosses ; he opened the old hall door,
An' softly we went together across the silent floor ;
There were her little hat, her spade an' her empty shoes,
I should never clean 'em no more for little Missie to use ;
There were the stick I'd cut her, and the hoop as she used to bowl
Over the borders to plague me, sweet little saucy soul ;
"Never no more," I said it, as we went upstairs in the gloom,
Past all the closëd doors, and came to her quiet room ;
"Never no more," I knew it, as I saw her where she lay,

Wi' her pretty blue eyes closin' an' her gold hair cut
away;
An' Missus down on her knees wi' her arms around her
tight,
As if she could not let her go on such a bitter night.
An' I kissed little Missie's forehead; they didn't amind,
not they,
An' Missus gave me her hand, as she hadn't no word to say,
But she looked in Master's eyes as if askin' him, "*Must*
you go?"
God, I'd ha' given my life could I only ha' answered "No."
Then as he stooped o'er the child, she opened her blue eyes
wide.
"Where are you goin', daddy? Why won't you stay?"
she cried.
But he tore himself out o' her arms wi' a groan o' anguish
wild,
An' he left the dear wife watchin' alone by their dyin' child,
He knew that his skill was useless, that *her* he couldn't save,
But he thought o' those poor lost creatures out in the wind
an' wave:
He saw where his duty called him, an' went wi'out stint or
stay
To do what he could for others—'tis allus a doctor's way!
An' down through the dark we stumbled an' out o' the open
door,
An' I said in my heart—"Little Missie will never be ours
no more."
But up to the box I sprang, an' away like mad we sped,
An' ever the sea kep' boomin' a song o' the wrecked an'
dead;
Over the downs we galloped, an' louder the breakers' roar
Seemed to be callin', callin' "A ship's run aground at the
Nore!"
While another voice was moanin' all through our bitter ride.

"Where are you goin' to, daddy? Why won't you stay?"
it cried.
There! there's no call to tell 'ee all as we saw that night,
The poor stark frozen bodies, an' the fishermen dazed an'
white,
An' how he worked wi' us all, wi' his cheery voice and will,
Till we'd carried 'em up the gully to Norman's farm on the
hill;
Worked till the sweat rolled down in spite o' the keen night
air,
As though he hadn't a sorrow eatin' his own heart there;
Worked at those cold, stiff limbs, wi' his strong and tender
hands,
Till the life-blood stirred an' quivered out o' its icy bands;
Worked till the still breasts trembled wi' deep an' strugglin'
breath,
An' slowly their flutterin' lives came back from the jaws o'
death.
Then, when the day were breakin' an' we hadn't no more
to do,
We turned the hosses home'ards wi' never a word—we two.
I wanted to speak to him then, but I hadn't the heart to
speak
For I saw the tears a-rollin' down my dear master's cheek.
He saw where the sun were shinin' across the valley below,
Right on the old house gables, makin' 'em all aglow,
Over the roofs and chimneys, but brightest it seemed to play
On the east'ard corner window, where little Missie lay.
"Quick, Robbins, quick!" he whispered; an' I think the
hosses knew
How he sat wi' his heart a' breakin' as over the snow we
flew.
Thud! thud! thud! rattlin' down the hill,
Roun' by the old lodge corner, faster an' faster still;
Faster; like mad they galloped, an' in at the gate we spun—

God! what was that at the window? Was that little Missie gone?
Was it her spirit fled forth? An' could not his darlin' wait?
Callin' for daddy, daddy, an' had we come back too late?
In through the door he rushed wi' his tear-stained face ascare,
An' then like one in a dream I followed him up the stair;
But I stopped—for her door were open, an' there by her little bed
Master were kneelin' wi' Missus!—Were little Missie dead?
I crept a bit closer—God bless her! I heard her gentle breath
An' I knew she were sleepin' sweetly, but not the sleep of death.

They told me all as had happened—they scarce could speak for tears;
Mates, I shall never forget it, if I live for fifty years;
'Twere after we started together, mebbe as we got to the shore,
Missus were prayin' beside her, as she heard the tempest roar,
An' suddenly Missie looked up, and touched her mother's brow,
"God bless daddy," she whispered, "whatever he's doin' now!"
An' then it seemed she grew quiet, an' laid down her pretty head,
Drawin' her mammy's hand into her cosy bed.
And thus, when the dawn was breakin', she fell to a sleep at last,
So calm an' still an' peaceful, they knew that the worst was past.
So down I went to the hosses, an' left 'un there alone,
For I knew 'twas her daddy she'd look for when her happy sleep were done;

An' I says to myself, "God saw him out on that bitter shore,
Knew what he did and suffered, an' all as he bravely bore;
An' if ever He sends an angel down to this earth below
To help us to do our duty, to cheer us in want or woe,
I reckon He thought o' Master as he toiled wi' his careworn face,
An' sent an angel to Missie to watch in her daddie's place."

F. E. Weatherly.

[By permission of the Author.]

LOST AND FOUND.

BEGGAR GIRL.

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,
A little child had you:
Its limbs were light; its voice was soft;
Its eyes were—oh, so blue!
It was your last, your dearest;
And you said, when it was born,
It cheered away your widowhood,
And made you unforlorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
You loved that little child;
Although its temper wayward was,
And its will so strong and wild:
You likened it to the free bird
That flies to the woods to sing,
To the river fair, the unfettered air,
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The world was in its youth:

There was no past: and the all to come
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth:
The dawn came dancing onwards,
The day was ne'er too long;
And every night had a faëry sight,
And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
Your child was an infant small;
But she grew, and budded, and bloomed at last
Like the rose on your garden wall:
Ah! the rose that you loved was trod on,
Your child was lost in shame;
And never since hath she met your smile
And never heard your name!

WIDOW.

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer;
What is my child to thee?
What are my troubles—what my joys?
Here, take these pence and flee!
If thou *wilt* frame a story,
Which telleth of me or mine,
Go, say you found me singing, girl,
In the merry sunshine.

BEGGAR GIRL.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The sun shone on your wall:
He shineth now through the winter's mist;
Or he shineth not at all.
You laughed then, and your little one
Ran round with merry feet;
To-day you hide your eyes in tears;
And I—am in the street!

WIDOW.

Ah, God!—what frightful spasm
  Runs piercing through my heart!
It cannot be my bright one,
  So pale—so worn:—Depart,
Depart—yet, no; come hither!
  Here,—hide thee in my breast!
I see thee again—*again!* and I
  Am once more with the bless'd!

BEGGAR GIRL.

Ay,—gaze!—'Tis I, indeed, mother;
  Your loved,—your lost,—your child!
The rest of the bad world scorn me,
  As a creature all defiled;
But you—you'll take me home, mother?
  And I—though the grave seems nigh,
I'll bear up still; and, for *your* sake,
  I'll struggle—not to die!

Barry Cornwall

THE BALLAD OF SPLENDID SILENCE.

IN MEMORIAM FERENCZ RENYI.

HUNGARY, 1848.

This is the story of Renyi,
  And when you have heard it through,
Pray God He send no trial like his
  To try the faith of you.

And if his doom be upon you,
Then may God grant you this:
To fight as good a fight as he,
And win a crown like his!

He was strong and handsome and happy,
Beloved and loving and young,
With eyes that men set their trust in,
And the fire of his soul on his tongue.

He loved the Spirit of Freedom,
He hated his country's wrongs,
He told the patriots' stories,
And he sang the patriots' songs.

With mother and sister and sweetheart
His safe glad days went by,
Till Hungary called on her children
To arm, to fight, and to die.

"Good-bye to mother and sister;
Good-bye to my sweet sweetheart;
I fight for you—you pray for me,
We shall not be apart!"

The women prayed at the sunrise,
They prayed when the skies grew dim;
His mother and sister prayed for the Cause,
His sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother and sister and sweetheart,
But most for the true and the right,
He low laid down his own life's hopes
And led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting, and spying,
  Night-watch, attack, and defeat;
The resolute, desperate fighting,
  The hopeless, reluctant retreat;

Ruin, defeat, and disaster,
  Capture and loss and despair,
And half of his regiment hidden,
  And only this man knew where!

Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded,
  They brought him roughly along,
With his body as weak and broken
  As his spirits were steadfast and strong.

Before the Austrian general—
  "Where are your men?" he heard;
He looked black death in its ugly face
  And answered never a word.

"Where is your regiment hidden?
  Speak—you are pardoned straight.
No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues,
  You rebel reprobate!"

They dragged his mother and sister
  Into the open hall.
"Give up your men, if these women
  Are dear to your heart at all!"

He turned his eyes on his sister,
  And spoke to her silently;
She answered his silence with speaking,
  And straight from the heart spoke she:

"If you betray your country,
You spit on our father's name;
And what is life without honour?
And what is death without shame?"

He looked on the mother who bore him
And her smile was splendid to see;
He hid his face with a bitter cry,
But never a word said he.

"Son of my body—be silent!
My days at the best are few,
And I shall know how to give them,
Son of my heart, for you!"

He shivered, set teeth, kept silence:
With never a plaint or cry
The women were slain before him,
And he stood and he saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved,
Desire of his heart and eyes.
"Say where your men are hidden,
Or say that your sweetheart dies."

She threw her arms about him,
She laid her lips to his cheek:
"Speak! for my sake who love you!
Love, for our love's sake, speak!"

His eyes are burning and shining
With the fire of immortal disgrace—
Christ! walk with him in the furnace
And strengthen his soul for a space!

Long he looked at his sweetheart,
His eyes grew tender and wet;
Closely he held her to him,
His lips to her lips were set.

"See! I am young! I love you!
I am not ready to die!
One word makes us happy for ever,
Together, you and I."

Her arms round his neck were clinging,
Her lips his cold lips caressed;
He suddenly flung her from him,
And folded his arms on his breast.

She wept, she shrieked, she struggled,
She cursed him in God's name,
For the woe of her early dying,
And for her dying's shame.

And still he stood, and his silence
Like fire was burning him through,
Then the muskets spoke once, and were silent
And she was silent too.

They turned to torture him further,
If further might be—in vain;
He had held his peace in that threefold hell,
And he never spoke again:

The end of the uttermost anguish
The soul of the man could bear,
Was the madhouse where tyrants bury
The broken shells of despair.

* * * *

By the heaven renounced in her service,
By the hell thrice braved for her sake
By the years of madness and silence,
By the heart that her enemies brake;

By the young life's promise ruined,
By the years of too living death,
By the passionate self-devotion,
And the absolute perfect faith;

By the thousands who know such anguish,
And share such divine renown,
Who have borne them bravely in battle,
And won the conqueror's crown;

By the torments her children have suffered,
By the blood that her martyrs will give,
By the deaths men have died at her altars,
By these shall our Liberty live!

In the silence of tears, in the burden
Of the wrongs we some day will repay,
Live the brothers who died in all ages
For the Freedom we live for to-day!

E. Nesbit.

[From *Leaves of Life*. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

AUNT PULLET'S BONNET.

"Mrs. Gray has sent home my new bonnet, Bessy," said Mrs. Pullet, in a pathetic tone, as Mrs. Tulliver adjusted her cap.

"Has she, sister?" said Mrs. Tulliver, with an air of much interest. "And how do you like it?"

"It's apt to make a mess with clothes, taking 'em out and putting 'em in again," said Mrs. Pullet, drawing a bunch of keys from her pocket and looking at them earnestly, "but it 'ud be a pity for you to go away without seeing it. There's no knowing what may happen."

Mrs. Pullet shook her head slowly at this last serious consideration, which determined her to single out a particular key.

"I'm afraid it'll be troublesome to you getting it out, sister," said Mrs. Tulliver, "but I *should* like to see what sort of a crown she's made you."

Mrs. Pullet rose with a melancholy air and unlocked one wing of a very bright wardrobe, where you may have hastily supposed she would find the new bonnet. Not at all. Such a supposition could only have arisen from a too superficial acquaintance with the habits of the Dodson family. In this wardrobe Mrs. Pullet was seeking something small enough to be hidden among layers of linen—it was a door-key.

"You must come with me into the best room," said Mrs. Pullet.

"May the children come too, sister?" inquired Mrs. Tulliver, who saw that Maggie and Lucy were looking rather eager.

"Well," said Aunt Pullet, reflectively, "it'll perhaps be safer for 'em to come—they'll be touching something if we leave 'em behind."

So they went in procession along the bright and slippery corridor, dimly lighted by the semi-lunar top of the window which rose above the closed shutter: it was really quite solemn. Aunt Pullet paused and unlocked a door which opened on something still more solemn than the passage: a darkened room, in which the outer light, entering feebly, showed what looked like the corpses of furniture in white shrouds. Everything that was not

shrouded stood with its legs upwards. Lucy laid hold of Maggie's frock, and Maggie's heart beat rapidly.

Aunt Pullet half-opened the shutter and then unlocked the wardrobe, with a melancholy deliberateness which was quite in keeping with the funereal solemnity of the scene. The delicious scent of rose-leaves that issued from the wardrobe, made the process of taking out sheet after sheet of silver paper quite pleasant to assist at, though the sight of the bonnet at last was an anti-climax to Maggie, who would have preferred something more strikingly preternatural. But few things could have been more impressive to Mrs. Tulliver. She looked all round it in silence for some moments, and then said emphatically, "Well, sister, I'll never speak against the full crowns again!"

It was a great concession, and Mrs. Pullet felt it; she felt something was due to it.

"You'd like to see it on, sister?" she said sadly. "I'll open the shutter a bit further."

"Well, if you don't mind taking off your cap, sister," said Mrs. Tulliver.

Mrs. Pullet took off her cap, displaying the brown silk scalp with a jutting promontory of curls which was common to the more mature and judicious women of those times, and, placing the bonnet on her head, turned slowly round, like a draper's lay-figure, that Mrs. Tulliver might miss no point of view.

"I've sometimes thought there's a loop too much o' ribbon on this left side, sister; what do you think?" said Mrs. Pullet.

Mrs. Tulliver looked earnestly at the point indicated, and turned her head on one side. "Well, I think it's best as it is; if you meddled with it, sister, you might repent."

"That's true," said Aunt Pullet, taking off the bonnet and looking at it contemplatively.

"How much might she charge you for that bonnet,

sister?" said Mrs. Tulliver, whose mind was actively engaged on the possibility of getting a humble imitation of this *chef-d'œuvre* made from a piece of silk she had at home.

Mrs. Pullet screwed up her mouth and shook her head, and then whispered, "Pullet pays for it; he said I was to have the best bonnet at Garum Church, let the next best be whose it would."

She began slowly to adjust the trimmings in preparation for returning it to its place in the wardrobe, and her thoughts seemed to have taken a melancholy turn, for she shook her head.

"Ah," she said at last, "I may never wear it twice, sister; who knows?"

"Don't talk o' that, sister," answered Mrs. Tulliver. "I hope you'll have your health this summer."

"Ah! but there may come a death in the family, as there did soon after I had my green satin bonnet. Cousin Abbott may go, and we can't think o' wearing crape less nor half a year for him."

"That *would* be unlucky," said Mrs. Tulliver, entering thoroughly into the possibility of an inopportune decease. "There's never so much pleasure i' wearing a bonnet the second year, especially when the crowns are so chancy—never two summers alike."

"Ah, it's the way i' this world," said Mrs. Pullet, returning the bonnet to the wardrobe and locking it up. She maintained a silence characterised by head-shaking, until they had all issued from the solemn chamber and were in her own room again. Then, beginning to cry, she said, "Sister, if you should never see that bonnet again till I'm dead and gone, you'll remember I showed it you this day."

George Eliot.

[From *The Mill on the Floss*. By permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.*

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green!

* This celebrated poem was composed in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which Burns heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. According to Mrs. Burns, he spent that day, although labouring under cold, in the usual work of the harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But, as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow "very sad about something;" and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses.

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.*

On in the snow—on in the snow—
Blinded and numbed, the soldiers go.
With footfall silenter than theirs
Death dogs their steps: and, unawares,

* The following lines were written for recitation on an incident of the Russian campaign under Napoleon in the winter of 1812. The young Prince Emilius, of Hesse-Darmstadt, was one of Napoleon's allies, and had led to the field in his service a thousand of his own men. After the burning of Moscow he shared in the terrible retreat. Pursued by the Russians, they marched for days through the snow-drifted forests and plains, until of the thousand men ten alone remained. These lines are supposed to take up the story after the men have been wandering for days in the snow. Lord Houghton (whose beautiful verses on this subject are well known, but which do not lend themselves to the requirements of the reciter) gave me the facts of the story, having heard them, when a young man, from the lips of Prince Emilius himself.—C. H.

Strikes down his victims one by one,
Pursuit is distanced : doom begun.
Frost-bitten fingers, stiff with cold,
Seem frozen to the gun they hold.
The icicles hang on beard and hair ;
The breath like smoke goes out in the air :
Till reason and thought begin to wane,
And only the dull, blind sense of pain,
And the instinct of Duty till Death, remain.
On in the snow—on in the snow—
The cruel, drifting, deadly snow,—
They march in silence, with muffled tread :
Till one of them stumbles,—and drops behind, dead !
And the others shudder, and glance around—
For they hear, growing nearer, an ominous sound
In the woods—the dismal howl
Of the wolves that after them stealthily prowl.
By open waste :—by dreary wood :—
By rivers black and frozen flood—
On in the snow—on in the snow—
Ever, with thinning ranks, they go.

The Prince Emilius looked on his band,
And his heart seemed like to break.
These were the men, who, for his sake,
Had left their Fatherland,
A thousand men in all,
To follow his bugle-call,
Three months before !—a thousand men :—
And of that thousand now he counted ten !

"Halt !" cried the Prince. The spectral band
Stood still, awaiting his command.
With tight-clenched hands Emilius stood.
Far off, a wolf howled in the wood :

And one lad, leaning on his comrade's arm,
Cried out he saw his home—the farm—
The sunny hill-slope, clothed with vine—
And heard the murmur of the Rhine!
He called his sweetheart's name, and then
Fell prone. And, looking on his men,
The Prince said,—"It is best we face
The truth. We shall not leave this place.
The end has come. God knoweth best.
To live we must have rest:—to rest
Is death. Together let us die.
See! yonder empty hut close by:—
Thither let us repair—and sleep.
Our slumber will be long and deep!
'Tis worse than useless, further strife!
You well have borne your part in life:
Bear it in death as well. On high
Perchance I'll rise to testify
To your unflinching loyalty.
My brothers! though we lay us down
Defeated, and without renown,
There we shall wear the Victor's crown."
Silent they stood, and silently they heard,
They could not answer: none could speak a word.
But when, "Is it agreed?" Emilius said,
Each man looked up at him, and bowed the head.

Then Prince Emilius went to every man,
Slim youth, or stern-browed veteran,
And kissed him, holding fast his hand:
He dare not speak lest he should be unmanned.
So, moving toward the hut, he pushed the door
Open; then looking on them all once more,
He flung himself upon the cold earth floor.

He heard the soldiers pause outside the hut,—
They came in slowly,—then the door was shut—
And all grew still and dark as death.
Soon as they heard the deep-drawn breath
Which told them Prince Emilius slept
(For they a wakeful watch had kept),
They all rose up, and softly crept
Up toward the sleeping man.
For even in the moment's span
Ere they came in, they'd laid their plan
In hurried whispers. Each began
To strip off coat and cloak: this done,
They placed them lightly, one by one,
Upon the young Prince lying there.
They shivered in the icy air;
But round and over him they laid
Their own warm clothes until they made
A covering that might frost defy.
Then they crept out, all silently:
And, in the snow, beneath that freezing sky,—
Some, hand in hand,—all clustered near the door—
They laid them down, and slept—to wake no more.

The long, still hours of sleep,
Silence, and darkness deep,
Seemed frozen into endless night.
Over the sky a cold, sad light
Had turned the world to death-like gray,
When the Prince woke. Another day!
Is it a dream? he looks around.
Alone!—He calls:—no answer—not a sound!
How has he lived through all the night?
And how withstood the deadly blight
Of frost as he lay there asleep.

What's this? He lies beneath a heap
Of cloaks and coats! In heart and limb
He feels new life. His senses swim,—
A sudden light breaks in on him;
He struggles up from off the floor;
He staggers quickly toward the door—
He bursts it open—rushes out—and lo!
The men, half naked, in the shroud-like snow.
In one swift glance he reads the truth, and then
The cry goes up,—"My men! my faithful men!"

Faithful, and not in vain! As if their thought
Its own fulfilment wrought
By sheer intensity and strength,
The rescue came at length.
French soldiers, ere the hour was gone,
Came past, and with them he went on.
For him thus saved the years to come
  Brought light and honour without stain;
And shouts of welcome brought him home
  In triumph to his own again.

Yet oft, in golden summer-time,
  In his own Rhineland, when his ears
Would catch the well-remembered chime
  Of bells he knew in boyhood's years;
Or from the hillside clothed with vine,
He saw afar the sunlight shine
Upon the waters of the Rhine;
  His eyes would fill with sudden tears,
And he would see that hut that stood
Deep in the rugged Russian wood;
And, by the hut One, all in white,
Upon whose brows an aureole light
  Would from the skies descend;

Who slowly o'er the earth would bend
And write upon the shroud-like snow :—
"For greater love no man can show
Than lay his life down for his friend."

Clifford Harrison

[From *In Hours of Leisure*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

ADAM O' FINTRY.

"Oh! mother, mother, steik the door,
And hap me in my bed;
Oh! what is the ringing in that kirk-tower?"
"It's Adam o' Fintry's wed."

It's Adam o' Fintry was my love
When the spring was on the lea;
It's Adam o' Fintry was my love
When the leaf fell frae the tree.

Oh! mother, mother, steik the door,
And make the window fast;
And wrap the sheet around my een
Till a' the folk be past.

And smiles he on the bonny bride?
And is she jimp and fair?
And make they for the castle-towers
Upon the banks of Ayr?

Oh! what is this, mother, I hear?—
The bell goes slower and slow;
And are they making ready now
For the dark way I maun go?

You'll lay me out upon the bed
  In a fair white linen sheet,
With candles burning at my heid,
  And at my cauld, cauld feet;

But, mother, bid them ring low, low,
  Upon the morrow's morn;
For I wouldna that Fintry heard the bell,
  When to the kirk I'm borne.

William Black.

[From *The Wise Women of Inverness.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.]

TIGER BAY:

A STORMY NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE TIGRESS.

A DREAM I had in the dead of night:
  Darkness—the Jungle—a black Man sleeping—
  Head on his arm, with the moon-dew creeping
Over his face in a silvern light;
The Moon was driving, the Wind was crying;
  Two great lights gleam'd, round, horrid, and red,
  Two great eyes, steadfast beside the bed
Where the man was lying.
    Hark! hark!
  What wild things cry in the dark?
  Only the Wind as it raves,
  Only the Beasts in their caves,
  Where the Jungle waves.

The man slept on, and his face was bright,
Tender and strange, for the man was dreaming—
Coldly the light on his limbs was gleaming,
On his jet-black limbs and their folds of white;—
Leprous-spotted, and gaunt, and hated,
With teeth protruding and hideous head,
Her two eyes burning so still, so red,
The Tigress waited.
Hark! hark!
The wild things cry in the dark;
The Wind whistles and raves,
The Beasts groan in their caves,
And the Jungle waves.

From cloud to cloud the cold Moon crept,
The silver light kept coming and going—
The jungle under was bleakly blowing,
The Tigress watch'd, and the black Man slept.
The Wind was wailing, the Moon was gleaming;
He stirr'd and shiver'd, then raised his head:—
Like a thunderbolt the Tigress sped,
And the Man fell screaming—
Hark! hark!
The wild things cry in the dark;
The wild Wind whistles and raves,
The Beasts groan in their caves,
And the Jungle waves.

Ratcliff Meg.

Then methought I saw another sight:
Darkness—a Garret—a rushlight dying—
On the broken-down bed a Sailor lying,
Sleeping fast, in the feeble light;—
The Wind is wailing, the Rain is weeping,
She croucheth there in the chamber dim.

She croucheth there with her eyes on him
As he lieth sleeping—
Hark! hark!
Who cries outside in the dark?
Only the Wind on its way,
Only the wild gusts astray
In Tiger Bay.

Still as a child the Sailor lies:—
She waits—she watches—is she human?
Is she a Tigress? is she a Woman?
Look at the gleam of her deep-set eyes!
Bloated and stain'd in every feature,
With iron jaws, throat knotted and bare,
Eyes deep and sunken, jet black hair,
Crouches the creature.
Hark! hark!
Who cries outside in the dark?
Only the Wind on its way,
Only the wild gusts astray
In Tiger Bay.

Hold her! scream! or the man is dead;
A knife in her tight-clench'd hand is gleaming;
She will *kill* the man as he lieth dreaming!
Her eyes are fixed, her throat swells red.
The Wind is wailing, the Rain is weeping;
She is crawling closer—O Angels that love him!
She holds her breath and bends above him,
While he stirreth sleeping.
Hark! hark!
Who cries outside in the dark?
Only the Wind on its way,
Only the wild gusts astray
In Tiger Bay.

A silken purse doth the sleeper clutch,
And the gold peeps through with a fatal glimmer!
She creepeth near—the light grows dimmer—
Her thick throat swells, and she thirsts to touch.
She looks—she pants with a feverish hunger—
She dashes the black hair out of her eyes—
She glares at his face . . . he smiles and sighs—
And the face looks younger.
Hark! hark!
Who cries outside in the dark?
Only the Wind on its way,
Only the wild gusts astray
In Tiger Bay.

She gazeth on—he doth not stir—
Her fierce eyes close, her brute lip quivers;
She longs to strike, but she shrinks and shivers:
The light on his face appalleth her.
The Wind is wailing, the Rain is weeping:
Something holds her—her wild eyes roll;
His Soul shines out, and she fears his Soul,
Tho' he lieth sleeping.
Hark! hark!
Who cries outside in the dark?
Only the Wind on its way,
Only the wild gusts astray
In Tiger Bay.

Intercession.

I saw no more, but I woke,—and prayed:
"God! that made the Beast and the Woman!
God of the tigress! God of the human!
Look to these things whom Thou hast made!
Fierce and bloody and famine-stricken,
Knitted with iron vein and thew—

Strong and bloody, behold the two!—
We see them and sicken.
Mark! mark!
These outcasts fierce of the dark;
Where murmur the Wind and the Rain,
Where the Jungle darkens the plain,
And in street and lane."

God answer'd clear: "My will be done!
Woman-tigress and tigress-woman—
I made them both, the beast and the human,
But I struck a spark in the brain of the one.
And the spark is a fire, and the fire is a spirit;
Tho' ye may slay it, it cannot die—
Nay, it shall grow as the days go by.
For my Angels are near it—
Mark! mark!
Doth it not burn in the dark?
Spite of the curse and the stain,
Where the Jungle darkens the plain,
And in street and lane."

God said, moreover: "The spark shall grow—
'Tis blest, it gathers, its flame shall lighten,
Bless it and nurse it—let it brighten!
'Tis scatter'd abroad, 'tis a Seed I sow.
And the Seed is a Soul, and the Soul is the Human;
And it lighteth the face with a sign and a flame,
Not unto beasts have I given the same,
But to man and to woman.
Mark! mark!
The light shall scatter the dark:
Where murmur the Wind and the Rain,
Where the Jungle darkens the plain,
And in street and lane."

. . . So faint, so dim, so sad to seeing,
Behold it burning! Only a spark!
So faint as yet, and so dim to mark,
In the tigress-eyes of the human being.
Fan it, feed it, in love and duty,
Track it, watch it in every place,—
Till it burns the bestial frame and face
To its own dim beauty.
Mark! mark!
A spark that grows in the dark;
A spark that burns in the brain;
Spite of the Wind and the Rain,
Spite of the Curse and the Stain;
Over the Sea and the Plain,
And in street and lane.

Robert Buchanan.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Buchanan. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

THE STORY OF THE MONK FELIX.

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God

With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said:
"I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But alas! I do not understand!"

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,

And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange,
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chaunted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space

Never have I beheld thy face!"
The heart of Monk Felix fell:
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall;—
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow:
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day,

A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate,
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

H. W. Longfellow.

MY BROTHER HENRY.

Strictly speaking, I never had a brother Henry, and yet I cannot say that Henry was an impostor. He came into existence in a curious way, and I can think of him now without malice as a child of smoke. The first I heard of Henry was at Pettigrew's house, which is in a London suburb, so conveniently situated that I can go there and back in one day. I was testing some new Cabanas, I remember, when Pettigrew remarked that he had been lunch-

ing with a man who knew my brother Henry. Not having any brother but Alexander, I felt that Pettigrew had mistaken the name. "Oh no," Pettigrew said; "he spoke of Alexander too." Even this did not convince me, and I asked my host for his friend's name. Scudamour was the name of the man, and he had met my brothers Alexander and Henry years before in Paris. Then I remembered Scudamour, and I probably frowned, for I myself was my own brother Henry. I distinctly recalled Scudamour meeting Alexander and me in Paris, and calling me Henry, though my name begins with J. I explained the mistake to Pettigrew, and there, for the time being, the matter rested. However, I had by no means heard the last of Henry.

Several times afterwards I heard from various persons that Scudamour wanted to meet me because he knew my brother Henry. At last we did meet, in Jimmy's chambers; and, almost as soon as he saw me, Scudamour asked where Henry was now. This was precisely what I feared. I am a man who always looks like a boy. There are few persons of my age in London who retain their boyish appearance as long as I have done; indeed, this is the curse of my life. Though I am approaching the age of thirty, I pass for twenty; and I have observed old gentlemen frown at my precocity when I said a good thing, or helped myself to a second glass of wine. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in Scudamour's remark, that, when he had the pleasure of meeting Henry, Henry must have been about the age that I had now reached. All would have been well had I explained the real state of affairs to this annoying man; but, unfortunately for myself, I loathe entering upon explanations to anybody about anything. When I ring for a time-table, and William John brings coals instead I accept the coals as a substitute. Much, then, did I dread a discussion with Scudamour, his surprise when he heard that I was Henry, and his comments on my

youthful appearance. There was no likelihood of meeting Scudamour again, so the easiest way to get rid of him seemed to be to humour him. I therefore told him that Henry was in India, married, and doing well. "Remember me to Henry when you write him," was Scudamour's last remark to me that evening.

A few weeks later some one tapped me on the shoulder in Oxford Street. It was Scudamour. "Heard from Henry?" he asked. I said I had heard by the last mail. "Anything particular in the letter?" I felt it would not do to say that there was nothing particular in a letter which had come all the way from India, so I hinted that Henry was having trouble with his wife. By this I meant that her health was bad; but he took it up in another way, and I did not set him right. "Ah, ah!" he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I'm sorry to hear that. Poor Henry!" "Poor old boy!" was all I could think of replying. "How about the children?" Scudamour asked. "Oh, the children," I said, with what I thought presence of mind, "are coming to England." "To stay with Alexander?" he asked. My answer was that Alexander was expecting them by the middle of next month; and eventually Scudamour went away muttering, "Poor Henry!" In a month or so we met again. "No word of Henry's getting leave of absence?" asked Scudamour. I replied shortly that Henry had gone to live in Bombay, and would not be home for years. He saw that I was brusque, so what does he do but draw me aside for a quiet explanation. "I suppose," he said, "you are annoyed because I told Pettigrew that Henry's wife had run away from him. The fact is, I did it for your good. You see I happened to make a remark to Pettigrew about your brother Henry, and he said that there was no such person. Of course I laughed at that, and pointed out not only that I had the pleasure of Henry's acquaintance, but that you and I had a talk about the old fellow every

time we met. 'Well,' Pettigrew said, 'this is a most remarkable thing; for he,' meaning you, 'said to me in this very room, sitting in that very chair, that Alexander was his only brother.' I saw that Pettigrew resented you concealing the existence of your brother Henry from him, so I thought the most friendly thing I could do was to tell him that your reticence was doubtless due to the unhappy state of poor Henry's private affairs. Naturally, in the circumstances, you did not want to talk about Henry." I shook Scudamour by the hand, telling him that he had acted judiciously; but if I could have stabbed him in the back at that moment I daresay I would have done it.

I did not see Scudamour again for a long time, for I took care to keep out of his way; but I heard first from him and then of him. One day he wrote to me saying that his nephew was going to Bombay, and would I be so good as to give the youth an introduction to my brother Henry? He also asked me to dine with him and his nephew. I declined the dinner, but I sent the nephew the required note of introduction to Henry. The next I heard of Scudamour was from Pettigrew. "By the way," said Pettigrew, "Scudamour is in Edinburgh at present." I trembled, for Edinburgh is where Alexander lives. "What has taken him there?" I asked, with assumed carelessness. Pettigrew believed it was business. "But," he added, "Scudamour asked me to tell you that he meant to call on Alexander, as he was anxious to see Henry's children." A few days afterwards I had a telegram from Alexander, who generally uses this means of communication when he corresponds with me. "Do you know a man Scudamour? Reply," was what Alexander said. I thought of answering that we had met a man of that name when we were in Paris; but, after consideration, I replied boldly, "Know no one of name of Scudamour."

About two months ago I passed Scudamour in Regent

Street, and he scowled at me. This I could have borne if there had been no more of Henry; but I knew that Scudamour was now telling everybody about Henry's wife. By-and-by I got a letter from an old friend of Alexander's, asking me if there was any truth in a report that Alexander was going to Bombay. Soon afterwards Alexander wrote to me saying he had been told by several persons that I was going to Bombay. In short, I saw that the time had come for killing Henry. So I told Pettigrew that Henry had died of fever, deeply regretted; and asked him to be sure to tell Scudamour, who had always been interested in the deceased's welfare. Pettigrew afterwards told me that he had communicated the sad intelligence to Scudamour. "How did he take it?" I asked. "Well," Pettigrew said, reluctantly, "he told me that when he was up in Edinburgh he did not get on well with Alexander. But he expressed great curiosity as to Henry's children." "Ah," I said, "the children were both drowned in the Forth; a sad affair—we can't bear to talk of it." I am not likely to see much of Scudamour again, nor is Alexander. Scudamour now goes about saying that Henry was the only one of us he really liked.

J. M. Barrie.

[From *My Lady Nicotine.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.]

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

Thomas Hood.

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

With a boom of cannon, and dance of plume,
And flourish of banners fair,
With a flash of helmet, cuirass, and sword,
And trumpets' shrill fanfare;
On the Kaiser's Name Day,
Prague was in festal array.

First a troop of Pandours on leopards' hides
Cast over their steeds milk white,

With their jackets ajaunt and coquettish flaunt
Of lances atipped with light.
What a crowd hedged the way
On the Emperor's Name Day!

On her shoulder aloft a mother held
Her infant the show to see.
All the bells were ringing, the choirs singing.
The city kept jubilee.
The two-headed eagle, black and gold,
The wind over the Rath-house unrolled

But the child was askew with tortured spine,
Its neck was ableed and sore,
And the white little face, a tear trace,
The signet of suff'ring bore—
The prophecy there writ plain
Of a grave or a future of pain.

All the pageant and pomp she heeded not.
But twisted herself away
On her mother's shoulder, and eager took
Her Prayer Book, wherewith to play,
Where a cross was inlaid,
And—with that she played.

On the symbol of Death she laid her hand,
And along it she drew each line,
Then stooping she kissed, and again she kissed,
—Still playing—the sacred sign.
To the babe was revealed
Things to wise men concealed.

S. Baring-Gould

[From *Silver Store*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Skeffington & Son.]

THE DEATH OF ARNKEL.

Across the roaring board in Helgafell,
Above the clash of ringing horns of ale,
The guests of Snorri, reddened with the frost,
Weighed all their comrades through a winter night,
Disputing which was first in thew and brain
And courteous acts of manhood; some averred
Their host, the shifty Snorri, first of men,
While some were bent to Arnkel, some to Styrr.
Then Thorleif Kimbi shouted down the hall,
"Folly and windy talk! the stalwart limbs
Of Styrr, and that sharp goodly face of thine,
All-cunning Snorri, make one man, not twain,—
One man in friendship and in rede, not twain,—
Nor that man worthy to be named for skill,
Or strength, or beauty, or for popular arts,
With Arnkel, son of Thorolf the grim ghost.
Wit has he, though not lacking therewithal
In sinew; see to it, comrades, lest he crush
The savage leaders of our oligarchy,
Vast, indolent, mere iron masks of men,
Unfit for civic uses; his the hand
To gather all our forces like the reins
Of patient steeds, and drive us at his will,
Unless we stir betimes, and are his bane."

So from his turbulent mouth the shaft struck home,
Venomed with envy and the jealous pride
Of birth; and ere they roared themselves to rest,
The chieftains vowed that Arnkel must be slain,
Nor waited many days; for one clear night
Freystein, the spy, as near his sheep he watched,

Saw Arnkel fetching hay from Orlygstad,
With three young thralls of his own household folk,
And left the fold, and crept across the fell,
And wakened from their first sweet midnight sleep
The sons of Thorbrand, and went on, and roused
Snorri, who dreamed of blood and dear revenge.
Then through the frosty moonlit night they sped,
Warmed to the heart with hopes of murderous play,
Nine men from Snorri's house; and by the sea
At Alptafjord they met the six men armed
With Thorlief; scarcely greeted they, but skimmed
Along the black shore of the flashing fjord,
Lit by the large moon in a cloudless sky;
Over the swelling, waving ice they flew,
Grinding the tufts of grass beneath their sleighs,
So silent, that the twigs of juniper
Snapped under them, sharp, like a cracking whip,
Echoing, and so to Orlygstad they came.
But Arnkel saw them through the cold bright air,
And turned, and bade the three young thralls haste home,
To bring back others of their kith to fight;
So, maddened by base fear, they rushed, and one
Or ever he neared the homestead, as he fled,
Slipped on the forehead of a mountain-force,
And volleying down from icy plane to plane,
Woke all the echoes of that waterfall,
And died, while numb with fright the others ran.

But Arnkel bowed, and loosened from his sleigh
The iron runner with its shining point,
And leaped upon the fence, and set his back
Against the hay-stack; through the frosty night
Its warm deep odour passed into his brain.
But Snorri and his fellows with no word

Sprang from their sleighs, and met below the fence,
And reaching upwards with their brawny arms,
Smote hard at Arnkel. With the runner he,
Cleaving with both hands, parried blow on blow,
Till, shaft by shaft, their spears splintered and snapt;
Nor would they yet have reached him, but that he,
Gathering a mighty stroke at Thorleif's head,
Dashed down his runner on the icy fence
And shivered it, while backwards Thorleif fell,
Bending the slimness of his supple loins,
Unwounded. Then a moment's space they stood
Silent. Then from the hay-stack at his back
His glittering sword and buckler Arnkel seized,
And like a wild-cat clomb the stack, and stood
Thigh-deep astride upon the quivering hay,
Raining down thrusts and blinding all his foes
With moony lightnings from the flashing steel.
But Thorleif clambered up behind his back;
And Snorri, with his shield before his face,
Harried him through the wavering veil of hay;
And Styrr, like some great monster of the falls,
Swayed his huge broadsword in his knotted fists,
And swept it, singing, through the helm and brain,
And deep sank Arnkel on the bloody stack.

They wrapped his corse in hay, and left him there;
To whom within the silence of the night
Came that dark ghost, his father, whose black face
Affrights the maidens in the milking-stead;
And till afar along the frozen road
The tinkling of the sleighs he heard, and knew
That, all too late, the thralls of Arnkel came,
He hung above the body of his son,
Casting no shadow in the dazzling moon,
Cursing the gods with inarticulate voice,

And cursing that too-envious mood of men
That brooks no towering excellence, nor heeds
Virtue, nor welfare of th' unsceptered state.

Edmund Gosse.

[From *Firdausi in Exile and other Poems.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said; "oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed—
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless Death life's "golden bowl" had broke;
I asked him What is Time? "Time!" he replied,
"I've lost it!—oh, the treasure!"—and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise):
"'Tis folly's blank and wisdom's highest prize."

I asked the spirit lost—but, oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak:
It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite."

Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I ask my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Thine is the present hour; the past is fled:
Live, live to-day; to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
"By heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's o'er!
Time WAS," he cried, "but *Time* SHALL BE *no more*."

W. Marsden.

RETROSPECTION.

1857—1882.

WELL; I've walked the jail, and the Courts I've seen,
The school is in order, the streets are clean,
And the roads are swept and mended;

The treasury's right, you've got the keys?
So now, at the spring of the evening breeze,
Just leave me to linger among those trees;
I'll come when the twilight's ended.

Yes, the garden now looks spruce and trim,
Yet the old trees still, though decayed and grim,
Stand waving as if they knew me;
All else is changed since I saw the ground,
(How the roses bloom on that sloping mound!)
And the long lean branches swaying around
With their shadowy arms pursue me.

As I cross the flower-bed, laid with taste
Where the old grove sheltered a sandy waste,
How soft the geraniums gleam in
The light of a dusty crimson sky!
Yes, only the trees remember, and I,
Things once spoken, and done, hard by
The spot where we now stand dreaming.

That year when the tempest of mutiny broke,
And the empire swayed like a storm-bent oak,
When the sepoys gave no quarter;
When Islam had risen and Delhi fell,
And this plain was a furnace hot as hell;
We were camped, three English, beside that well:
We had nothing but shade and water.

Hour after hour, till the day was spent,
We had watched our restless regiment,
And the soldiers whispering round us
In the glaring noon-tide heat; and yet
Our hearts sank low when the red orb set,
And the soft dark night like a falling net
In its unseen meshes bound us.

He was my Colonel and she was his wife;
We had little comfort or hope in life;
And he said, "Is it worth complaining,
As you look at the sullen sepoys' line,
That they bide but the hour and await the sign
That shall end our cares in the fierce sunshine
And the ills of a rough campaigning?

"It shall never be heard in the English host
That I lost my colours and left my post
From a treacherous band to hide me;
We are trapped and hemmed in this cursed wood,
Yet stand I ready" ('twas there he stood)
"To die as a Christian soldier should,
With my wife and my friend beside me."

Then he clasped her close in a warm embrace,
And he took my hand; but I marked her face
And the flashing glance she gave me:
For the mutinous eyes said, "Life is sweet
While nerves have courage and hearts can beat;
Will you crouch like a hare at the hunter's feet.
Will you die like a fool, or save me?"

So I saddled in silence our horses three,
And I brought them there, to that tamarind tree,
And the night, as now, was falling,
And the air was heavy, as now, with scent,
And just outside at the sepoy tent
The armed sentry came and went,
We could hear his comrades calling;

And I whispered, "Up; 'twill be lighter soon.
See the faint foreglow of the rising moon,
Let your wife mount quick—God speed her:

Her Arab can gallop, he needs no lash,
We can break their line with a sudden dash;
But a man may fall when the volleys flash,
So will you ride last, or lead her?"

Lightly the lady to saddle sprung;
But the other's hand to the bridle clung,
And he said, "Do ye all betray me?
I serve the Queen, and I trust the Lord;
Shall I stain mine honour and break my word?
I move not hence while I wear this sword,
And I charge you both, obey me."

Then none for a moment spoke or moved;
One look she gave me, the woman I loved,
And said but one word, "Listen;"
As there came one tap of the sepoy's drum,
And the light air shook with the tramp and the hum
Of a moving crowd, and I said, "They come,
I can see their bayonets glisten;

"They come. You boast of a soldier's faith,
Will it screen your wife from a cruel death?
Remember the troth you plighted,
And your home in the far-off summer days,
And a young life lost for an empty phrase;"
But he said, "Wherever I stay, she stays:
We shall meet our end united."

Then I cried, "'Tis the craze of a fevered brain;
Will you take your hand from her bridle rein,
Will you mount and ride?" "No, never,"
He said. And she bent from her saddle low,
And she touched my cheek and whispered "Go,"
With her eyes all full of despair and woe;
"Good-bye, sweetheart, for ever!"

And then? One shot, and her rein was free,
And fast and furious I and she
Out of the grove were flying;
The white smoke rose, and the leaves were stirred,
But only the solemn branches heard
Or sound or motion, of sign or word,
As he lay beneath them dying.

A shout, a volley, a rushing ride:
The low moon led us, and side by side
We followed from dark to dawning
Over the streams and the silent plain;
All sights and shadows and sounds again,
And figures are flitting across my brain;
And the meeting of eyes at morning.

Yes; this was the hour, and that was the spot,
And the mute trees know who fired that shot,
But the secret well they're keeping;
How they beckon and bend in the gathering gloom
O'er the sloping mound where the roses bloom!
Can that be an old forgotten tomb,
Is it there that the Colonel's sleeping?

Sir Alfred Lyall

[From *Verses written in India.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

THE OPENING SCENE AT THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the

* Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India from 1772 to 1785. In this exalted station he had displayed talents surpassed by

sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of

those of no other great ruler, but the morality and justice of some of his actions were vigorously assailed. On his return to England in 1787, he was, for various acts connected with his administration, impeached on charges of corruption and oppression. At the trial Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but especially the first-named, rendered themselves famous by their exhibitions of eloquence. After preliminary proceedings before the House of Commons, the trial began in 1788, and lasted for seven years. In the result, Warren Hastings was honourably acquitted.

Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some

show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir to the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

Lord Macaulay (*Essays*).

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow,—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before:
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,—
That I scarce was 'sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he,—not a moment stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow He will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters, is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this Home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!—
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—Nevermore.

Edgar A. Poe

THE DEATH OF HUSS.

In the streets of Constance was heard the shout,
"Masters! bring the arch-heretic out!"
The stake had been planted, the faggots spread,
And the tongues of the torches flickered red.
"Huss to the flames!" they fiercely cried:
Then the gate of the Convent opened wide.

Into the sun from the dark he came,
His face as fixed as a face in a frame.
His arms were pinioned, but you could see,
By the smile round his mouth, that his soul was free;
And his eye with a strange bright glow was lit,
Like a star just before the dawn quencheth it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made,
And he walked along it with no man's aid;
Steadily on to the place he trod,
Commending aloud his soul to God.
Aloud he prayed, though they mocked his prayer:
He was the only thing tranquil there.

But, seeing the faggots, he quickened pace,
As we do when we see the loved one's face.
"Now, now, let the torch in the resin flare,
Till my books and body be ashes and air!
But the spirit of both shall return to men,
As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the women wept,
And the children whispered, a peasant stepped.
A goodly faggot was on his back,
Brittle and sere, from last year's stack;
And he placed it carefully where the torch
Was sure to lick and the flame to scorch.

"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks
To burn up a score of heretics."
Answered the peasant, "Because this year
My hearth will be cold, for is firewood dear;
And Heaven be witness I pay my toll,
And burn your body to save my soul."

Huss gazed at the peasant, he gazed at the pile,
Then over his features there stole a smile.
"*O Sancta Simplicitas!* By God's troth,
This faggot of yours may save us both,
And He who judgeth perchance prefer
To the victim the executioner!"

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied,
And the torches were lowered and thrust inside.
You could hear the twigs crackle and sputter the flesh,
Then "*Sancta Simplicitas!*" moaned afresh.
'Twas the last men heard of the words he spoke,
Ere to Heaven his soul went up with the smoke.

Alfred Austin.

[From *Narrative Poems*, Collected Edition. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.*

Sing, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long:
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide!

* This is Adelaide Anne Procter, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). N. P. Willis, the American poet, on his visit at her father's house in London, in 1838, thus refers to her: "A beautiful girl of eight or nine years—the Golden Tressed Adelaide—delicate, gentle, and passive, as if she was born on the lip of Castaly, and knew she was a poet's child, completed the picture of happiness." The following anecdote concerning her, which shows the integrity and independence of her character, may not be uninteresting: As conductor of *Household Words*, Charles Dickens, in the spring of 1853, received, among a batch of contributions for that journal, a poem by a Miss Mary Berwick. It was accepted, and she soon became a regular contributor. Numerous communications passed between the Journal and herself (always addressed, at her request, to a circulating library in the West End), and it was quite settled at the office of *Household Words* that she was a governess. At the end of 1854 Dickens went to dine with his old and dear friend Barry Cornwall, and exhibiting a proof of the Christmas number of *Household Words*, incidentally remarked that it contained a pretty poem by a Miss Mary Berwick, a lady whom he had never seen. The following day the secret was out, for he was informed that he had spoken of the poem to the writer's mother and in the writer's presence. Miss Procter had explained at home: "If I send him in my own name verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers."

H B

Therefore let it suit a merry merry ear,
Mother dear!

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
For our gentle child will weep,
If the theme be dark and deep;
And *We* will not draw a single single tear,
Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like endless summer shine;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
Therefore, bid thy song be merry: dost thou hear
Mother dear?

Barry Cornwall.

A DEED OF GRACE.

They bore three corpses through the crowded city,
And strangers pressed amain
With words of praise and pride, and looks of pity,
To view that funeral train.

"Whom do ye follow thus?" I did enquire;
And whispers by me sped
How only two days back had raged a fire,
And these they bore,—the dead,

Had died to save a household. All the three
Came draped with dingy pall,
But two as flowering gardens were to see,
The third was bare of all!

No rose, no lily, as the others had
In liberal measure given,
No sprig of jessamine his coffin clad,
No gold-eyed daisy even.

He had no friends nor any one who cared
To show with lawful pride,
How he among the rest had nobly dared,
And nobly daring, died.

And as they told me this, the tears did spring
With sympathetic stress,
To think a heart so brave should be a thing
Of utter loneliness!

Not many paces off a girl there stood
Wan-eyed and thin and pale,
Whose daily task it was as livelihood
To offer flowers for sale.

'Twas all I knew of her, or then or now;
They call her Margaret,
And poverty its pinch on lips and brow
Had prematurely set.

Doubtless that sunny morn she stood in hope
Fair profit she might win
Of her gay wares,—roses and heliotrope,
And pinks and jessamine.

But those slow-moving coffins passed her too,
As they by me had passed,
And suddenly with kindling eyes, she threw
Her flowers across the last,

And the rich blossoms fell this way and that,
Athwart the dingy pall.
Ay! she had done a deed to wonder at,
For she had given her all!

I saw her basket after; not one flower
Left hid within a chink;
She flung them every one in that sweet shower
Rose, heliotrope, and pink,

And with them flung away her daily bread;—
Yet by the gift she gave,
(In impulse if you will), the friendless dead
Went honoured to his grave.

Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton.

[From *In a Tuscan Villa and other Poems.* By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., Ltd.]

SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION FROM WINTER TO SUMMER.

It was now June. The snow was rapidly disappearing under the influence of the warm long-continued sunshine, the ice in the river showed unmistakable signs of breaking up, patches of bare ground appeared here and there along the sunny hill-sides, and everything foretold the speedy approach of the short but hot Arctic summer. Winter in most parts of North-Eastern Siberia begins to break up in May, and summer advances with rapid strides upon its retreating footsteps, covering instantly with grass and flowers the ground which it reclaims from the melting snow-drifts of winter. Hardly is the snow off the ground before the delicate wax-like petals of the

blueberry and star-flower, and the great snowy clusters of Labrador tea begin to whiten the mossy plains; the birches, willows, and alders burst suddenly into leaf, the river banks grow green with a soft carpet of grass, and the warm still air is filled all day with the trumpet-like cries of wild swans and geese, as they come in great triangular flocks from the sea and pass high overhead toward the far North. In three weeks after the disappearance of the last snow all Nature has put on the garments of midsummer and rejoices in almost perpetual sunshine. There is no long, wet, lingering spring, no gradual unfolding of buds and leaves one by one as with us. The vegetation, which has been held in icy fetters for eight long months, bursts suddenly its bonds, and with one great irresistible sweep takes the world by storm. There is no longer any night; one day blends almost imperceptibly into another, with only a short interval of twilight, which has all the coolness and repose of night without its darkness. You may sit by your open window and read until twelve o'clock, inhaling the fragrance of flowers which is brought to you on the cool night wind, listening to the murmur and flash of the river in the valley below, and tracing the progress of the hidden sun by the flood of rosy light which streams up in the North from behind the purple mountains. It is broad daylight, and yet all Nature is asleep, and a strange mysterious stillness pervades heaven and earth like that which accompanies a solar eclipse. You can even hear the faint roar of the surf on the rocky coasts ten miles away. Now and then a little song-sparrow hidden in the alder thicket by the river-bank dreams that it is morning and breaks out into a quick unconscious trill of melody; but as he wakes he stops himself suddenly and utters a few "peeps" of perplexity, as if not quite sure whether it be morning, or only last evening, and whether he ought to

sing or go to sleep again. He finally seems to decide upon the latter course, and all becomes silent once more save the murmur of the river over its rocky bed and the faint roar of the distant sea. Soon after one o'clock a glittering segment of the sun appears between the cloud-like peaks of the distant mountains, a sudden flash of golden light illumines the green dewy landscape, the little sparrow in the alder thicket triumphantly takes up again his unfinished song, the ducks, geese, and aquatic birds renew their harsh discordant cries from the marshy flats along the river, and all animated nature wakes suddenly to a consciousness of daylight as if it were a new thing. There has been no night—but it is another day.

George Kennan.

[From *Tent Life in Siberia.* By permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

A ROYAL PRINCESS.

I, A PRINCESS, King-descended, decked with jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her breast,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore;
Me, poor dove that must not coo—eagle that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne;
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and spend—
O my father! O my mother! have you ne'er a friend?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtleties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances.

He has quarrelled with his neighbours, he has scourged his foes;
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows;

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in state
To break the strength of armies and topple down the great:
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my mate.

My father, counting up his strength, sets down with equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men;
These for slaughter, those for labour, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads, canals; some to man his ships;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart, and whelmed me like a flood,
That these, too, are men and women, human flesh and blood;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay:
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of grey,
My father frowning at the fare seemed every dish to weigh.

I sat beside them, sole princess, in my exalted place,
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais:
A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the face;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon,
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is known,
They laugh by day, they sleep by night; ah me, what is a throne?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall,
A melancholy windy fall as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept;
My ladies loosed my golden chain; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains, whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on,
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon,
They lit my shaded silver lamp, and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said:
"Men are clamouring, women, children, clamouring to be fed;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread."

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear,—
Vulgar naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear;
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth, and mark:
"There are families out grazing, like cattle in the park."
"A pair of peasants must be saved, even if we build an ark."

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way;
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day,
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp;
Voices said: "Picked soldiers have been summoned from the camp,
To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and stamp."

"Howl and stamp?" one answered. "They made free to hurl a stone
At the minister's state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown."
"There's work, then, for the soldiers; for this rank crop must be mown."

"One I saw, a poor old fool with ashes on his head,
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread:
Then he dropped; when some one raised him, it turned out he was dead."

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh;
"If bread's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff."
"While I've a loaf they're welcome to my blessing and the chaff."

These passed. "The king:" stand up. Said my father
with a smile:
"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you awhile,
She's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can be-
guile?"

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait—
(I hear them doubling guard below before our palace
gate),—
Or shall I work the last gold stitch into my veil of state;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned
scene,
There's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between;
Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the queen?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of command:
"Charge"—a clash of steel. "Charge again, the rebels
stand.
Smite and spare not, hand to hand; smite and spare not,
hand to hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing
higher;
A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire;
I heard a cry for faggots, then I heard a yell for fire.

"Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there
with your bread,
You who sat to see us starve," one shrieking woman said:
"Sit on your throne, and roast with your crown upon your
head."

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth:
I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to these people, will stand face to face, will stand
Where they curse king, queen and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give;
I, if I perish, perish; they to-day shall eat and live.
I, if I perish, perish; that's the goal I half conceive:

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
I, if I perish, perish; in the name of God I go.

Christina G. Rossetti.

[From *The Poems* of Christina G. Rossetti. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

THE DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

I HAD a dream!—my spirit was unbound
From the dark iron of its dungeon, clay,
And rode the steeds of Time;—my thoughts had sound,
And spoke without a word,—I went away
Among the buried ages, and did lay
The pulses of my heart beneath the touch
Of the rude minstrel Time, that he should play
Thereon, a melody which might seem such
As musing spirits love—mournful, but not too much!

I had a dream—and there mine eyes did see
The shadows of past deeds like present things—
The sepulchres of Greece and Hespery,

Ægyptus, and old lands, gave up their kings,
Their prophets, saints, and minstrels, whose lute-strings
Keep a long echo—yea, the dead, white bones
Did stand up by the house whereto Death clings,
And dressed themselves in life, speaking of thrones,
And fame, and power, and beauty, in familiar tones!

I went back further still, for I beheld
What time the earth was one fair Paradise—
And over such bright meads the waters welled,
I wot the rainbow was content to rise
Upon the earth, when absent from the skies!
And there were tall trees that I never knew,
Whereon sate nameless birds in merry guise,
Folding their radiant wings, as the flowers do,
When summer nights send sleep down with the dew.

* * * * * *

Anon there came a change—a terrible motion,
That made all living things grow pale and shake!
The dark Heavens bowed themselves unto the ocean,
Like a strong man in strife—Ocean did take
His flight across the mountains; and the lake
Was lashed into a sea where the winds ride—
Earth was no more, for in her merrymake
She had forgot her God—Sin claimed his bride,
And with his vampire breath sucked out her life's fair tide!

Life went back to her nostrils and she raised
Her spirit from the waters once again—
The lovely sights, on which I erst had gazed,
Were *not*—though she was beautiful as when
The Grecian called her "Beauty"—sinful men
Walked i' the track of the waters, and felt bold—
Yea, they looked up to Heaven in calm disdain,

As if no eye had seen its vault unfold
Darkness, and fear, and death !—as if a tale were told !

And ages fled away within my dream ;
And still Sin made the heart his dwelling-place,
Eclipsing Heaven from men ; but it would seem
That two or three dared commune face to face,
And speak of the soul's life, of hope, and grace—
Anon there rose such sounds as angels breathe—
For a God came to die, bringing down peace—
"Pan *was not ;*" and the darkness that did wreathe
The earth, passed from the soul—Life came by death !

* * * * * *

E. B. Browning.

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

Come, my lad, and sit beside me ; we have often talked before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore :
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's sake,
We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake ;
'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and scream of fife,
Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral aisles are seen
Marble effigies ; but seldom of the mercantile marine.
If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at school
Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lashed
the land,
On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took his
stand.
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon
coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English
form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and
storm.
All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its
height,
Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spake with
bated breath :—
"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to
our death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful
shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed
upon a rock.
All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of
foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the
lights of home.
"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered
duty's call.
Save yourselves! I cannot help you. God have mercy on
us all!"
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar,
and rope—
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray
of hope.

Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?
No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralysing roar,
All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.
Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,
And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last;
But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey,
"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what stow'd away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,
For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two.
So the Captain called the outcast as he faced the tempest wild,
From his own waist took the life-belt, and he bound it round the child.
"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt, and make for land.
Up and save yourself!" The urchin humbly knelt to kiss his hand.
With the life-belt round his body then the youngster cleared the ship;
Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip.
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the shore.

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school,
They will ask you of the hero—Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.
You must answer they discovered—on the beach at break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no more.

* * * * *

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man,
Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and quickened breath,
"Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than Death!"

Clement Scott.

[From *Lays and Lyrics*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.]

MRS. POYSER "HAS HER SAY OUT."

The next Saturday evening there was much excited discussion at the Donnithorne Arms concerning an incident which had occurred that very day—no less than a second appearance of the smart man in top-boots, said by some to be a mere farmer in treaty for the Chase Farm, by others to be the future steward; but by Mr. Casson himself, the personal witness to the stranger's visit, pro-

nounced contemptuously to be nothing better than a bailiff, such as Satchell had been before him. No one had thought of denying Mr. Casson's testimony to the fact that he had seen the stranger, nevertheless he proffered various corroborating circumstances.

"I see him myself," he said; "I see him coming along by the Crab-tree meadow on a bald-faced hoss. I'd just been t' hev a pint—it was half after ten i' the forenoon, when I hev my pint as reg'lar as the clock—and I says to Knowles, as druv up with his waggon, 'You'll get a bit o' barley to-day, Knowles,' I says, 'if you look about you;' and then I went round by the rick-yard, and towart the Treddles' on road; and just as I come up by the big ash-tree, I see the man i' top-boots coming along on a bald-faced hoss—I wish I may never stir if I didn't. And I stood still till he come up, and I says, 'Good morning, sir,' I says, for I wanted to hear the turn of his tongue, as I might know whether he was a this-country-man; so I says, 'Good morning, sir: it'll 'old hup for the barley this morning, I think. There'll be a bit got hin, if we've good-luck.' And he says, 'Eh, ye may be raight, there's noo tallin',' he says; and I knowed by that"—here Mr. Casson gave a wink—"as he didn't come from a hundred mile off. I daresay he'd think me a hodd talker, as you Loamshire folks allays does hany one as talks the right language."

"The right language!" said Bartle Massey, contemptuously. "You're about as near the right language as a pig's squeaking is like a tune played on a key-bugle."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Casson, with an angry smile. "I should think a man as has lived among the gentry from a by, is likely to know what's the right language pretty nigh as well as a schoolmaster."

"Ay, ay, man," said Bartle, with a tone of sarcastic consolation, "you talk the right language for *you*. When

Mike Holdsworth's goat says ba-a-a, it's all right—it 'ud be unnatural for it to make any other noise."

The rest of the party being Loamshire men, Mr. Casson had the laugh strongly against him, and wisely fell back on the previous question, which, far from being exhausted in a single evening, was renewed in the churchyard, before service, the next day, with the fresh interest conferred on all news when there is a fresh person to hear it; and that fresh hearer was Martin Poyser, who, as his wife said, "never went boozin' with that set at Casson's, a-sittin' soakin'-in drink, and looking as wise as a lot o' cod-fish wi' red faces."

It was probably owing to the conversation she had had with her husband on their way from church, concerning this problematic stranger, that Mrs. Poyser's thoughts immediately reverted to him when, a day or two afterwards, as she was standing at the house door with her knitting, in that eager leisure which came to her when the afternoon cleaning was done, she saw the old Squire enter the yard on his black pony, followed by John the groom. She always cited it afterwards as a case of prevision, which really had something more in it than her own remarkable penetration, that the moment she set eyes on the Squire, she said to herself, "I shouldna wonder if he's come about that man as is a-going to take the Chase Farm, wanting Poyser to do something for him without pay. But Poyser's a fool if he does."

Something unwonted must clearly be in the wind, for the old Squire's visits to his tenantry were rare; and though Mrs. Poyser had during the last twelvemonth recited many imaginary speeches, meaning even more than met the ear, which she was quite determined to make to him the next time he appeared within the gates of the Hall Farm, the speeches had always remained imaginary.

"Good-day, Mrs. Poyser," said the old Squire, peering at her with his short-sighted eyes—a mode of looking at her which, as Mrs. Poyser observed, "allays aggravated her: it was as if you was a insect, and he was going to dab his finger-nail on you."

However, she said, "Your servant, sir," and curtsied with an air of perfect deference as she advanced towards him: she was not the woman to misbehave towards her betters, and fly in the face of the catechism, without severe provocation.

"Is your husband at home, Mrs. Poyser?"

"Yes, sir; he's only i' the rick-yard. I'll send for him in a minute, if you'll please to get down and step in."

"Thank you; I will do so. I want to consult him about a little matter; but you are quite as much concerned in it, if not more. I must have your opinion too."

"Hetty, run and tell your uncle to come in," said Mrs. Poyser, as they entered the house, and the old gentleman bowed low in answer to Hetty's curtsy; while Totty, conscious of a pinafore stained with gooseberry jam, stood hiding her face against the clock, and peeping round furtively.

"What a fine old kitchen this is!" said Mr. Donnithorne, looking round admiringly. He always spoke in the same deliberate, well-chiselled, polite way, whether his words were sugary or venomous. "And you keep it so exquisitely clean, Mrs. Poyser. I like these premises, do you know, beyond any on the estate."

"Well, sir, since you're fond of 'em, I should be glad if you'd let a bit o' repairs be done to 'em, for the boarding's i' that state, as we're like to be eaten up wi' rats and mice; and the cellar, you may stan' up to your knees i' water in't, if you like to go down; but perhaps you'd rather believe my words. Won't you please to sit down, sir?"

"Not yet; I must see your dairy. I have not seen it for years, and I hear on all hands about your fine cheese and butter," said the Squire, looking politely unconscious that there could be any question on which he and Mrs. Poyser might happen to disagree. "I think I see the door open, there: you must not be surprised if I cast a covetous eye on your cream and butter. I don't expect that Mrs. Satchell's cream and butter will bear comparison with yours."

"I can't say, sir, I'm sure. It's seldom I see other folks's butter, though there's some on it as one's no need to see—the smell's enough."

"Ah, now this I like," said Mr. Donnithorne, looking round at the damp temple of cleanliness, but keeping near the door. "I'm sure I should like my breakfast better if I knew the butter and cream came from this dairy. Thank you, that really is a pleasant sight. Unfortunately, my slight tendency to rheumatism makes me afraid of damp: I'll sit down in your comfortable kitchen. Ah, Poyser, how do you do? In the midst of business, I see, as usual. I've been looking at your wife's beautiful dairy—the best manager in the parish, is she not?"

Mr. Poyser had just entered in shirt-sleeves and open waistcoat, with a face a shade redder than usual, from the exertion of "pitching." As he stood, red, rotund, and radiant, before the small, wiry, cool, old gentleman, he looked like a prize apple by the side of a withered crab.

"Will you please to take this chair, sir?" he said, lifting his father's arm-chair forward a little: you'll find it easy."

"No, thank you, I never sit in easy-chairs," said the old gentleman, seating himself on a small chair near the door. "Do you know, Mrs. Poyser—sit down, pray, both of you—I've been far from contented, for some time, with

Mrs. Satchell's dairy management. I think she has not a good method, as you have."

"Indeed, sir, I can't speak to that," said Mrs. Poyser, in a hard voice, rolling and unrolling her knitting, and looking icily out of the window, as she continued to stand opposite the Squire. Poyser might sit down if he liked, she thought: *she* wasn't going to sit down, as if she'd give in to any such smooth-tongued palaver. Mr. Poyser, who looked and felt the reverse of icy, did sit down in his three-cornered chair.

"And now, Poyser, as Satchell is laid up, I am intending to let the Chase Farm to a respectable tenant. I'm tired of having a farm on my own hands—nothing is made the best of in such cases, as you know. A satisfactory bailiff is hard to find; and I think you and I, Poyser, and your excellent wife here, can enter into a little arrangement in consequence, which will be to our mutual advantage."

"Oh," said Mr. Poyser, with a good-natured blankness of imagination as to the nature of the arrangement.

"If I'm called upon to speak, sir," said Mrs. Poyser, after glancing at her husband with pity at his softness, "you know better than me; but I don't see what the Chase Farm is t' us—we've cumber enough wi' our own farm. Not but what I'm glad to hear o' anybody respectable coming into the parish: there's some as ha' been brought in as hasn't been looked on i' that character."

"You're likely to find Mr. Thurle an excellent neighbour, I assure you: such a one as you will feel glad to have accommodated by the little plan I'm going to mention; especially as I hope you will find it as much to your own advantage as his."

"Indeed, sir, if it's anything t' our advantage, it'll be the first offer o' the sort I've heared on. It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, *I* think: folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em."

"The fact is, Poyser," said the Squire, ignoring Mrs. Poyser's theory of worldly prosperity, "there is too much dairy land, and too little plough land, on the Chase Farm, to suit Thurle's purpose—indeed, he will only take the farm on condition of some change in it: his wife, it appears, is not a clever dairy-woman, like yours. Now, the plan I'm thinking of is to effect a little exchange. If you were to have the Hollow Pastures, you might increase your dairy, which must be so profitable under your wife's management; and I should request you, Mrs. Poyser, to supply my house with milk, cream, and butter at the market prices. On the other hand, Poyser, you might let Thurle have the Lower and Upper Ridges, which really, with our wet seasons, would be a good riddance for you. There is much less risk in dairy land than corn land."

Mr. Poyser was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his head on one side, and his mouth screwed up—apparently absorbed in making the tips of his fingers meet so as to represent with perfect accuracy the ribs of a ship. He was much too acute a man not to see through the whole business, and to foresee perfectly what would be his wife's view of the subject; but he disliked giving unpleasant answers; unless it was on a point of farming practice, he would rather give up than have a quarrel, any day; and, after all, it mattered more to his wife than to him. So, after a few moments' silence, he looked up at her and said mildly, "What dost say?"

Mrs. Poyser had had her eyes fixed on her husband with cold severity during his silence, but now she turned away her head with a toss, looked icily at the opposite roof of the cow-shed, and spearing her knitting together with the loose pin, held it firmly between her clasped hands.

"Say? Why, I say you may do as you like about giving up any o' your corn land afore your lease is up, which it won't be for a year come next Michaelmas, but

I'll not consent to take more dairy work into my hands, either for love or money; and there's naythor love nor money here, as I can see, on'y other folks's love o' their-selves, and the money as is to go into other folks's pockets. I know there's them as is born t' own the land, and them as is born to sweat on't"—here Mrs. Poyser paused to gasp a little—"and I know it's christened folks's duty to submit to their betters as fur as flesh and blood 'ull bear it; but I'll not make a martyr o' myself, and wear myself to skin and bone, and worret myself as if I was a churn wi' butter a-coming in't, for no landlord in England, not if he was King George himself."

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Poyser, certainly not," said the Squire, still confident in his own powers of persuasion, "you must not overwork yourself; but don't you think your work will rather be lessened than increased in this way? There is so much milk required at the Abbey, that you will have little increase of cheese and butter making from the addition to your dairy; and I believe selling the milk is the most profitable way of disposing of dairy produce, is it not?"

"Ay, that's true," said Mr. Poyser, unable to repress an opinion on a question of farming profits, and forgetting that it was not in this case a purely abstract question.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Poyser bitterly, turning her head halfway towards her husband, and looking at the vacant arm-chair—"I daresay it's true for men as sit i' th' chimney-corner and make believe as everything's cut wi' ins an' outs to fit int' everything else. If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it'ud be easy getting dinner. How do I know whether the milk 'ull be wanted constant? What's to make me sure as the house won't be put o' board wage afore we're many months older, and then I may have to lie awake o' nights wi' twenty gallons o' milk on my mind—and Dingall 'ull take no more butter.

let alone paying for it; and we must fat pigs till we're obliged to beg the butcher on our knees to buy 'em, and lose half of 'em wi' the measles. And there's the fetching and carrying, as 'ud be welly half a day's work for a man an' hoss—*that's* to be took out o' the profits, I reckon? But there's folks 'ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water."

"That difficulty—about the fetching and carrying—you will not have, Mrs. Poyser," said the Squire, who thought that this entrance into particulars indicated a distant inclination to compromise on Mrs. Poyser's part—"Bethell will do that regularly with the cart and pony."

"O, sir, begging your pardon, I've never been used t' having gentlefolks's servants coming about my back places, a-making love to both the gells at once, and keeping 'em with their hands on their hips listening to all manner o' gossip when they should be down on their knees a-scouring. If we're to go to ruin, it shanna be wi' having our back kitchen turned into a public."

"Well, Poyser," said the Squire, shifting his tactics, and looking as if he thought Mrs. Poyser had suddenly withdrawn from the proceedings and left the room, "you can turn the Hollows into feeding land. I can easily make another arrangement about supplying my house. And I shall not forget your readiness to accommodate your landlord as well as a neighbour. I know you will be glad to have your lease renewed for three years, when the present one expires; otherwise, I daresay Thurle, who is a man of some capital, would be glad to take both the farms, as they could be worked so well together. But I don't want to part with an old tenant like you."

To be thrust out of the discussion in this way would have been enough to complete Mrs. Poyser's exasperation, even without the final threat. Her husband, really alarmed

at the possibility of their leaving the old place where he had been bred and born—for he believed the old Squire had small spite enough for anything—was beginning a mild remonstrance explanatory of the inconvenience he should find in having to buy and sell more stock, with—

"Well, sir, I think as it's rether hard" . . . when Mrs. Poyser burst in with the desperate determination to have her say out this once, though it were to rain notices to quit, and the only shelter were the workhouse.

"Then, sir, if I may speak—as, for all I'm a woman, and there's folks as thinks a woman's fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away, I've a right to speak, for I make one quarter o' the rent, and save another quarter—I say, if Mr. Thurle's so ready to take farms under you, it's a pity but what he should take this, and see if he likes to live in a house wi' all the plagues o' Egypt in't—wi' the cellar full o' water, and frogs and toads hoppin' up the steps by dozens—and the floors rotten, and the rats and mice gnawing every bit o' cheese, and runnin' over our heads as we lie i' bed till we expect 'em to eat us up alive—as it's a mercy they hanna eat the children long ago. I should like to see if there's another tenant besides Poyser as 'ud put up wi' never having a bit o' repairs done till a place tumbles down—and not then, on'y wi' begging and praying, and having to pay half—and being strung up wi' the rent as it's much if he gets enough out o' the land to pay, for all he's put his own money into the ground beforehand. See if you'll get a stranger to lead such a life here as that: a maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon. You may run away from my words, sir," continued Mrs. Poyser, following the old Squire beyond the door—for after the first moments of stunned surprise he had got up, and, waving his hand towards her with a smile, had walked out

towards his pony. But it was impossible for him to get away immediately, for John was walking the pony up and down the yard, and was some distance from the causeway when his master beckoned.

"You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got Old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is, but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creaturs to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish and the next to 't, for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose—if it isna two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'em a bit o' flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'."

There are occasions on which two servant-girls and a waggoner may be a formidable audience, and as the Squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware that Molly and Nancy and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him—which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bull-dog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartett.

Mrs. Poyser, however, had no sooner seen the pony move off than she turned round, gave the two hilarious damsels a look which drove them into the back kitchen, and, unspearing her knitting, began to knit again with her usual rapidity, as she re-entered the house.

"Thee'st done it now," said Mr. Poyser, a little alarmed and uneasy, but not without some triumphant amusement at his wife's outbreak.

"Yes, I know I've done it," said Mrs. Poyser; "but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I shan't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old Squire; and there's little likelihoods—for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world."

"But thee wutna like moving from th' old place, this Michaelmas twelvemonth," said Mr. Poyser, "and going into a strange parish, where thee know'st nobody. It'll be hard upon us both, and upo' father too."

"Eh, it's no use worreting; there's plenty o' things may happen between this and Michaelmas twelvemonth. The Captain may be master afore then, for what we know," said Mrs. Poyser, inclined to take an unusually hopeful view of an embarrassment which had been brought about by her own merit, and not by other people's fault.

"*I'm* none for worreting," said Mr. Poyser, rising from his three-cornered chair, and walking slowly towards the door; "but I should be loath to leave th' old place, and the parish where I was bred and born, and father afore me. We should leave our roots behind us, I doubt, and niver thrive again."

George Eliot.

[From *Adam Bede*. By permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.]

THE OCEAN.

Oh that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar!
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And sendest him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou:
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne

Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron (*Childe Harold*)

THE BUILDING OF S. SOPHIA.

Justinian, Emperor and Augustus, bent
Upon Byzantium's embellishment,
Whilst musing, sudden started up and cried
"There is no worthy minster edified
Under the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,
The One eternal, and the only wise.
Great Solomon a temple built of old
To the Omnipotent, at cost untold.
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.
I too a costly church will dedicate,
To preach God's Majesty and tell my state."

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,
With sense of beauty and proportions filled,
And said, "In Wisdom's name I bid thee build.

Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,
The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,
But I, Justinian, build the Church alone.
Then go, ye heralds! forth to square and street,
With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat,
That a great minster shall erected be
By our august pacific Majesty;
And bid none reckon in the work to share,
For we ourselves the entire expense will bear."
And as Justinian lay that night awake,
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
The thought rose up, "Now when this flesh is dead
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call
What ho! Justinian comes, magnifical,
Who to the Eternal Wisdom Uncreate
A church did build, endow, and consecrate,
The like of which by man was never trod:
Then rise, Justinian! to the realm of God."
Now day and night the workmen build; apace
The church arises, full of form and grace;
The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers,
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Within, mosaic seraphs spread their wings,
And cherubs circle round the King of kings
On whirling wheels, besprent with myriad eyes;
And golden, with gold hair, against blue skies,
Their names beside them, twelve Apostles stand.

Six on the left, and six on the right hand.
And from an aureole of jewelled rays,
The Saviour's countenance doth calmly gaze.
Fixed is the silver altar, raised the screen,
A golden network prinked red, blue, and green,
With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire;
And ruby curtained round the sacred choir.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave:—
"This House to God, Justinian Emperor gave."

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,
The imperial procession sweeps along.
The saffron flags and crimson banners flare
Against the fair blue sky above the square.
In front the walls of Hagia Sophia glow,
A frost of jewels set in banks of snow.

Begemmed, and purple wreathed, the sacred sign,
Labarum, moves, the cross of Constantine.
Then back the people start on either side,
As ripples past a molten silver tide
Of Asian troops in polished mail; next pass
Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.
And then, with thunder tramp, the Varanger bands
Of champions gathered from grey northern lands
Above whom Odin's raven flaps its wing;
And, in their midst, in a gold-harnessed ring
Of chosen heroes, on a cream-white steed
In gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed,
To dedicate his church doth Cæsar ride
In all his splendour, majesty, and pride.
With fuming frankincense and flickering lights,

The vested choir come forth as he alights.
Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long,
And clash the cymbals, bellows hoarse the gong,
A wild barbaric crash. Then on the ear
Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear:
"Lift up your heads, ye gates, and open swing,
Ye everlasting doors before the King!"
Back start the silver valves—in sweeps the train,
Next throng the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian enters, halts a little space,
With haughty exultation on his face,
And, at a glance, the stately church surveys.
Then reads above the portal of the nave—
"This House to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave."
"What ho!" he thunders, with a burst of ire,
As to his face flashes a scarlet fire;
"Where is the sculptor? Silence all you choir!
Where is the sculptor?"

Fails the choral song,
A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.
"Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought;
His merry jest he'll find full dearly bought."

Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,
The graver. "Cæsar, God-preserved!" he said,
"I carved not that! exchanged has been the name
From that I chiselled. I am not to blame.
This is a miracle,—no mortal hand
Could banish one and make another stand,
And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace,
Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.
Beside the letters, Sire! the stone is whole."

"Ha!" scoffed the Emperor, "now by my soul,
I deemed the age of marvels passed away!"
Forth stepped the Patriarch with, "Sire, I pray,
Hearken! I saw him carve, nor I alone,
Thy name and title which have fled the stone;
And I believe the finger was Divine
Which set another name and cancelled thine—
The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
Belshazzar's doom, in Babel's sculptured hall;
The finger that, which cut in years before
On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the Law."

Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear:
"Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,
This lady who my orders sets at naught,
And robs me of the recompense I sought.
Who is Euphrasia?"

But none spake a word.
"What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?"
Again upon the concourse silence fell,
For none could answer make, and tidings tell.
"What! no man know! Go some the city round,
And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered: "Of that name
Is one, but old, and very poor, and lame,
Who has a cottage close upon the quay;
But she, most surely, Sire, it cannot be."

"Let her be brought." Then some the widow seek
And lead the aged woman, tottering, weak,
With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,
Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.

"Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly, "speak!
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break
And give, against my orders, to this pile?"
The widow answered simply, with faint smile,

"Sire! it was nothing, for I only threw
A little straw before the beasts which drew
The marble from the ships, before I knew
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill
Three weary months, and on my window-sill
A little linnet perched, and sang each day
So sweet, it cheered me as in bed I lay,
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
The linnet to me; then, with full intent
To render thanks, when God did health restore,
I from my mattress pulled a little straw
And cast it to the oxen that did draw
The marble burdens—I did nothing more."

"Look!" said the Cæsar, "read above that door.
Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
And is accepted of our King above;
And mine rejected as the gift of pride
By Him who humble lived and humble died.
Widow, God grant hereafter, when we meet,
I may attain a footstool at thy feet."

S. Baring Gould.

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THE FIRST EARL OF CHATHAM.*

The secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity; his august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence that he conspired to remove him in order to be relieved from his superiority. No State chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his subject was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect—not England, not the present age only—but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable; always adequate; the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indo-

* William Pitt, the elder, first Earl of Chatham, son of a gentleman of Cornwall, was one of the greatest of English orators and statesmen. He lived from 1708 to 1778. Under him as War Minister, Britain (with her allies) beat the French in India, Africa, and Canada, and on the Rhine, and swept the French fleets from the seas. Though he denounced the harsh policy of England towards the American colonies, and pressed for a friendly adjustment of differences, he protested powerfully against a proposal to accept humiliating terms from America and France combined. After this great speech he fainted, and from the House of Lords he was carried home to die. Pitt was a man of dignified appearance and irreproachable character, but haughty and affected in manner, even to his friends. Still he was a great patriot and a noble man:—

"The mind that thought of Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel."

lent—those sensations which soften, and allure, and vulgarize—were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of PITT, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom: not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind; which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was, in this man, something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority;—something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its universe.

Henry Grattan.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blesséd breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he closed the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves.

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in my dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool!
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn;
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accurséd pool
With a wild misgiving eye,
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other-where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

Thomas Hood.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.*

James I. of Scots—20th February, 1437.

I Catherine am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shown most white and fair,
It has been the rest of a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing bed,
And the bar to a King's chambère.

* Tradition says that Catherine Douglas, in honour of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm. She married Alexander Lovell of Bolunnie.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison-wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window-pane,
In her bower beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen,
He stood where still through his crownless years
His Scotish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scotish maids in her train,
I, Catherine Douglas, won the trust
Of my mistress, sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass,
She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned,—the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were met
At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The louring brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain-head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And many a lordly wrong-doer
By the headsman's axe had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Græme,
The bold o'ermastering man :—
"O King, in the name of your Three Estates,
I set you under their ban!"

Quoth the King :—"Thou speak'st but for one Estate
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Græme fired dark with rage :—
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Græme
To the King at Edinbro' :—
"No liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen;

The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death has such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,—
The winding-sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet,
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said:—"God's ways are His own;
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by His altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son;
And in Him I set my trust.

"And if God in His wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie."

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement-pane
The branches smote like summoning hands,
And muttered the driving rain.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loth to stir from her side;
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain,
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scotish Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;

And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said: "The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain,
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

And all the locks of the chamber-door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower-maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scotish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

That room was built far out from the house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight-glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Græme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash;
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armour in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
"O Catherine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
"Oh! even a King, for his people's sake
From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook
I snatched and held to the King:—
"Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harbouring."

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripped
And toiled to smooth it fair.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fall'n and lay,
Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,—
For behold! no King was there.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door
The night-wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams lit
The window high in the wall,—
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall,
And gleamed with the splendour of Scotland's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And nought remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window-pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armèd tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less; and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the space the Græme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And, O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smouldering;
And through the vapour and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof
They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
Who yet could do and dare:
With the crown, the King was stript away,—
The Knight was 'reft of his battle-array,—
But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth,—
Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
Beneath the torchlight-flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder-blades
His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
Sprang down to work his worst;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives,
But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled there
Till help had come of thy bands;
And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne
And ruled thy Scotish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that nought could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripp'd,
There stood Sir Robert Græme.

And the naked King turned round at bay,
But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp:—"Mine hour is come;
But oh! to succour thine own soul's doom,
Let a priest now shrive my soul!"

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength,
And said:—"Have I kept my word?—
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword!"

With that he smote his King through the breast;
And all they three in that pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
Like merciless murderous men.

O God! what more did I hear or see,
Or how should I tell the rest?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

And now, ye Scotish maids who have heard
  Dread things of the days grown old,—
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
  May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
  Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
  In the fair-lit Death-chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
  With chaunt and requiem-knell.

And girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
  How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
  From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
  That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
  And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
  And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
  That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt:
  And only to me some sign
She made; and save the priests that were there,
  No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace;
  And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
  With news of the traitors snared.

And evermore as I brought her word,
  She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
  She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Græme
  Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
  I feared that she could not live.

And then she said,—"My king, they are dead!"
  And she knelt on the chapel-floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile,—
  "James, James, they suffered more!"

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
  But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
  To winter of life-long grief.

And "O James!" she said,—"My James!" she said,—
  "Alas for the woful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
  Should needs be born a King!"

D. G. Rossetti.

[Abridged version, sanctioned by Wm. M. Rossetti, Esq., by whose permission and that of the Publishers (Ellis & Elvey) this version is given. The entire poem will be found in *The Poetical Works* of D. G. Rossetti.]

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Wm. Wordsworth.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

Wm. C. Bryant.

THE SHANDON BELLS.*

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild, would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

* These famous bells, whose melodious chimes inspired Father Prout's most musical lyric, are the subject of not a little contention in the writer's native city. Age having robbed them of their sweet

On this I ponder
Whene'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all this music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

cadence they have been denounced as a nuisance, many of the citizens of Cork, in the spirit of Othello, crying out, "Silence those dreadful bells, which fright the town from her propriety." But to silence the bells of Shandon would be to deprive the city by the Lee of one of its most pleasant and poetic associations. The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., while lying ill at Cork, heard the bells ring out in the calm of a summer's evening in a style that was anything but soothing. On being told in response to an enquiry that the discordant chimes came from Shandon steeple, he scribbled the following parody of Prout's lyric:—

I've heard bells rattle
Round the necks of cattle;
The Chinese in battle
Use hideous gongs;
And down in Galway
The natives alway
Enswarm their bees
To the beat of tongs.
But there's something sadder
To drive one madder
Than gongs or tongs
Struck discordantly,
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
With discord dinned on—
The roaring waters
Of the river Lee!

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly;—
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

Francis Mahony, "Father Prout."

GERALDINE AND I.

A GARDEN LYRIC.

Di te, Damasippe deæque
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore.

We have loiter'd and laugh'd in the flowery croft,
  We have met under wintry skies;
Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft
  Is the light in her wistful eyes;
It is bliss in the silent woods, among
  Gay crowds, or in any place,
To mould her mind, to gaze in her young
    Confiding face.

For ever may roses divinely blow,
  And wine-dark pansies charm
By that prim box path where I felt the glow,
  Of her dimpled, trusting arm.

And the sweep of her silk as she turn'd and smiled
A smile as pure as her pearls;
The breeze was in love with the darling Child,
And coax'd her curls.

She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,
Foxglove and jasmine stars,
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze
Of red in the celadon jars:
And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,
And roses of bountiful Spring.
But I said—"Though roses and bees have spells,
They have thorn and sting."

She show'd me ripe peaches behind a net
As fine as her veil, and fat
Gold fish a-gape, who lazily met
For her crumbs—I grudged them that!
A squirrel, some rabbits with long lop ears,
And guinea-pigs, tortoise-shell—wee;
And I told her that eloquent truth inheres
In all we see.

I lifted her doe by its lops, quoth I,
"Even here deep meaning lies,—
Why have squirrels these ample tails, and why
Have rabbits these prominent eyes?"
She smiled and said, as she twirl'd her veil,
"For some nice little cause, no doubt—
If you lift a guinea-pig up by the tail
His eyes drop out!"

Frederick Locker-Lampson

[From *London Lyrics*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

A FALLEN STAR.

Austin Landon's love affair arose out of the very theatre at Chucksford about which I have spoken to you so often. Austin was our juvenile gentleman for a season, and (wonderful for the little Chucksford theatre) was really juvenile and a gentleman. He was a great, tall, dark fellow, and stood quite six feet high, stockings or no stockings. At his own request we called him Tiny, a corruption of his Christian name which he had gained at home.

Tiny Landon came to us from Oxford (Magdalen, I think), with ugly stories sticking to him of his having been expelled from his college. The stories took various shapes —Debt and Dishonesty, some said; and we—the Chucksford company, many of us honestly down at heel and buttonless—cut him dead for a week. But other reports said "kicking a proctor," and, in the end, we gladly accepted this version, and Landon became a high favourite amongst us. He had a good "swallow"—*i.e.*, could study a dozen long parts in a week without turning a hair (grey) —was a great hand at cricket, and did wonders with a cranky boat on the narrow muddy little stream dignified in the Chucksford Guide by the name of the river Bottlewell.

Six weeks after the commencement of the season Landon of course fell in love. Miss Clarissa Rosinbloom, a young lady who had recently appeared in town with some success, came to us as a star, and was to play Rosalind on the opening night of her engagement.

"Who is my Orlando?" asked Miss Rosinbloom, in the morning, of Boother, the manager.

Boother was pacing the stage restlessly, endeavouring. with intervals of abuse levelled at the carpenters, to recover the lines of Jacques.

"Orlando," repeated Boother, absently, "Orlando—oh, Tiny Landon."

"Tiny Landon!" echoed Miss Rosinbloom, opening her pretty blue eyes to their fullest extent, "Tiny Landon—what a singular name!"

"I beg pardon?" said Landon, from the wings, overhearing his title, "am I called?"

"Er—um—Mr. Tiny Landon, I think?" said Miss Rosinbloom. "Mr. Boother tells me you play Orlando to-night."

Landon threw his head back and laughed—such a laugh, short and fresh and buoyant; he may have levelled the proctor, but nobody who heard his laugh could think him a swindler.

"Tiny or Austin Landon," said he. "Tiny is the name my friends give me. Yes, Miss Rosinbloom, I am your Orlando for want of a better. You may not know that I am a novice—almost a novice, at any rate—but awfully in earnest."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Landon. You will play Orlando capitally, I know."

"How kind of you to say so! We are all delighted that you have come down to us, Miss Rosinbloom; we do things rather roughly here"—Boother, who caught this remark, glared at Landon, and boxed the ears of the call-boy—"and a fortnight's acquaintance with some finished art will be a tonic for us. Have you had a pleasant journey down? Isn't this a quaint little town?" Et cetera—et cetera—et cetera.

Landon and the little star were most friendly during the rehearsal, and the remainder of the company regarded him with envy. For Clarissa Rosinbloom was undeniably charming and pretty. Naturally fair hair (*naturally* fair—how refreshing it is to write and to think about it!) rolled up much against its will—for a pretty woman's hair, like a pretty woman, has a will of its own—and imprisoned under the dearest of little sealskin caps. Such a complexion

with heaps of genuine colour in it in the right places; and such teeth, not like a lot of raw recruits standing at ease, but as firm and as regular and even as two carefully selected files from the flower of the army! And possessing good features (nose the least bit inclined to turn up—well, some people have a fancy for the *retroussée;* I have, for instance) and a pair of fathomless blue eyes, and a clear complexion. Miss Rosinbloom was not afraid to smile; that is, she could afford, unlike many women, to let the muscles of her face have an occasional holiday. For it is the young lady with the weak points in her face who has to coax her expressions so that they revolve round the defects and never come near them to show them up. Clarissa Rosinbloom, under no such restraint, smiled and smiled again, and her smiles in their variety were graceful and quaint and frolicsome, and everything in turns; a perfect display of facial fireworks, in fact—fireworks which at that time even her tears could not have dampened.

What a rehearsal it was! How Landon did stumble over the text to be sure! How earnest he was in the love scenes, but how innocent of Shakespeare! Ah, he was rehearsing something more real than a play! Poor Tiny! Poor Clarissa!

Miss Rosinbloom's fortnight at Chucksford passed quickly. On the last day, cold and bleak though it was, with an easterly breeze whistling the overture to a hard winter, Landon and she were alone in the cranky little boat on the Bottlewell.

"I don't know that I am prepared to be so enthusiastic about my profession to-day," remarked Landon, gloomily. "It's a poor business, which teases a fellow by giving him a friend for a fortnight and then snatching the friend away for ever."

"You will gain heaps of other friends in time, and grow to like variety," said Clarissa, from the depths of her furs.

"Besides, if you care to, you can write to me occasionally —I mustn't answer your letters, of course—but you may write to me any number of times before the 16th of next November."

"What after the 16th of next November?"

"Oh, things will be different then. Don't you know that I am going to be——? I mean, you will have forgotten me."

"That's not it!" cried Landon, savagely. "I believe I can guess what you mean. Wait till I pull into that bank."

He bent forward, looking straight into her face, and with a couple of strokes sent the shivering little craft among the rushes. The *Mary Jane* seemed to have some loose teeth in her head, for she went with a clatter and a rattle, and her ribs, too, creaked piteously.

"Now," said Landon, "tell me about the 16th of November." The tall rushes rose above them on every side, and shook the drops of autumn dew on to Miss Rosinbloom's pretty little head. Upon which Miss Rosinbloom shivered a little, drew her furs closer to her neck, and puckered up her lips as a child does when it is about to cry.

"Take me out of this, Tin, dear—this rheumaticky boat gives me the blues."

"I'll take you out of this when I've had a last talk with you. 'Rissa, I guess what you are going to tell me. You are engaged to be married."

"Yes, sir."

"Who is the man?"

"The gentleman is Mr. Carfax, a leather merchant, of Wood Street, Cheapside."

"Do you like him?"

"How rude you are! of course I do."

"Love him?"

"He's so very bandy, and only five feet five."

Landon relapses into the abstraction of gloomy thought.

fulness, after ten minutes of which, Clarissa, who is weary of drumming a tattoo with her feet on the bottom of the boat, by way of reminder flings him her handkerchief—a pretty little piece of uselessness with a monogram in the corner. He takes it, looks at the initials, kisses them quietly, and then crams the morsel of cambric deep into his pocket. . . .

"I suppose," said Landon, deliberately, "it is too late to ask you if you could ever bring yourself to marry a poor fellow who has nothing but a steady determination and a few vague prospects for his fortune."

"Really, I have never been called upon to consider such a question, Mr. Landon——"

"'Rissa!"

"But it wouldn't answer, Austin—indeed it wouldn't. I come of a poor lot, and am the general money-bag of a mother and a couple of helpless sisters. I'm not mightily strong, physically or mentally, and I may break up at my work at any moment, and then there is not even bread and butter for us all. When I marry Mr. Carfax he is to pension my folks and to get me—me, with a weak head and a monster of a cough in the winter months—for his reward. You're wrong if you envy him, Austin, for I'm no good to any man; upon my word I'm not!"

So the tall rushes parted once more, and the cranky boat groaned its way out from their midst and left them to put their heads together again—to nod and rustle in conference on what they had overheard. Slowly and gloomily Landon pulled home, Miss Rosinbloom looking everywhere but in his face, and plucking nervously at the fur which enveloped her.

"So that's over," said Landon when the boat's side jammed the landing-stage. "'Rissa, I hope you'll be very happy all your life. Good-bye, little woman, God bless you."

He drew a deep breath and set his lips tightly together. Clarissa looked at him for an instant, and for once even the shadow of a smile faded and her eyes glistened. And there chancing to be nobody in sight, they, both being of the same mind, bent forward and kissed very seriously. They had known each other a whole fortnight.

A kiss sometimes lasts a very long time, and this identical salute lingered still fresh on Austin's lips and in Austin's heart when a year had passed, and Miss Rosinbloom had been rich Mrs. Carfax for ten months. Miss Rosinbloom, having become rich Mrs. Carfax, had discarded her professional vocation and spent the greater portion of her time abroad, where the little gossiping papers were fond of chronicling her movements. And so it happened that the same newspaper which stated that the beautiful Mrs. Carfax, *née* Rosinbloom, was turning the heads of the Parisians, also paragraphed a serious accident to a Mr. Austin Landon, a promising young English actor of the Chucksford Theatre.

A horrible jar of the system, a compound fracture of the right leg, a contused head, with a nice little side dish in the way of a broken rib or two, formed the *menu* of injuries of which that promising young actor, Mr. Austin Landon, partook with the utmost freedom. When thirteen stone and upwards of "promising" humanity tumble through a stage trap into a cellar below it becomes for the moment a matter of uncertainty as to how far the early promises of those thirteen stone and upwards may be realised. The ripening of Mr. Landon's prospects was certainly in abeyance for some time after his accident, and it became necessary (with the practical assistance of a forgiving family, which wept in large numbers at the injured man's bedside) for him to—leave England to pull himself—actually as well as metaphorically—together.

Thus it chanced that on one evening in the month of

September, a little more than a year from the day Austin had first met pretty Clarissa, he found himself, with a cigarette between his teeth, lounging drearily at the railway station at Rouen awaiting a train to carry him to Paris. With an Englishman's customary oblivion of the fact that there are two sides to a railway station—an up and a down—Austin was kicking his heels on the wrong platform, and did not fail to abuse the railway officials in a language which, without being French, was certainly not English, when he discovered himself in the midst of a horde of passengers which had temporarily disgorged itself from a train proceeding to Dieppe. Hustled hither and thither by the excited crowd, his cigarette knocked from his mouth, and his toes trodden upon most unmercifully, Austin was gradually extricating himself from his dilemma when he encountered, crouched upon a mean wooden seat, a little figure, the sight of which brought him up short, with the blood to his face and his hat in his hand, in an instant.

"Clarissa!"

And rich Mrs. Carfax looked up into his face. Oh, rich Mrs. Carfax, what has become of the old sparkle of your eyes and the bloom which was upon your cheeks? And to what distant haven of things past and irrevocable have your variety of smiles flitted? Alas! the deep blue of your eyes has dulled itself into a sober grey, like a lake with a thunder-cloud upon it, and those evanescent smiles have trodden upon each other's heels in their hurry to make off and leave you sad and shivering on this bare wooden seat in the miserable little railway station of Rouen! No sumptuous bouquet of summer flowers has ever issued from the feverish atmosphere of a dusty ballroom more faded and bloomless than you have come out from your few months of married life!

"Mr. Landon!"

"Good gracious! what are you doing here? How ill you look!"

"I am ill—I think I am dying."

"Dying!"

"Yes—of disgrace and shame."

"'Rissa!"

"Go away from me—don't touch me! I'm not good enough for you, even to look at."

"Are you alone?"

"Alone! Yes—alone, for I've no friend to tell me how bad I am."

"Where is your husband?"

"I—I don't know."

A tall man, bronzed and grey, pushes Austin aside and takes Mrs. Carfax's arm. She submits quite helplessly, and Austin is left alone. In a moment, however, he has recovered from his daze and has followed and overtaken the couple. The tall man has his hand upon the handle of a carriage-door; Austin touches his sleeve.

"I beg your pardon," stammers Austin. "Are you Mr. Carfax?"

The tall man, without a word, assists Clarissa into the carriage and follows her. For a moment Clarissa's pale face appears at the window.

"Are you Mr. Carfax?" Austin repeats in a louder tone.

He sees that Clarissa's white lips form the word No, and then there is a shrill whistle and a hubbub and confusion, and he is forced away from the moving train to find himself left upon the platform with a handful of people and a few porters.

"Excuse me," says an Englishman, running up to him, "I see your luggage is labelled for Paris. Like me, you have made a mistake, and are on the wrong side of the station."

"No—I—I am not going to Paris."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"What is the destination of the train which has just started?"

"Dieppe, I believe."

"Thank you. I am going to Dieppe."

* * * * *

"Yes, sir," says the proprietor of the Hôtel des Etrangers at Dieppe—English by nationality, Smithson by name—"there is a lady in this hotel o' mine who arrived here late last night."

"With a tall gentleman with a grey beard?"

"Yes, sir, she were."

"Is the lady within?"

"Yes, sir, she are. And what's more, she's likely to be, for she's ill a'bed, and Dr. Perignon is with her now. My daughter-in-law is a nussing of her, but the poor thing's lonely, and yet won't let us send for a friend!"

"Ill! Where is this lady's travelling companion?"

"Lor', sir, he crossed to Newhaven by the late boat last night. You see, sir, the young lady's cough set in very bad, and Perignon wouldn't allow her to travel farther, so the grey gentleman swore a little in the bar yonder, gave me fifty pounds in bank-notes for the use of the lady, left her his best love, and caught the boat in the nick of time."

"I must see the doctor—where is he?"

"He'll be down in a minute. Poor soul, I got my daughter-in-law to break the news that the gent had gone, for, not knowing exactly how the wind lay, I was fearsome for the effects of it on her. But, bless your soul, I do believe it stopped her coughing! For when Célestine told her the news she had a big cry, and then would insist on being held up in bed to say her prayers. I took the liberty of listening at the door, and I assure you, sir, I fancied I was back again by the side of my old dead and gone mother

a-sitting in the church at Aylesford, where I came from, ay—thirty year ago or more!"

* * * * *

At sunset on the same day Célestine is knitting in the broad window recess of the capacious bedchamber, and Austin is sitting by Clarissa's bedside holding her thin, white, almost pulseless, hand.

"Don't telegraph to any one till to-morrow," begs Clarissa, feebly.

"Why wait till to-morrow, little woman?"

"I'm too ill to reason; but do, do wait. I'm so happy now. I know that it is all up with me, and they say that Death takes all the black spots out of one's soul. Besides, you are near me, old Tiny, and you are the best fellow I have ever known. Don't telegraph till to-morrow!"

"If you believed in me, why did you not come to me for help and counsel?"

"Because I was wicked, and I wanted to revenge myself upon my husband." She raises herself upon her elbow and looks at Austin with something of the old light in her eyes. "Tiny, six months after my marriage he beat me, and told me that he knew I had sold myself to him. It was true—oh! it was too true, which made it all the more cruel for him to say such a thing to me. But how could I have done otherwise when Minnie and Bertha at home were clamouring for silk dresses and fineries? At last things got worse with me: I became delirious—mad, and I had only one idea in my head, to revenge myself upon him, and to humiliate him in the eyes of his friends and the world. The man you saw yesterday—his name is Brownlees, and he is a friend of Gregory Carfax's—took me out of Paris yesterday morning, and we were to go on board a yacht lying off the English coast. Thank God, I am not on board that yacht to-day!"

"Yes, thank God for that! You will get well and strong

again, 'Rissa, and you must then set this dreadful business right."

"No; I have lived my life—I have drunk it down to the very dregs. Mother and Min and Bertha have their home and their silks and fineries, and that is all I have been reared for from childhood. They have been hard on me, but I am so sorry for them now, for who will care for them when I am gone?"

By-and-by, Dr. Perignon arrives to look at his patient. (Frequenters of Dieppe will remember white-haired old Perignon and his extraordinary English.) Perignon feels her pulse, chats a little, smiles comfortably, and departs, saying that Clarissa is doing extremely well; and at nine o'clock in the evening she—dies.

She dies with her head resting upon Austin's arm—Célestine is dozing by the broad window.

"I shall be with you early in the morning, 'Rissa, dear."

"Of course. And, Tiny——"

"Yes?"

"If the doctor's judgment should be wrong—if I should die——"

"Oh, don't say that!"

"You won't think that I died anything but a penitent and happy girl, will you?"

"Don't, don't talk like that—I can't bear it."

"You are by my side, and you are the best fellow I have ever known. So, if the worst comes"—laying her head upon his shoulder—"remember what I tell you: that my life, after all its sin and misery, *ends happily*, dear."

And he looks down and sees that it is over—all the good and all the evil, as if it had never been!

* * * * *

And Perignon declares at the funeral that this is the first instance in which his judgment has been at fault. But

we all know what a humbug old Perignon is. Mrs. Rosinbloom (a buxom widow, engaged to be married to a gentleman in the English Customs) is at the funeral, which takes place in Paris. Minnie and Bertha are there also, looking very tasteful in their mourning and very sorrowful. And Mr. Gregory Carfax is there with a troop of friends, and the undertaker considers the whole affair an enormous success. And when it is over Austin is left alone beside the grave, with all the bitterness of memory upon him, clasping to his heart the little morsel of cambric with the monogram in the corner.

The only intimate friend of Mr. Gregory Carfax's who was unavoidably prevented from being present was his old schoolfellow, Colonel Brownlees, enjoying at the time a little early shooting in Argyleshire.

Arthur W. Pinero.

[By permission of the Author.]

(The opening paragraphs have been omitted, as they have no connection with the story.)

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite.
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I.
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

* *

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shallot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

W. S. Gilbert.

[From *Bab Ballads*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Son, Ltd.]

THAT TELEPHONE.

I've started a telephone. I mean I've had one put up in the office. I have heard a lot about telephones, and I have often thought that I should like to have one, and at last I've got it; and now I want someone to come and take it away and bury it. It is a wonderful invention, and is, so I am told, an immeasurable boon to civilisation, but it's too exciting for me. I don't know whether it is that I do not properly understand the science of the affair, or whether something has gone wrong with the works or not, but the thing is driving me into an early grave.

I wanted to see a man two streets off the other morning, and it would have taken me five minutes to have put on my hat and gone round, and I was just about to do this, when, in an unfortunate moment, my eye caught that wretched telephone.

"Oh, ah, a good thought," I said to myself, "he's on the telephone. I'll ring up, and see if he's in."

You commence by ringing up some five or six times before anybody takes any notice whatever, and then, when you are just getting mad and feel you want to kick the instrument, the ring-back comes, whereupon, bursting with indignation, you shout:—

"How is it that I can't get an answer? Here have I been ringing for the last half-hour. I have rung twenty times." (This is a fiction. You have only rung six times, and the half-hour is an absurd exaggeration, but you feel that the mere truth would not be worthy of the occasion.)

"I think it disgraceful," you continue, "and I shall complain to the Company. What's the use of my having a telephone if I can't get any answer when I ring? Here I

pay a large sum for having this thing, and I can't get any notice taken. I've been ringing all the morning. Why is it?"

Then you wait for the answer.

"What—what do you say? I can't hear what you say."

"I say I've been ringing here for over an hour, and I can't get any reply," you call back. "I shall complain to the Company."

"You want what? Don't stand so near the tube. I can't hear what you say. What number?"

"Bother the number; I say why is it I don't get an answer when I ring?"

"Eight hundred and what?"

You can't argue any more after that. The machine would give way under the language you want to make use of. Half of what you feel would burst the thing up. Indeed, mere language of any kind would fall short of the requirements of the case. A hatchet and a gun are the only things that you could convey your meaning with by this time. So you give up all attempt, to answer back, and meekly mention that you want to be put in communication with 4—5—7—6.

"4—9—7—6?" says the girl.

"No; 4—5—7—6."

"Did you say 7—6 or 6—7?"

"6—7—no! I mean 7—6; no—wait a minute. I don't know what I do mean now."

"Well, I wish you'd find out," says the young lady severely. "You are keeping me here all the morning."

So you look up the number in the book again, and at last she tells you you are in connection with it; and then, ramming the trumpet tight against your ear, you stand waiting.

And if there is one thing that makes you feel ridiculous more than another it is standing by a wall, with a bit of a machine against your left ear, listening intently to nothing. And your back aches, and your head aches, and your past life rises vividly before you. And when you've stood thus for ten minutes, wondering if you are ever going to get an answer this side the grave, the girl in the exchange-room calls up to know if you've done.

"Done!" you retort bitterly; "why, I haven't begun yet."

"Well, be quick," she says, "because you are wasting time."

Thus admonished, you go for the thing again. "*Are* you there?" you cry in tones that ought to move the heart of a Charity Commissioner; and then, oh joy! oh rapture! you hear a faint human voice replying:—

"Yes, what is it?"

"Oh! are you 4—5—7—6?"

"What?"

"Are you 4—5—7—6, Williamson?"

"What! who are you?"

"Jones."

"Bones?"

"No, Jones. Are you 4—5—7—6?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Is Mr. Williamson in?"

"Will I what? Who are you?"

"Jones! Is Mr. Williamson in?"

"Who?"

"Williamson. Will-i-am-son?"

"You're the son of whom? I can't hear what you say."

Then you gather yourself for one final effort, and succeed, by superhuman energy and patience, in getting him

to understand that you wish to know if Mr. Williamson is in, and he says, so it sounds to you, "Be in all the morning."

So you snatch up your hat and run round.

"Oh, I've come to see Mr. Williamson," you say.

"Very sorry, sir," is the polite reply, "but he's not here."

"Not here? Why, you just told me through the telephone that he'd be in all the morning."

"No, I said he '*won't* be in all the morning.'"

So you go back to the office and sit down in front of that telephone and look at it. There it hangs, calm and imperturbable. Were it an ordinary instrument that would be its last hour. You would go straight downstairs and get the coal-hammer and the kitchen poker and divide it into sufficient pieces to give a bit to every man in London. But you feel nervous of these electricity affairs, and there is a something about that telephone, with its black hole and curly wires, that awes you. You have a notion that if you don't handle it properly something comes out and shocks you, and that then there's an inquest, and a lot of bother of that sort, so you let it off this once.

But I know what I'll do one of these days. I'll leave our office-boy alone with it for half-an-hour. Either he will fool that telephone up so that, by no human power, can it be ever used again, or the telephone will kill him. And in either event there will be more peace and quietness in the office than there was before.

And that is not the worst of having a telephone about. That is what happens when *you* want to work it from your end. The results of being "rung up" are still more maddening. You are sitting calmly on your chair, as quiet as a lamb, doing no harm to any living soul—perhaps it is after lunch, and you have closed your eyes, so as to be

able to think without your attention being distracted by the objects round the room. And just at the moment when your thoughts have reached their deepest and most absorbing state, off goes the telephone bell, right against your head; and you leap from your seat into the middle of the room, wondering, for the moment, whether you've been blown up by dynamite or only shot.

The bell continuing to ring, however, you gradually perceive what it is that has startled you, and you go up to it, and call back:—

"Yes, what's the matter? What do you want?"

No answer, only a confused murmur, prominent out of which comes the voices of two men swearing at one another. The way those men are swearing is simply disgraceful. The telephone seems peculiarly adapted to convey blasphemy. Ordinary language sounds indistinct through it; but every word those two men are saying can be heard by all the telephone subscribers over London.

It is useless attempting to listen till they have done; but when they have, you apply to the tube again. No answer is obtainable, and you get wild and say sarcastic things—only saying sarcastic speeches when you are not sure that anybody is at the other end to hear them is unsatisfying.

At last, after a quarter of an hour or so of saying, "Are you there?" "Yes, I'm here." "Well?" the young lady at the Exchange asks what you want. "I don't want anything," you reply.

"Well, then, what do you keep on talking for?" she retorts; "you mustn't play about with the thing."

This renders you speechless with indignation for a while; upon recovering from which you explain that "somebody rung you up."

"*Who* rung you up?" she asks.

"I don't know."

"Oh, well, be quick."

Generally disgusted, you slam the trumpet up, and sit down again; and then the bell rings a second time, and you fly up and yell out to know what the thunder they want, and who they are.

"Don't speak so loud, we can't hear you. What do you want?" is the answer.

"I don't want anything. What do you want to ring me up for?"

"We can't get Hong Kongs at 74."

"Well, I don't care if you can't."

"Would you like Zulus?"

"What are you talking about?" you reply; "I don't know what you mean."

"Would you like Zulus—Zulus at 73½?"

"I wouldn't have 'em at six a penny. What are you talking about?"

"Who are you?"

"2—8—1—9, Jones."

"Oh, aren't you 1—9—8—7?"

"No."

"Oh, it's all right; it's the wrong number. Good-bye."

Jerome K. Jerome.

[From *To-Day*. By permission of the Author.]

RETRIBUTION.

"I KNOW where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

"I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lonely nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark bough, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

"And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower;
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower."

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting-ground on the hills;
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quickened tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin-door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground—
At once to the earth his burden he heaves;
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves;
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs on the sassafras, broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who, at this calm hour,
Ever watched his coming to see?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower;
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow;
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war-axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet
Where he bore the maiden away;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast hurries the vapour and sleet
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
  Was stolen away from his door;
But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin-side—
  And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in the pine-grove, dark and cold,
  Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
  In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,
  Point out the ravisher's grave;
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Returned the maid that was borne away
  From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

William C. Bryant.

A FRENCHMAN PROPOSES THE LADIES.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid you kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De breveté is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de

point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe. I nevare to have exposé dat dis day vould to have arrivé. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon—or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have changé ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greater honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady? It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate; and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'"

L. Moseley.

[From *The Charity Dinner*. By permission of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.]

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.*

THERE is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the

* At Westminster, in 1895, there will be laid the foundation stone of a Roman Catholic cathedral. The edifice, which is to be in the ancient Basilican or primitive form of Christian architecture, will be the most important ecclesiastical structure, in point of both splendour and size, erected in London since St. Paul's was rebuilt. It will stand on a site of four and a half acres, and is estimated to cost two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The gorgeous ritual of the full Roman Catholic cathedral service will here be witnessed for the first time in England since the days of the Reformation.

New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Lord Macaulay (*Essays*).

RUTH BONYTHON.*

Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?

* This story has been woven by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as

What seeks he there? His foes are near—
  Grey Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping,
And the garrison lights are burning clear,
  Where Phillips' men their watch are keeping.
Let him hie him away through the dank river fog,
  Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the rocks,
For the eyes and the ears which are watching for Mogg
  Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts—there's a rustle among the leaves:
  Another—the click of his gun is heard!
A footstep—is it the step of Cleaves,
  With Indian blood on his English sword?
Steals Harmon down from the sands of York,
With hand of iron and foot of cork?
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,
  How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow—
  "Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython!"

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,
And quick, keen glances to and fro,
  The hunted outlaw, Bonython!
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,
With blanket-garb and buskined knee,
  And naught of English fashion on:
For he hates the race from whence he sprung,
And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.

"Sachem!" he says, "let me have the land,
Which stretches away upon either hand,

his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.

As far about as my feet can stray
In the half of a gentle summer's day,
From the leaping brook to the Saco river,
And the fair-haired girl thou hast sought of me,
Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be
The wife of Mogg Megone for ever."

* * *

A cottage hidden in the wood—
Red through its seams a light is glowing,
On rock, and bough, and tree-trunk rude,
A narrow lustre throwing.
"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands.
"Hold, Ruth—'tis I, the Sagamore!"
Quick, at the summons, hasty hands
Unclose the bolted door;
And on the outlaw's daughter shine
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the wood,
The freeborn child of Solitude,
And bearing still the wild and rude,
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.
Yet seldom in hall or court are seen
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,
As freely and smiling she welcomes them there—
Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:

"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?
And, Sachem, say—does Scamman wear,
In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"
Hurried and light is the maiden's tone;
But a fearful meaning lurks within
Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone—
An awful meaning of guilt and sin!—

The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there
Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair!

With hand upraised, with quick drawn breath,
She meets that ghastly sign of death.

Look!—feeling melts that frozen glance,
It moves that marble countenance,
As if at once within her strove
Pity with shame, and hate with love.
The Past recalls its joy and pain,
Old memories rise before her brain—
The voice whose pleading tones beguiled
The pleased ear of the forest-child—
The tears she may no more repress
Reveal her lingering tenderness.

She stands by the side of her austere sire,
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls
On the cottage roof and its black log walls,
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting flask
The fire-water burns at the lips of Megone:
"Will the Sachem hear what his father shall ask?
Will he make his mark, that it may be known,
On the speaking leaf, that he gives the land,
From the Sachem's own to his father's hand?"

With unsteady fingers the Indian has drawn
On the parchment the shape of the hunter's bow.
"Boon water—boon water—Sagamore John!
Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts will grow!"

o o

He drinks yet deeper—he mutters low—
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro—
His head falls down on his naked breast—
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Come, Ruth! why, what the devil is there,
To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought that tear,
Which shames thyself and our purpose here,
Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,
Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,
And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping—
This—this!"—he dashes his hand upon
The rattling stock of his loaded gun—
"Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father!—my life I value less
Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;
And how it ends it matters not,
By heart-break or by rifle-shot;
But spare awhile the scoff and threat—
Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl—I only meant
To draw up again the bow unbent.
Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought
To frighten off thy gloomy thought;
Come—let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp
His daughter's cold damp hand in his.
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,
As if each nerve and muscle felt,
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg;
"What shall be done with yonder dog?

Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine—
The deed is signed and the land is mine!"

Ruth does not speak—she does not stir;
But she gazes down on the murderer.

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,
  Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear—
But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,
  And I would not that even the wolves should hear."
He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt,
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;
Kneeling down on one knee by the Indian's side,
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;
And twice or thrice he feebly essays
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.
"I cannot," he mutters, "did he not save
My life from a cold and wintry grave.

Ruth starts erect—with bloodshot eye,
  And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
  Showing their locked embrace beneath,
In the red fire light—"Mogg must die!
Give me the knife!"—The outlaw turns,
  Shuddering in heart and limb, away—
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,
  And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
  Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry!

Again—and again—he sees it fall—
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!
  He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by—
The door on its rusted hinges creaks—

"Ruth—daughter Ruth!" the outlaw shrieks.
But no sound comes back—he is standing alone
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!

* * * * *

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
The flowing river, and bathe its feet—
The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass—
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands:
Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there:
And should he chance at that place to be
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses are said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,
Well might that traveller start to see
The tall dark forms, that take their way
From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
And the forest paths, to that chapel door;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
While, in coarse white vesture, over these
In blessing or in prayer,
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim.
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,
Which a stranger is telling him.
That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,
And wet with dew and loosely worn;
Her fair neglected hair falls down
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown;

Yet still, in that disordered face,
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace
Those elements of former grace
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,
Even now, than perfect loveliness.

"O father, bear with me; my heart
  Is sick and death-like, and my brain
  Seems girdled with a fiery chain,
Whose scorching links will never part,
  And never cool again.
Bear with me while I speak—but turn
  Away that gentle eye the while—
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn
  Beneath its holy smile;
For half I fancy I can see
My mother's sainted look in thee.

"Oh, tell me, father, *can* the dead
  Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living's head
  Their blessing or their curse?
For, oh, last night she stood by me,
As I lay beneath the woodland tree!"

"God help thee, daughter, tell me why
Her spirit passed before thine eye!"
"Father, I know not, save it be
  That deeds of mine have summoned her
  From the unbreathing sepulchre,
To leave her last rebuke with me.
Ah, woe for me! my mother died
Just at the moment when I stood
Close on the verge of womanhood,
A child in everything beside;

And when my wild heart needed most
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

"My father lived a stormy life,
Of frequent change and daily strife;
And—God forgive him! left his child
To feel, like him, a freedom wild.

"There came a change. The wild, glad mood
Of unchecked freedom passed.
Amid the ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood.
A manly form was ever nigh,
A bold, free hunter, with an eye
Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake
Both fear and love—to awe and charm;
'Twas as the wizard rattlesnake,
Whose evil glances lure to harm—
Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long
Merged in one feeling deep and strong.
Ah! scarcely yet to God above
With deeper trust, with stronger love,
Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,
Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,
Than I, before a human shrine,
As mortal and as frail as mine,
With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,
Knelt madly to a fellow worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,
An awful light came bursting in.
The shrine was cold at which I knelt,
The idol of that shrine was gone;
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,
Outcast, and spurned, and lone.

"There came a voice—it checked the tear—
In heart and soul it wrought a change;
My father's voice was in my ear;
It whispered of revenge!

"A youthful warrior of the wild,
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,
Of crime the cheated instrument,
Upon our fatal errands went.
Through camp, and town, and wilderness
He tracked his victim; and at last,
Just when the tide of hate had passed,
And milder thoughts came warm and fast,
Exulting, at my feet he cast
The bloody token of success.

"O God! with what an awful power
I saw the buried past uprise,
And gather, in a single hour,
Its ghost-like memories!
And then I felt—alas! too late—
That underneath the mask of hate,
That shame, and guilt, and wrong had thrown
O'er feelings which they might not own,
The heart's wild love had known no change;
And still, that deep and hidden love,
With its first fondness, swept above
The victim of its own revenge!
And oh, with what a loathing eye,
With what a deadly hate and deep,
I saw that Indian murderer lie
Before me in his drunken sleep!
And when he murmured as he slept,
The horrors of that deed of blood,
The tide of utter madness swept

O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.
And, father, with this hand of mine—"
"Ha! what didst thou?" the Jesuit cries,
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,
And shading, with one thin hand, his eyes,
With the other he makes the holy sign.
"——I smote him as I would a worm;
With heart as steeled, with nerves as firm:
He never woke again!"

"Woman of sin, and blood, and shame,
Speak—I would know that victim's name."

"Father," she gasped, "a chieftain known
As Saco's Sachem—Mogg Megone!"

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,
What hopes, that time may not recall,
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,
To lift the hatchet of his sire,
And, round his own, the Church's foe,
To light the avenging fire?
Three backward steps the Jesuit takes -
His long, thin frame as ague shakes;
And loathing hate is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear—
"The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

"Save me, O holy man!" her cry
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,
Thrilling with mortal agony;

Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,
And her eye looks fearfully into his own;
"Off, woman of sin!—nay, touch not me
With those fingers of blood; begone!"

Hark! what sudden sound is heard
In the wood and in the sky,
Shriller than the scream of bird—
Than the trumpets' clang more high!
Every wolf-cave of the hills—
Forest arch and mountain gorge,
Rock and dell, and river verge—
With an answering echo thrills.
Well does the Jesuit know that cry
Which summons the Norridgewock to die,
And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.
He listens and hears the rangers come,
With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,
And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),
And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot.
Black with the grime of paint and dust,
Spotted and streaked with human gore,
A grim and naked head is thrust
Within the chapel door.
"Ha—Bomazeen!—In God's name say,
What mean these sounds of bloody fray?"
Silent, the Indian points his hand
To where across the echoing glen
Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,
And Moulton with his men.

Then through the chapel's narrow doors,
And through each window in the walls
Around the priest and warrior pours
The deadly shower of English balls.

Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;
While at his side the Norridgewock,
With failing breath essays to mock
And menace yet the hated foe—
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro
Exultingly before their eyes—
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,
Defiant still, he dies.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,
Glimpses on the soldiers' sight
A thing of human shape I ween,
For a moment only seen,
With its loose hair backward streaming,
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,
From the world of light and breath,
Hurrying to its place again,
Spectre-like it vanisheth!

* * * *

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.

A band is marching through the wood
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood—
The warriors of the wilderness,
Painted, and in their battle dress;
And with them one whose bearded cheek,
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood
Urges the hoary veteran on:
The fire of conquest, and the mood
Of chivalry have gone.
A mournful task is his—to lay
Within the earth the bones of those
Who perished in that fearful day,
When Norridgewock became the prey
Of all unsparing foes.

Hark! from the foremost of the band
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell;
For now on the very spot they stand
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.
No wigwam smoke is curling there;
The very earth is scorched and bare:
And they pause and listen to catch a sound
Of breathing life—but there comes not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;
But here and there, on the blackened ground,
White bones are glistening in the sun.
And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,
And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank:
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,
Tethered to tree, and stump, and rock,
Rotting along the river bank!

Blessed Mary! who is she
Leaning against that maple-tree?
The sun upon her face burns hot,
But the fixed eyelid moveth not.

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper:
"Wake, daughter, wake!"—but she stirs no limb:
The eye that looks on him is fixed and dim;
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deeper,
Until the angel's oath is said,
And the final blast of the trump goes forth
To the graves of the sea and the graves of earth.
RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD!

J. G. Whittier

[Adapted from one of the Author's *Indian Legends*.]

ONLY A SHAVING.

A CHILD, as from school he was bounding by,
Near the wall of a carpenter's workshop found
A lustrous shaving that lured his eye;
And this treasure he timidly pick'd from the ground
The thing was tender, transparent, light,
Silk-soft, odorous, vein'd so fine
With rosy waves in the richest white,
Rare damask of dainty design!

With awe he touch'd it, and turned it o'er.
He had never seen such a wonder before.
And, gay as a ringlet of golden hair,
It had floated and fallen down at his feet;
Where, fluttering faint in each breath of bright air,
It lay bathed by the sunshine sweet.

The boy was a widow's sireless son.
A poor dame, pious and frugal, she.
Brothers and sisters he had none,
Playmates and playthings few: and he
Was gentle, and dreamy, and pure, as one
To whom most pleasures privations be
Ere childhood's playing is done.

He would like to have taken his treasure away.
"But what," he thought, "would my mother say?"
As he wistfully eyed the window'd wall
Whence down from the casement of some ground floor
He thought he had seen the fair thing fall.
Then he knock'd at the half-shut door.

Near it the sturdy head workman stood.
He was busily planing a plank of wood.
His arms were up to the elbows bare,
Brawny and brown as the branch of an oak,
And heavy with muscle and dusky with hair.
Down over his forehead and face in a soak,
(For the heat of his labour had left them wet)
Fell mane-like, matted, and black as jet,
A huge unkempt and cumbrous coil
Of stubborn curls; that to forehead and face,
Gave a savage look as he stoop'd at his toil,
With many a sullen and sooty trace
Of the glue-pot's grease and the workshop's soil.
His shirt—last Sunday, though coarse, as clean
As the parson's own—this Friday noon
Had the hue of the shift of that famous queen
Who took Granada, but not so soon
As her oath was taken. This man had seen
The gentle child at the door, and thought
"'Tis the child of a customer come with a message."

"Pray, what has my little master brought?
Or what may he want?" With no cheerful presage
At the sight of his grim-faced questioner,
A few faint words the poor child stammers,
Words unheard 'mid the noisy stir
Of the hissing saws and the beating hammers.
When, abasht and blushing, he stands deterr'd
With a fluttering heart like a frighten'd bird:
As he holds the shaving out in his hand,
Timidly gazing at that strange prize.

The workman was puzzled to understand
This gracious vision. He rubbed his eyes.
Is it vainly such visions come and go
In flashes across life's labouring way?
We uplift the forehead and fain would know
What to think of them. Whence come they?
For they burst upon us and brighten the air
For a moment round us, and melt away,
Lost as we longingly look at them.

"Hi!
Silence, all of you hands down there!"
And you might have heard the hum of a fly
In the hush of the suddenly silenced place.
"What is it, my child?" With a glowing face--
"Sir," said the child, "I was passing by,
And I saw it fall, as I pass'd below,
From the window, I think. So, as it fell near,
I have pick'd it up, and I bring it you now."
"Bring what?" "This beautiful ringlet here.
Have you not miss'd it? It must, I know,
Have been hard to make. I have taken care.
The wind was blowing it round the wall,
And I never saw anything half so fair.
But it is not broken, I think at all."

A 'prentice brat, whose cheek was puft
With a burst of laughter ready to split,
Turn'd pale, by a single glance rebuft
Of that workman's eye, which had noticed it.
And the man there, shaggy and black as a bear,
Nor any the sweeter for sweat and glue,
Laid a horny hand on the child's bright hair,
With a gentle womanly gesture drew
The child up softly on to his knees,
And gazed in its eyes till his own eyes grew
Humid and red at the rims by degrees.

"What is thine age, fair child?" he said.
"Five, next June." "And it pleases thee,
This . . . ringlet-thing?" The small bright head
Nodded. He put the child from his knee,
Swept from the bench a whole curly clan
Of such shavings, and, "Hold up thy pinafore,
There, they are thine. Run away, little man!"
"Mine?" "All thine." Then he open'd the door
Stoop'd, and . . . was it a sigh or a prayer
That, as into the sunshine the sweet child ran,
Away with it pass'd in its golden hair?

Anon, when the hubbub again began
Of hammer and saw in the workshop there,
This workman paused from his work; and stood
Looking awhile (as though vexed by the view)
At the shape which his work had bequeathed to the wood.
Then he turn'd him about, and abruptly drew
His pipe from his pocket, and stuff'd it, and lit,
And sat down on the bench by the open door,
And smoked, and smoked. And in circles blue
As the faint smoke wander'd the warm air o'er.
Still he sat dreamily watching it

Rise like a ghost from the grimy clay,
And hover, and linger, and fade away.

I know not what were his thoughts. But I know
There be shavings that down from a man's work fall
Which the man himself, as they drop below,
Haply accounts of no worth at all;
And I know there be children that prize them more
Than the man's true work, be its worth what it may,
And I think that (albeit 'twas not half o'er)
This workman turn'd from his work that day,
Having, just then, nor wish nor will
To go on planing a coffin still.

Owen Meredith.

[From the *Poems of Owen Meredith.* By permission of the Countess of Lytton and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none:
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter,—my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung:

"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott (*Marmion*).

HANS VOGEL

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

Ein ächter Deutscher Mann mag keinen Franzen leiden!"—BRANDER in *Faust*

THE fight is o'er, the day is done,
And thro' the clouds o'erhead
The fingers of the setting sun
Are pointing down blood-red,—
Beneath, on the white battlefield,
Lie strewn the drifts of dead.

No breath, no stir; but everywhere
The cold Frost crawleth slow,
And Frank and Teuton side by side
Lie stiffening in the snow,—
While piteously each marble face
Gleams in the ruby glow.

No sound; but yonder midst the dead
  There stands one steed snow-white,
And clinging to its chilly mane,
  Half swooning, yet upright,
Its rider totters, breathing hard,
  Bareheaded in the light!

Hans Vogel. Spectacles on nose,
  He gasps and gazes round—
He shivers as his eyes survey
  That wintry battle-ground—
Then, parch'd with thirst and chill with cold,
  He sinks, without a sound.

Before his vision as he lies
  There gleams a quaint old Town,
He sees the students in the street
  Swaggering up and down,
While at a casement sits a Maid
  In clean white cap and gown.

Hans Vogel thinks, "My time hath come!
  Ne'er shall these eyes of mine
Behold poor Annchen, or the trees
  Of dear old Ehbrenstein!"
He smacks his lips, "*Mein Gott!* for one
  Deep draught of Rhenish wine!"

Then swift as thought his wild eyes gleam
  On something at his side—
He stirs—he glares—he sits erect—
  He grips it, eager-eyed:
A Flask it is, some friend or foe
  Hath dropt there ere he died!

To God he mutters now a prayer,
Quaking in every limb;
Trembling he holds it to the light!—
'Tis full unto the brim!
A flask! a brimming flask of wine!
And God hath sent it him!

Hans Vogel's heart leaps up in joy,
"*Dem Himmel sei Dank!*" he cries—
Then pursing out his thirsty lips
Prepares to quaff his prize,—
When lo! a sound—he starts—and meets
A pair of burning eyes!

Propt on a bed of comrades dead,
His faint breath swiftly flying,
His breast torn open by a shell,
A Grenadier is lying:—
Grim as a wolf, with gleaming fangs,
The Frenchman glareth, dying!

White is his hair, his features worn
With many a wild campaign,
He rocks his head from side to side
Like to a beast in pain—
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
Again and yet again.

Hans Vogel, in the act to drink
And render God due praise,
Drops down his fever'd hand in doubt
And pauses in amaze,
For on the flask that Grenadier
Fixeth his thirsty gaze!

Hans Vogel smiles, "Here lieth one
Whose need is more than mine!"
Then, crawling over to his foe,
"Look, Frenchman, here is wine!
And by the God that made us both
Shall every drop be thine!"

Hath thou beheld a dying boar,
Struck bleeding to the ground,
Spring with a last expiring throe
To rip the foremost hound?
Terrible, fatal, pitiless,
It slays with one swift bound.

Ev'n so that grizzly wolf of war,
With eyes of hate and ire,
Stirs as he lies, and on the ground
Gropes with a dark desire,—
Then lifts a loaded carbine up,
And lo! one flash of fire!

A flash—a crash! Hans Vogel still
Is kneeling on his knee,
His heart is beating quick, his face
Is pale as man's can be;
The ball just grazed his bleeding brow,—
"*Potstausend!* murmureth he.

Hans frowns; and raising to his lips
The flask, begins to quaff;
Then holds it to the fading light
With sly and cynic laugh,
Deep in his drought—sweet is the wine—
And he had drunk the half!

But now he glanceth once again
Where that grim Frenchman lies—
Gasping still waits that wolf of war
Like to a beast that dies—
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
And slowly glazing eyes.

Hans Vogel smiles; unto his foe
Again now totters he—
So spent now is that wolf of war
He scarce can hear or see.
Hans Vogel holds his hand, and takes
His head upon his knee!

Then down the dying Frenchman's throat
He sends the liquor fine:
"*Half* yet remains, old boy," he cries,
While pouring down the wine—
"Hadst thou not play'd me such a trick,
It might have *all* been thine!"

Hans Vogel speaketh in the tongue
Of his good Fatherland—
The Frenchman hears an alien sound
And cannot understand,
But he can taste the warm red wine
And feel the kindly hand.

See! looking in Hans Vogel's face
He stirs his grizzly head—
Up, smiling, goes the grim moustache
O'er cheeks as grey as lead—
With one last glimmer of the eyes,
He smiles,—and he is dead.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Buchanan. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

HE TOLD ME SO.

AN UP-TO-DATE LOVE SONG.

I NE'ER my Donald shall see again—
He told me so.
My Donald was a beauteous swain—
He told me so.
And when he offered his love so pure,
He said he once had a wife demure;
He thought she lived—but he wasn't sure—
He told me so.

He loved me with a bursting heart—
He told me so.
And said from me he ne'er would part!
He told me so.
But when I said—it ne'er could be—
He rushed with blinding tears from me
And drowned himself in the cruel sea—
He told me so.

George Grossmith.

[By permission of the Author and of R. A. Profeit, Esq.]

LORD THURLOW'S REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.*

MY Lords, I am amazed; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before

* The Duke had reproached the Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords, on his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. Lord Thurlow slowly rose from the woolsack, and, fixing his eye upon his assailant, gave him this well-deserved castigation.

him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident?* To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do. But, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can, and will, say that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of His Majesty's Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, as a man, I am at this moment as respectable, and I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look round upon.

Lord Thurlow.

* The Duke of Grafton was a descendant of one of Charles II.'s illegitimate children. The Lord Chancellor is now always a distinguished lawyer, and the appointment carries a peerage with it.

THE POETS AT TEA.

I.—MACAULAY, WHO MADE IT.

POUR, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix

For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield;
For ever let Britannia wield
The teapot of her sires!

II.—TENNYSON, WHO TOOK IT HOT.

I think that I am drawing to an end:
For on a sudden came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands, and blinded eyes,
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah! . . . kindly pass the milk.

III.—SWINBURNE, WHO LET IT GET COLD.

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
Is foul in the ending thereof,
As the heat of the summer's beginning
Is past in the winter of love:
O purity, painful and pleading!
O coldness, ineffably grey!
Oh hear us, our handmaid unheeding,
And take it away!

IV.—COWPER, WHO THOROUGHLY ENJOYED IT.

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song.
I sing the saucer and the cup;
Pray, Mary, fill the teapot up,
And do not make it strong.

V.—BROWNING, WHO TREATED IT ALLEGORICALLY.

Tst! Bah! We take as another case—
  Pass the pills on the window-sill; notice the capsule
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
  Reliance on trade-marks, Sir)—so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
  Light-poised—Bah, it's spilt in the bed!—well, let's on go—
Held Bohea and sugar, Sir; if you were told
  The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

VI.—WORDSWORTH, WHO GAVE IT AWAY.

"Come, little cottage girl, you seem
  To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream?
  Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic, woodland grin,
  Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
  A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?
  'Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
  "Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied;
  "My proper name is Ruth.
I called that milk"—she blushed with pride—
  "You bade me speak the truth."

VII.—POE, WHO GOT EXCITED OVER IT.

Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings to me!

Oh, from out the silver cells
How it wells!
How it smells!
Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire
And a crystalline endeavour
Now, now to sit, or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea
Tea to the n—1th.

VIII.—ROSSETTI, WHO TOOK SIX CUPS OF IT.

The lilies lie in my lady's bower
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.—BURNS, WHO LIKED IT ADULTERATED.

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
For ane or ither;
For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you.
Mix a' thegither.

X.—WALT WHITMAN, WHO DIDN'T STAY MORE THAN A MINUTE.

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. *Allons, camerados,* we will drink together
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when you've done with it.
What butter-coloured hair you've got. I don't want to be personal.
All right, then, you needn't—you're a stale—cadaver.
Eighteenpence if the bottles are returned,
Allons, from all bat-eyed formules.

Barry Pain.

[From *Playthings and Parodies.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.]

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."
[16—.]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flanks which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Browning. By permission of Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.]

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:

The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,—
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,—
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone;

There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And a kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm going to:—
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies,—
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride

Lady Dufferin

CATO, ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so!—Plato, thou reasonest well:
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing, after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out—an Hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in, must be happy:
But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me,
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this—informs me, I shall never die!
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

Joseph Addison (*Tragedy of Cato*).

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

The fettered Spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which Life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the Great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the Legend—
When the Archangel came
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name;
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:—

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loves me,
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my Life away;
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then, I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered:—
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain:
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

* * * *

The Lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the Lime-trees
And stirs the Bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale:—
Why does the Bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale?

* * * *

Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant Angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,
For Heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

Adelaide A. Procter.

[From *Legends and Lyrics*. By permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons.]

THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

H. W. Longfellow.

MY FIRST READING.

MANY years ago (I think it was in the autumn of 1858), I made an ambitious appeal to the public which I don't suppose anybody remembers but myself. I had at that time been about two years upon the stage, and was fulfilling my first engagement at Edinburgh. Like all young men, I was full of hope, and looked forward buoyantly to the time when I should leave the bottom rung of the ladder far below me. The weeks rolled on, however, and my name continued to occupy a useful but obscure position in the playbill, and nothing occurred to suggest to the manager the propriety of doubling my salary, although he took care to assure me that I was "made to rise." It may be mentioned that I was then receiving thirty shillings per week, which was the usual remuneration for what is termed "juvenile lead."

At last a brilliant idea occurred to me. It happened to be vacation time—"preaching week," as it is called in Scotland—and it struck me that I might turn my leisure to account by giving a reading. I imparted this project to another member of the company, who entered into it with enthusiasm. He, too, was young and ambitious. It was the business aspect of the enterprise which fired his imagination; it was the artistic aim that excited mine. When I promised him half the profits, but not before, he had a vision of the excited crowd surging round the doors, of his characteristic energy in keeping them back with one hand and taking the money with the other; and afterwards, of the bags of coin neatly tied and carefully accounted for, according to some admirable system of book-keeping by double entry. This was enough for me, and I appointed him to the very responsible position of manager; and we went about feeling a deep compassion for people

whose fortunes were not, like ours, on the point of being made.

Having arranged all the financial details, we came to the secondary but inevitable question—Where was the reading to be given? It would scarcely do in Edinburgh; the public there had too many other matters to think about. Linlithgow was a likely place. Nothing very exciting had occurred in Linlithgow since the Regent Murray was shot by Hamilton of Bothwell Haugh. The whole town was probably weary of that subject now, and would be grateful to us for cutting out the Regent Murray with a much superior sensation. My friend the manager accordingly paid several visits to Linlithgow, engaged the Town Hall, ordered the posters, and came back every time full of confidence. Meanwhile, I was absorbed in *The Lady of Lyons*, which, being the play that most charmed the fancy of a young actor, I had decided to read; and day after day, perched on Arthur's Seat, I worked myself into a romantic fever, with which I had little doubt I should inoculate the good people of Linlithgow.

The day came which was to make or mar us quite, and we arrived at Linlithgow in high spirits. I felt a thrill of pride at seeing my name for the first time in big capitals on the posters, which announced that at "eight o'clock precisely Mr. Henry Irving would read *The Lady of Lyons*." This was highly satisfactory, and gave us an excellent appetite for a frugal tea. At the hotel we eagerly questioned our waiter as to the probability of there being a great rush. He pondered some time, as if calculating the number of people who had personally assured him of their determination to be present; but we could get no other answer out of him than "Nane can tell." Did he think there would be fifty people there? "Nane can tell." Did he think that the throng would be so great that the Provost would have to be summoned to keep order? Even this

audacious proposition did not induce him to commit himself, and we were left to infer that, in his opinion, it was not at all unlikely.

Eight o'clock drew near, and we sallied out to survey the scene of operations. The crowd had not yet begun to collect in front of the Town Hall, and the man who had undertaken to be there with the key was not visible. As it was getting late, and we were afraid of keeping the public waiting in the chill air, we went in search of the door-keeper. He was quietly reposing in the bosom of his family, and to our remonstrance replied, "Ou, ay, the reading! I forgot all aboot it." This was not inspiriting, but we put it down to harmless ignorance. It was not to be expected that a man who looked after the Town Hall key would feel much interest in *The Lady of Lyons*.

The door was opened, the gas was lighted, and my manager made the most elaborate preparations for taking the money. He had even provided himself with change, in case some opulent citizen of Linlithgow should come with nothing less than a sovereign. While he was thus energetically applying himself to business, I was strolling like a casual spectator on the other side of the street, taking some last feverish glances at the play, and anxiously watching for the first symptoms of "the rush."

The time wore on. The town clock struck eight, and still there was no sign of "the rush." The manager mournfully counted and recounted the change for that sovereign. Half-past eight, and not a soul to be seen—not even a small boy! It was clear that nobody intended to come, and that the Regent Murray was to have the best of it after all. I could not read *The Lady of Lyons* to an audience consisting of the manager, with a face as long as two tragedies, so there was nothing for it but to beat a retreat. No one came out even to witness our discomfiture. Linlithgow could not have taken the trouble to

study the posters, which now seemed such horrid mockeries in our eyes. I don't think either of us could for some time afterwards read any announcement concerning "eight o'clock precisely" without emotion.

We managed to scrape together enough money to pay the expenses, which operation was a sore trial to my speculative manager, and a pretty severe tax upon the emoluments of the "juvenile lead." As for Linlithgow, we voted it a dull place, still wrapped in mediæval slumber, and therefore insensible to the charms of the poetic drama and to youthful aspirations after glory. We returned to Edinburgh the same night, and on the journey, by way of showing that I was not at all cast down, I favoured my manager with selections from the play, which he good-humouredly tolerated, though there was a sadness in his smile which touched my sensitive mind with compassion.

This incident was vividly revived in my mind twenty years afterwards, as I passed through Linlithgow on my way from Edinburgh to Glasgow, in which cities I gave, in conjunction with my friend Toole, two readings on behalf of the sufferers by the Glasgow Bank failure, which produced a large sum of money. My companion in the Linlithgow expedition was Mr. Edward Saker, subsequently one of the most popular managers in the provinces.

Henry Irving.

[By permission of the Author.]

THE MAIDENS' LAKE.

(Llyn y Morwynion.)

By fair Festiniog, 'mid the Northern Hills,
The vales are full of beauty, and the heights,
Thin-set with mountain sheep, show statelier far
Than in the tamer South. There the stern round

Of labour rules,—a silent land, sometimes
Loud with the blast that buffets all the hills
Whereon the workers toil, in quarries hewn
Upon the terraced rocksides. Tier on tier,
Above the giddy depths, they edge and cling
Like flies to the sheer precipice as they strike
The thin cleft slate. For solace of their toil
Song comes to strengthen them, and songlike verse
In the old Cymric measures, and the dream
Of fame when all the listening thousands round
Are ranged in Session, and the rapt array
Expectant of the singer's soaring voice,
Or full quire rising thund'rous to the skies,
The sheathed swords, and the sacred Chair of oak
Where sits the Bard. But most of all they prize
Old memories of the Past, forgotten feuds,
And battles long ago. One tale they tell
Of a deep tarn upon the mountain side,
Llyn y Morwynion called,—"The Maiden's Lake;"
And thus it is the fair old story runs.

On Arvon once the men of Meirion,
Being alone, nor having hearth or home,
Swooped down when all her warriors were afield
Against the foemen. And they snatched from them
The flower of all the maidens of the race,
And to their mountain fastness far away
Bare them unchecked. There with great care and love
They tended them, and in the captives' hearts
The new observance slowly ousted all
The love of home and country, till they stayed
Content, forgetting all their lives before,
Parents and kinsfolk, everything but love.

But when the war was ended, and their arms
Set free, the men of Arvon sent demand
That they should straight restore to home and kin
The maidens they had rapt. Then came great doubt

Upon the men of Meirion, knowing well
Their strength too weak to match the Arvonian hosts
In unassisted war; heralds they sent
To Arvon asking peace, making amends
For what had been their fault. But the others nursed
Deep anger in their hearts, and to their words
Made only answer, "Give ye back untouched
Our daughters and our sisters, whom your fraud
Has stolen from us, or prepare to die."
Then they, taking deep council with themselves,
Swore not for life itself would they return
The women, only if themselves should will
To leave them; and they made request of them
That they might know their wish. But when they sought
To question them, they answered with one voice—

"We will not go; for barren is the lot
Of maidenhood, and cold the weary fate
Of loveless lives, the household tasks whose weight
Bears down the childless woman. Since we came
We have known life in the full light of home.
Say to our sires and brothers, that we stay
Willing, and bid our young men that they wive
From out some noble tribe; for thus it is
Our Cymric race grows strong. But do ye bid
Our mothers comfort them, for they shall take
Their grandsons on their knees; for we are wed
And cannot more return. Not fate itself
Can e'er recall the irrevocable Past."

But when the men of Arvon heard the hest
The herald brought, their souls were wroth in them
Against the ravishers, whose cunning wiles
Had worked such wrong. They called their warriors forth
From every hill and dale, and marched in haste

To Meirion. And they summoned them to yield,
But they refused; and so the fight was set
For the morrow, on the margin of a mere
Deep down within the circuit of the hills.

There, with the sun, within a close-set pass
The men of Meirion stood, a scanty band,
Waiting the approaching host. With grief and pain
They left their loves, and swift, with breaking day,
Marched with unfaltering steps, without a word,
To the field of honour, as men go who know
That all beside is lost. But as they stood,
Ranged in stern silence, waiting for the fray,
They saw a white procession thread the pass
Behind, now seen, now lost, by flowery bends,
Gorse gold and heather purple. At their head
Blodeuwedd, she the flower in face and form
By magic formed, by magic art foredoomed
To sin and suffer. Then again they knew
The bitterness of death, and clasped once more
The forms they loved, when by the lake the sun
Lit the fierce light of countless marching spears.

Then with a last embrace the tearful throng
Withdrew to where above the fastness rose
A purple slope. No way the assailing host
Might find to it while yet one stalwart arm
Of Meirion lived. Toward the lake it fell,
Till in a sheer, precipitous cliff it sank
Its base in the unfathomable deep.

Now, while the maidens like a fleece of cloud
Whitened the hill, or like a timid flock
From nearer danger shrinking, swift there came
Along the grassy margin of the lake
The countless spears of Arvon. And their sires

And brethren saw them, and great wrath and joy
Fired them and urged them onward, till they surged
And broke on Meirion. But her strong sons stood
And flung them backward; and the frightened throng
Of white-robed suppliants saw the deed, and feared,
Hiding their eyes, hovering 'twixt hope and fear,
Divided 'twixt their lovers and their kin.

All day the battle raged, from morn to eve;
All day the men of Arvon charged and broke,
And charged again the little band which stood
Unshaken in the pass, but hourly grew
Weaker and weaker still. But at the last
The noise of battle ceased awhile: the shouts,
The cries, grew silent. On the purple hill
The kneeling women saw the Arvonian host
Retreating with their dead, and rose to go
With succour to their lovers. As they gazed
Sudden, as with a last despairing strength
And a hoarse shout, again, a torrent of steel,
The men of Arvon, by their own weight pressed,
Burst on the scant defenders of the pass;
Like some fierce surge which from the storm-vext sea,
Through narrow inlets fenced by rocky walls,
Lifts high its furious crest, and sweeps in ruin
Within the rayless, haunted ocean caves,
Rocks, wreckage, and the corpses of the dead.

And as the women, impotent to save,
With agonizing hands and streaming eyes
Looked down upon the pass, they saw their loves
Driven back, o'erwhelmed, surrounded, flashing swords
And thrusting spears and broken shields, and heard
The noise of desperate battle, then a pause
And silence, as the last of Meirion's sons
Sank in his blood and the long fight was done.

Then suddenly, ere yet the conquering host
Might climb to them, Blodeuwedd, standing clothed
In her unearthly beauty, faced the throng
Of shrinking women. Not a word she spake.
The sinking sun upon her snowy robe
Shone with unearthly gold; like some fair bird
Leading the flock she showed. With one white arm
She pointed to the dreadful pass where lay
The thick-piled corpses, with the other signed
Toward the sheer cliff, and to the lake beneath
Motioned. One word she uttered—"Follow me,"
And all who heard it knew and shared her mind.

Then looking to the heavens, she hurried down
Through thyme and heather, chanting some wild hymn
To the Immortal Gods; and with her went
The white-robed throng, and when they gained the verge,
Without a pause, plunged through the empty air
Into the unfathomed depths, like some great flight
Of white birds swooping from a sea-cliff down
To ocean. The still waters leapt in foam;
One loud shriek only woke the air, and then
Silence was over all, and night and death.

Still sometimes, when the dreaming peasants go
By the lone mountain tarn at shut of day,
The white clouds with the eve descending swift
Down the steep hillside to the lake may seem
The white-robed maidens falling, and the shriek
Of night-birds, fair Blodeuwedd and her train;
And fancy, by the ancient fable fed,
Turns from the duller Present's dust and glare
To the enchanted twilights of the Past.

Lewis Morris.

[From the *Works of Lewis Morris*. By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

SISTER HELEN.

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?
To-day is the third since you began."
"The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen,
You'll let me play, for you said I might."
"Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven!)

"You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,
Sister Helen;
If now it be molten, all is well."
"Even so,—nay, peace! you cannot tell,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen;
How like dead folk he has dropped away!"
"Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven?)

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood!"

"Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and sore,
Sister Helen,
And I'll play without the gallery door."
"Aye, let me rest,—I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me."
"Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sight to-night between Hell and Heaven?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen;
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sound to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly."
"Little brother, whence come the three,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Whence should they come, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,
Sister Helen,
And one draws nigh, but two are afar."
"Look, look, do you know them who they are,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Who should they be, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast."
"The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He has made a sign and called Halloo!
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you."
"Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and Heaven?)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die."
"And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,
He sickened, and lies since then forlorn."

"For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days and nights he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead."
"The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
If he have prayed, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away."
"*My* prayer was heard—he need but pray,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Shall God not hear, between Hell and Heaven?)

"But he says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, yet never can."
"Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen.
And says that he melts before a flame."
"My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast."
"The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen;
But his words are drowned in the wind's course."
"Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What word now heard, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh, he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die."
"In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The soul's one sight, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."
"What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
No, never joined, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain."

"What else he took will he give again,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,
That even dead Love must weep to see."
"Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Love turned to hate, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh, it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white hair on the blast."
"The short short hour will soon be past,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh! his voice is sad and weak!"
"What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh, his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live."
"Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh, he prays you, as his heart would rive,
Sister Helen,
To save his dear son's soul alive."
"Fire cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
Sister Helen,
To go with him for the love of God!"
"The way is long to his son's abode,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
Sister Helen,
So darkly clad, I saw her not."
"See her now or never see aught,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What more to see, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Her hood falls back, and the moon shines fair,
Sister Helen,
On the Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
"Blest hour of my power and her despair,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Hour blest and bann'd, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did glow,
Sister Helen,
'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago."

"One morn for pride and three days for woe,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days, three nights, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Her clasped hands stretch from her bending head,
Sister Helen;
With the loud wind's wail her sobs are wed."
"What wedding-strains hath her bridal-bed,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What strain but death's, between Hell and Heaven!)

"She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
Sister Helen,—
She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
"Oh! might I but hear her soul's blithe tune,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's saddle-bow,
Sister Helen,
And her moonlit hair gleams white in its flow."
"Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!
More loud than the vesper-chime it fell."
"No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen;
Is it in the sky or in the ground?"
"Say, have they turned their horses round,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What would she more, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They have raised the old man from his knee,
Sister Helen,
And they ride in silence hastily."
"More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
Sister Helen,
But the lady's dark steed goes alone."
"And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath flown,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh, the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen,
And weary sad they look by the hill."
"But he and I are sadder still,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven!)

"See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
Sister Helen,
And the flames are winning up apace!"

'Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"
"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

[From the *Poetical Works* of D. G. Rossetti. By permission of Wm. M Rossetti, Esq., and of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey.]

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Browning. By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.]

THE WATER-CURE.

A TALE: IN THE MANNER OF PRIOR.

"*—portentaque Thessala rides?*"
—HOR.
"*—Thessalian portents do you flout?*"

CARDENIO'S fortunes ne'er miscarried
Until the day Cardenio married.
What then? the Nymph no doubt was young?
She was: but yet—she had a tongue!
Most women have, you seem to say.
I grant it—in a different way.

'Twas not that organ half-divine,
With which, Dear Friend, your spouse or mine,
What time we seek our nightly pillows,
Rebukes our easy peccadilloes:
'Twas not so tuneful, so composing;
'Twas louder and less often dozing;
At Ombre, Basset, Loo, Quadrille,
You heard it resonant and shrill;
You heard it rising, rising yet
Beyond Selinda's parroquet;
You heard it rival and outdo
The chair-men and the link-boy too;
In short, wherever lungs perform,
Like Marlborough, it rode the storm

So uncontrolled it came to be,
Cardenio feared his *chère amie*
(Like Echo by Cephissus' shore)
Would turn to voice and nothing more

That ('tis conceded) must be cured
Which can't by practice be endured.

Cardenio, though he loved the maid.
Grew daily more and more afraid;
And since advice could not prevail
(Reproof but seemed to fan the gale),
A prudent man, he cast about
To find some fitting nostrum out.
What need to say that priceless drug
Had not in any mine been dug?
What need to say no skilful leech
Could check that plethora of speech?
Suffice it, that one lucky day
Cardenio tried—another way.

A Hermit (there were hermits then;
The most accessible of men!)
Near Vauxhall's sacred shade resided;
In him, at length, our friend confided.
(Simples, for show, he used to sell;
But cast Nativities as well.)
Consulted, he looked wondrous wise:
Then undertook the enterprise.

What that might be, the Muse must spare:
To tell the truth, she was not there.
She scorns to patch what she ignores
With Similes and Metaphors;
And so, in short, to change the scene,
She slips a fortnight in between.

Behold our pair then (quite by chance!)
In Vauxhall's garden of romance,—
That paradise of nymphs and grottoes,
Of fans, and fiddles, and ridottoes!
What wonder if, the lamps reviewed,
The song encored, the maze pursued,
No further feat could seem more pat

Than seek the Hermit after that?
Who then more keen her fate to see
Than this, the new Leuconoë,
On fire to learn the lore forbidden
In Babylonian numbers hidden?
Forthwith they took the darkling road
To Albumazar his abode.

Arriving, they beheld the sage
Intent on hieroglyphic page,
In high Armenian cap arrayed
And girt with engines of his trade;
(As Skeletons, and Spheres, and Cubes;
As Amulets and Optic Tubes;)
With dusky depths behind revealing
Strange shapes that dangled from the ceiling;
While more to palsy the beholder
A Black Cat sat upon his shoulder.

The Hermit eyed the Lady o'er
As one whose face he'd seen before;
And then, with agitated looks,
He fell to fumbling at his books.

Cardenio felt his spouse was frightened,
Her grasp upon his arm had tightened;
Judge then her horror and her dread
When "Vox Stellarum" shook his head:
Then darkly spake in phrase forlorn
Of Taurus and of Capricorn;
Of stars averse, and stars ascendant,
And stars entirely independent;
In fact, it seemed that all the Heavens
Were set at sixes and at sevens,
Portending, in her case, some fate
Too fearful to prognosticate.

Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,
"No sign or token, Sage, to show
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"

The Sage, with circle and with plane,
Betook him to his charts again.
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech:
No more (he said) the signs can teach."

But still Cardenio tried once more:
"Is there no potion in your store,
No charm by Chaldee mage concerted
By which this doom can be averted?"

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,
Resumed his juggling cabalistic.
The aspects here again were various;
But seemed to indicate Aquarius.
Thereat portentously he frowned;
Then frowned again, then smiled;—'twas found!
But 'twas too simple to be tried.
"What is it, then?" at once they cried.

"Whene'er by chance you feel incited
To speak at length, or uninvited,
Whene'er you feel your tones grow shrill
(At times, we know, the softest will!),
This word oracular, my daughter,
Bids you to fill your mouth with water:
Further, to hold it firm and fast,
Until the danger be o'erpast."

The Dame, by this in part relieved
The prospect of escape perceived,

Rebelled a little at the diet.
Cardenio said discreetly, "Try it.
Try it, my Own. You have no choice,
What if you lose your charming voice!"
She tried, it seems. And whether then
Some god stepped in, benign to men;
Or Modesty, too long outlawed,
Contrived to aid the pious fraud,
I know not:—but from that same day
She talked in quite a different way.

Austin Dobson.

[From *At the Sign of the Lyre*. By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

BETH GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his Lord
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore
His lips, his fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub-boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gelert's Grave."

W. R. Spencer

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,

Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood,
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

Charles Kingsley.

[From the *Poems* of Charles Kingsley. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea;
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock,
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;

* "By east the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rock, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."—*Stoddart's Remarks on Scotland.*

Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich, with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind had blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind has fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"Oh Fate! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Robert Southey.

THE MURDER OF NANCY.*

On leaving Fagin's, without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left or raising his eyes to the sky or lowering them to the

* Bill Sikes, the burglar, a most hardened ruffian, was one of Fagin's associates. He is usually accompanied by a white mongrel-bred, red-eyed, savage dog—Bull's-eye. This poor beast, in spite of his master's kicks and curses, remains faithful to Sikes unto the end. The unfortunate Nancy—not a bad wench at heart—who really loves Sikes, attempts to frustrate a carefully-planned burglary. On hearing that she had given information respecting the scheme, Sikes returns home and without a moment's warning commits the horrible deed. After the crime he is conscience-stricken with remorse.

ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It *is* you, Bill!" said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for wot I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill—" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear,—"I won't scream or cry—not once — hear me — speak to me — tell me what I have done."

"You know, you she devil!" returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear, Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up only this one night for you. You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time."

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon upon the up-turned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees drew from her bosom a white handkerchief — Rose Maylie's own — and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer

staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

Charles Dickens (*Oliver Twist*).

THE LADY'S YES.

"YES," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say.
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No.*

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you.*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

E. B. Browning.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE TO PAULINE.*

PAULINE, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee;
I saw thee 'midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape;
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of Man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy,
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well: this love
Vain, frantic,—guilty if thou wilt,—became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope:
I thought of tales that, by the winter hearth,
Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from kings,
Have stooped from their high sphere: how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook

* The gardener's son, the young village genius, after winning the hand of Pauline, in the guise of the Duke of Como, takes her home to his mother's cottage, instead of to the "marble palace" he had painted to her. He there relates to her, in burning words, the story of his early love, his dreams, his scornful rejection, and his revenge—and concludes by paying her all the tenderness and reparation in his power.

Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the rich palace of a fairy Future!——
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin-gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and Iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of Sages;
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poesy; of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes.
Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not
But still toiled on—hoped on;—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!
At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest:
The name—appended by the burning heart,
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos,—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool

For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned and stung thee! . . . .
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
The anguish—the remorse: no—let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline!—Nay, do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, Madam: at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
Henceforth, no image of some marble Saint,
Niched in cathedral aisles, is hallowed more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—Nay, thou need'st not shudder:
Here at thy feet I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made null and void. To-night sleep—sleep in peace:
To-morrow, pure and virgin, as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love.
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wronged thee, think, at least,
Heaven left some remnant of the Angel still
In that poor peasant's nature.

Lord Lytton (*Lady of Lyons*).

A FAREWELL.

Good-night, dear heart! What! dost thou surely deem
That Time will check his mocking eerie dance
To dry thy tears? When, ever it would seem,
That the great sobbing world unheeded takes her chance.

In empty jest, thy life was cast on mine,
Love touched our lips, hope sweetened joy to bliss;
Weak things grew perfect, perfect things Divine,
Conjured by all the wondering mastery of thy kiss.

Why should'st thou weep, if now, in jest as then,
Our souls sail out upon a different sea?
Mine the Eternal, beyond human ken,
Thine for a while—no more—Time's plaything still to be.

The children, tiring in the noonday sun,
Ask for—"a story, grandam"—and behold,
With mumbling words, life's history is begun,
Experience, in a picture book, the E writ bold.

Sudden—between each nerveless finger-tip,
The colours fade, the tale is past recall,
Pain, Pleasure, Passion, they that once had grip
On Truth, but half-effaced impressions, after all!

Time's played his merry tricks! This, tinged with red,
Meant blood and broken hearts, one day long gone.
That sheen of blue was joy—but joy is dead,
And this white mark—a grave, with roses wreathed in thorn.

So would it be with us. Take courage, dear,
What is, is ever best. In strong relief
One page has memory left, and printed clear.
No youthful phantasy, light love that dies in grief,

But Peace—strange Peace—it came at eventide,
When men half-wearied of their wilfulness
Creep home, ashamed, to sleep, while all beside
Is hushed, save for the nightingale, glad chaunteress.

In meadows dark, the grass, long, lush, and green,
Grows elbow high—the starry cuckoo-flower
Swings with the dusky moth—wholly serene,
Night robs the golden treasury of sunset hour.

The silver moon above the willow-tree,
In one broad path of Glory, woos the lake,
And marvelling at such calm, I knelt by thee,
Hand clasped in hand, most fearful lest the spell should break.

It seemed as if Time stumbled, so a space
There fell a wondrous lull—and in the cease
Of his wild struggling whirl, we saw a Face
Unveiled, that knew not Mirth or Sorrow—only Peace.

Dost understand? I want that dream above
All else again, eternally God-blest.
Come closer, Sweet! I thank thee for thy love,
Death claims it now—let go—there cometh better—Rest

Duchess of Sutherland.

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LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.

A DISCUSSION AT "THE RAINBOW."

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the Rainbow, had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring

at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their draughts of beer were a funereal duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last, Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher—

"Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?"

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John."

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humoured husky treble—"and a Durham it was."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph, "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well; yes—she might," said the butcher slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrairy."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing

himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "if *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will."

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, "and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black: he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'rhaps you aren't pig-headed; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord; "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you: you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow. And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr. Macey? You remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?"

Mr. Macey, tailor and parish clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly, in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said—

"Ay, ay; I know, I know; but let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley: they've learnt pernouncing; that's come up since my day."

"If you're pointing at me, Mr. Macey," said the deputy-clerk, with an air of anxious propriety, "I'm nowise a man to speak out of my place. As the psalm says—

> 'I know what's right, nor only so,
> But also practise what I know.'"

"Well, then, I wish you'd keep hold o' the tune, when it's set for you; if you're for prac*tis*ing, I wish you'd prac*tise* that," said a large jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir. He winked, as he spoke, at two of the company, who were known officially as the "bassoon" and the "key-bugle," in the confidence that he was expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe.

Mr. Tookey, the deputy-clerk, who shared the unpopularity common to deputies, turned very red, but replied, with careful moderation—"Mr. Winthrop, if you'll bring me any proof as I'm in the wrong, I'm not the man to say I won't alter. But there's people set up their own ears for a standard, and expect the whole choir to follow 'em. There may be two opinions, I hope."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, who felt very well satisfied with this attack on youthful presumption; "you're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the

'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

"Well, Mr. Macey," said poor Tookey, serious amidst the general laughter, "I undertook to partially fill up the office of parish-clerk by Mr. Crackenthorp's desire, whenever your infirmities should make you unfitting; and it's one of the rights thereof to sing in the choir—else why have you done the same yourself?"

"Ah! but the old gentleman and you are two folks," said Ben Winthrop. "The old gentleman's got a gift. Why the Squire used to invite him to take a glass, only to hear him sing the 'Red Rovier;' didn't he, Mr. Macey? It's a nat'ral gift. There's my little lad Aaron, he's got a gift—he can sing a tune off straight, like a throstle. But as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens:' your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music: it's no better nor a hollow stalk."

This kind of unflinching frankness was the most piquant form of joke to the company at the Rainbow, and Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram.

"I see what it is plain enough," said Mr. Tookey, unable to keep cool any longer. "There's a consperacy to turn me out o' the choir, as I shouldn't share the Christmas money—that's where it is. But I shall speak to Mr. Crackenthorp; I'll not be put upon by no man."

"Nay, nay, Tookey," said Ben Winthrop. "We'll pay you your share to keep out of it—that's what we'll do. There's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on, besides varmin."

"Come, come," said the landlord, who felt that paying people for their absence was a principle dangerous to society; "a joke's a joke. We're all good friends here, I hope. We must give and take. You're both right and

you're both wrong, as I say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even."

The farrier was puffing his pipe rather fiercely, in some contempt at this trivial discussion. He had no ear for music himself, and never went to church, as being of the medical profession, and likely to be in requisition for delicate cows. But the butcher, having music in his soul, had listened with a divided desire for Tookey's defeat, and for the preservation of the peace.

"To be sure," he said, following up the landlord's conciliatory view, "we're fond of our old clerk; it's nat'ral, and him used to be such a singer, and got a brother as is known for the first fiddler in this country-side. Eh, it's a pity but what Solomon lived in our village, and could give us a tune when we liked; eh, Mr. Macey? I'd keep him in liver and lights for nothing—that I would."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, in the height of complacency; "our family's been known for musicianers as far back as anybody can tell. But them things are dying out, as I tell Solomon every time he comes round; there's no voices like what there used to be, and there's nobody remembers what we remember, if it isn't the old crows."

"Ay, you remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, don't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"I should think I did," said the old man, who had now gone through that complimentary process necessary to bring him up to the point of narration; "and a fine old gentleman he was—as fine, and finer nor the Mr. Lammeter as now is. He came from a bit north'ard, so far as I could ever make out. But there's nobody rightly knows about those parts: only it couldn't be far north'ard, nor much

different from this country, for he brought a fine breed o' sheep with him, so there must be pastures there, and everything reasonable. We heared tell as he'd sold his own land to come and take the Warrens, and that seemed odd for a man as had land of his own, to come and rent a farm in a strange place. But they said it was along of his wife's dying; though there's reasons in things as nobody knows on—that's pretty much what I've made out; yet some folks are so wise, they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they niver see't. Howsomever, it was soon seen as we'd got a new parish'ner as know'd the rights and customs o' things, and kep a good house, and was well looked on by everybody. And the young man—that's the Mr. Lammeter as now is, for he'd niver a sister—soon begun to court Miss Osgood, that's the sister o' the Mr. Osgood as now is, and a fine handsome lass she was—eh, you can't think—they pretend this young lass is like her, but that's the way wi' people as don't know what come before 'em. *I* should know, for I helped the old rector, Mr. Drumlow as was, I helped him marry 'em."

Here Mr. Macey paused; he always gave his narrative in instalments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent.

"Ay, and a partic'lar thing happened, didn't it, Mr. Macey, so as you were likely to remember that marriage?" said the landlord, in a congratulatory tone.

"I should think there did—a *very* partic'lar thing," said Mr. Macey, nodding sideways. "For Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him, though he'd got a bit confused in his head, what wi' age and wi' taking a drop o' summat warm when the service come of a cold morning. And young Mr. Lammeter, he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiwary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it isn't like a

christening or a burying, as you can't help; and so Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him—but when he come to put the questions, he put 'em by the rule o' contrairy, like, and he says, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' says he, and then he says, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?' says he. But the partic'larest thing of all is, as nobody took any notice on it but me, and they answered straight off 'yes,' like as if it had been me saying 'Amen' i' the right place, without listening to what went before."

"But *you* knew what was going on well enough, didn't you, Mr. Macey? You were live enough, eh?" said the butcher.

"Lor bless you!" said Mr. Macey, pausing, and smiling in pity at the impotence of his hearer's imagination—"why, I was all of a tremble: it was as if I'd been a coat pulled by the two tails, like; for I couldn't stop the parson, I couldn't take upon me to do that; and yet I said to myself, I says, 'Suppose they shouldn't be fast married, 'cause the words are contrairy?' and my head went working like a mill, for I was allays uncommon for turning things over and seeing all round 'em; and I says to myself, 'Is't the meanin' or the words as makes folks fast i' wedlock?' For the parson meant right, and the bride and bridegroom meant right. But then, when I come to think on it, meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you? And so I says to mysen, 'It isn't the meanin', it's the glue.' And I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once, when we went into the vestry, and they begun to sign their names. But where's the use o' talking?—you can't think what goes on in a 'cute man's inside."

"But you held in for all that, didn't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, I held in tight till I was by mysen wi' Mr. Drumlow, and then I out wi' everything, but respectful, as I allays did. And he made light on it, and he says, 'Pooh, pooh, Macey, make yourself easy,' he says; 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the re*ges*ter does it—that's the glue.' So you see he settled it easy; for parsons and doctors know everything by heart, like, so as they aren't worreted wi' thinking what's the rights and wrongs o' things, as I've been many and many's the time. And sure enough the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses was growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on."

Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard this story many times, but it was listened to as if it had been a favourite tune, and at certain points the puffing of the pipes was momentarily suspended, that the listeners might give their whole minds to the expected words. But there was more to come; and Mr. Snell, the landlord, duly put the leading question.

"Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin, didn't they say, when he come into these parts?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Macey; "but I dare say it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. For there was allays a talk as nobody could get rich on the Warrens: though he holds it cheap, for it's what they call Charity Land."

"Ay, and there's few folks know so well as you how it come to be Charity Land, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the butcher.

"How should they?" said the old clerk, with some contempt. "Why, my grandfather made the grooms' livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and

hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride; lor bless you! they said he'd got no more grip o' the hoss than if his legs had been cross sticks: my grandfather heard old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad o' sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frighted, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride the tailor out o' the lad, and make a gentleman on him—not but what I'm a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I'm proud on it, for 'Macey, tailor,' 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's heads went out on the shilling. But Cliff, he was ashamed o' being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o' the gentlefolks hereabout could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead o' the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though, as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em—they're out o' all charicter—lor bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish."

"Ay, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, ay; go that way of a dark night, that's all," said

Mr. Macey, winking mysteriously, "and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling, too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. 'Cliff's Holiday' has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business."

"What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas?" said the landlord, turning to the farrier, who was swelling with impatience for his cue. "There's a nut for *you* to crack."

Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position.

"Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say, as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own noses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody 'ull ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of."

"Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is," said Ben Winthrop. "You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to 's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't agoing to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound."

"If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it," said Mr. Macey, with a sarcastic smile, tapping his thumbs together, "he's no call to lay any bet—let him go and stan' by himself—there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong."

"Thank you! I'm obliged to you," said the farrier, with a snort of scorn. "If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. *I* don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es: I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet—everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe."

"Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet," said the butcher.

"No fair bet?" replied Mr. Dowlas angrily. "I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it."

"Very like you would," said the butcher. "But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't agoing to try and 'bate your price. If anybody 'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am."

"Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him," said the farrier. "But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet. *I* aren't a turntail cur."

"Ay, but there's this in it, Dowlas," said the landlord, speaking in a tone of much candour and tolerance. "There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pike-staff before 'em. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, 'Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em.' I mean, putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrairiways. And so, I'm for holding with both sides; for, as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday was cer-

tain sure for all that, I'd back *him* too. For the smell's what I go by."

The landlord's analogical argument was not well received by the farrier—a man intensely opposed to compromise.

"Tut, tut," he said, setting down his glass with refreshed irritation; "what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles."

"As if ghos'es 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignorant!" said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier's crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.

George Eliot.

[From *Silas Marner*. By permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.]

IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

In the Dean's porch a nest of clay
With five small tenants may be seen—
Five solemn faces, each as wise
As though its owner were a Dean.

Five downy fledgelings in a row,
Packed close as in the antique pew
The school-girls are whose foreheads clear
At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
But dreaming and digesting much
They grow thus wise, and soft, and round.

They watch the Canons come to dine,
  And hear the mullion-bars across,
Over the fragrant fruit and wine,
  Deep talk of rood-screen, and reredos.

Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
  Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair;
The swallows turn their heads askew—
  Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelusive touches sound within,
  Straightway they recognise the sign,
And, blandly nodding, they approve
  The minuet of Rubinstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk
  (Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
And blink at each broad term of art,
  Binomial or bicycle.

Ah! downy young ones, soft and warm,
  Doth such a stillness mask from sight
Such swiftness? Can such peace conceal
  Passion and ecstasy of flight?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
  Under a white Greek architrave
At morn, or where the shaft of fire
  Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone by
  Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
For a small world, embowered and close,
  Of which ye sometime were a part.

The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad eyes
Your joy unhuman can control,
And in your wings a light and wind
Shall move from the Maëstro's soul.

Edward Dowden.

[By permission of the Author.]

SHELTERED.

It was a cloudy, dismal day, and I was all alone,
For early in the morning John Earl and Nathan Stone
Came riding up the lane to say—I saw they both looked pale—
That Anderson the murderer had broken out of jail.

They only stopped a minute, to tell my man that he
Must go to the four corners, where all the folks would be ;
They were going to hunt the country, for he only had been gone
An hour or so when they missed him, that morning just at dawn.

John never finished his breakfast; he saddled the old white mare.
She seemed to know there was trouble, and galloped as free and fair
And even a gait as she ever struck when she was a five-year-old :
The knowingest beast we ever had, and worth her weight in gold.

He turned in the saddle and called to me—I watched him
from the door.
"I sha'n't be home to dinner," says he, "but I'll be back
by four.
I'd fasten the doors if I was you, and keep at home to-
day;"
And a little chill came over me as I watched him ride
away.

I went in and washed the dishes—I was sort of scary too.
We had 'ranged to go away that day. I hadn't much to do,
Though I always had some sewing work, and I got it and
sat down;
But the old clock tick-tacked loud at me, and I put away
the gown.

I thought the story over: how Anderson had been
A clever, steady fellow, so far's they knew, till then.
Some said his wife had tried him, but he got to drinking
hard,
Till last he struck her with an axe and killed her in the
yard.

The only thing I heard he said was, he was most to blame;
But he fought the men that took him like a tiger. 'Twas
a shame
He'd got away; he ought to swing: a man that killed his
wife
And broke her skull in with an axe—he ought to lose his
life!

Our house stood in a lonesome place, the woods were all
around,
But I could see for quite a ways across the open ground;
I couldn't help, for the life o' me, a-looking now and then
All along the edge o' the growth, and listening for the men.

I thought they would find Anderson: he couldn't run till night,
For the farms were near together, and there must be a sight
Of men out hunting for him; but when the clock struck three,
A neighbor's boy came up with word that John had sent to me.

He would be home by five o'clock. They'd scour the woods till dark;
Some of the men would be off all night, but he and Andrew Clark
Would keep watch round his house and ours—I should not stay alone.
Poor John, he did the best he could, but what if he had known!

The boy could hardly stop to tell that the se-lec'men had said
They would pay fifty dollars for the man alive or dead,
And I felt another shiver go over me, for fear
That John might get that money, though we were pinched that year.

I felt a little easier then, and went to work again:
The sky was getting cloudier, 'twas coming on to rain.
Before I knew, the clock struck six, and John had not come back;
The rain began to spatter down, and all the sky was black.

I thought and thought, what shall I do if I'm alone all night?
I wa'n't so brave as I am now. I lit another light,
And I stirred round and got supper, but I ate it all alone.
The wind was blowing more and more—I hate to hear it moan.

I was cutting rags to braid a rug—I sat there by the fire ;
I wished I'd kep' the dog at home ; the gale was rising higher ;
I own I had hard thoughts o' John ; I said he had no right
To leave his wife in that lonesome place alone that dreadful night.

And then I thought of the murderer, afraid of God and man ;
I seemed to follow him all the time, whether he hid or ran ;
I saw him crawl on his hands and knees through the icy mud in the rain,
And I wondered if he didn't wish he was back in his home again.

I fell asleep for an hour or two, and then I woke with a start ;
A feeling come across me that took and stopped my heart ;
I was 'fraid to look behind me ; then I felt my heart begin ;
And I saw right at the window-pane two eyes a-looking in.

I couldn't look away from them—the face was white as clay.
Those eyes, they make me shudder when I think of them to-day.
I knew right off 'twas Anderson. I couldn't move nor speak ;
I thought I'd slip down on the floor, I felt so light and weak.

"O Lord," I thought, "what shall I do!" Some words begun to come,
Like some one whispered to me : I set there, still and dumb :
"I was a stranger—took me in—in prison—visited me ;"
And I says, "O Lord, I couldn't ; it's a murderer, you see!"

And those eyes they watched me all the time, in dreadful, still despair—
Most like the room looked warm and safe; he watched me setting there;
And what 'twas made me do it, I don't know to this day,
But I opened the door and let him in—a murderer at bay.

He laid him right down on the floor, close up beside the fire.
I never saw such a wretched sight; he was covered thick with mire;
His clothes were torn to his very skin, and his hands were bleeding fast.
I gave him something to tie 'em up, and all my fears were past.

I filled the fire-place up with wood to get the creature warm,
And I fetched him a bowl o' milk to drink—I couldn't do him harm;
And pretty soon he says, real low, "Do you know who I be?"
And I says, "You lay there by the fire; I know you won't hurt me."

I had been fierce as any one before I saw him there,
But I pitied him—a ruined man whose life had started fair.
I somehow or 'nother never felt that I was doing wrong,
And I watched him laying there asleep almost the whole night long.

I thought once that I heard the men, and I was half afraid
That they might come and find him there; and so I went and staid
Close to the window, watching, and listening for a cry;
And he slept there like a little child—forgot his misery.

I almost hoped John wouldn't come till he could get away;
And I went to the door and harked awhile, and saw the dawn of day.
'Twas bad for him to have slept so long, but I couldn't make him go
From the City of Refuge he had found; and he was glad, I know.

It was years and years ago, but still I never can forget
How gray it looked that morning; the air was cold and wet;
Only the wind would howl sometimes, or else the trees would creak—
All night I'd 'a given anything to hear somebody speak.

He heard me shut the door again, and started up so wild
And haggard that I 'most broke down. I wasn't reconciled
To have the poor thing run all day, chased like a wolf or bear;
But I knew he'd brought it on himself; his punishment was fair.

I gave him something more to eat; he couldn't touch it then.
"God pity you, poor soul!" says I. May I not see again
A face like his, as he stood in the door and looked which way to go!
I watched him making toward the swamps, dead-lame and moving slow.

He had hardly spoken a word to me, but as he went away
He thanked me, and gave me such a look! 'twill last to my dying day.
"May God have mercy on me, as you have had!" says he;
And I choked, and couldn't say a word, and he limped away from me.

John came home bright and early. He'd fell and hurt his head,
And he stopped up to his father's; but he'd sent word, he said,
And told the boy to fetch me there—my cousin, Johnny Black—
But he went off with some other folks, who thought they'd found the track.

Oh yes, they did catch Anderson, early that afternoon,
And carried him back to jail again, and tried and hung him soon.
Justice is justice; but I say, although they served him right,
I'm glad I harboured the murderer that stormy April night.

Some said I might have locked him up, and got the town reward;
But I couldn't have done it if I'd starved, and I do hope the Lord
Forgave it, if it was a sin; but I could never see
'Twas wrong to shelter a hunted man, trusting his life to me.

Sometimes I think—I'm getting old—that when I come to die
Out of the stormy night of life, sinful and tired, I
Shall be let in; and Anderson will meet me if he can,
For he repented, so they say, and died a Christian man.

Sarah Orme Jewett.

[From *Harper's Magazine*. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.]

THE SNAKE AND THE BABY.

"In sin conceived," you tell us, "condemned for the guilt of birth,"
From the moment when, lads and lasses, they come to this beautiful Earth;
And the rose-leaf hands, and the limpid eyes, and the blossom-mouths, learning to kiss
Mean nothing, my good Lord Bishop! which, any way, shakes you in this?

Well, I—I believe in babies! from the dawn of a day in spring
When, under the neems, in my garden, I saw a notable thing,
Long ago, in my Indian garden. 'Twas a morning of gold and grey,
And the Sun—as you never see him—had melted the last stars away.

My Arab, before the house-door, stood stamping the gravel to go,
All wild for our early gallop; and you heard the caw of the crow,
And the "nine little sisters" a-twitter in the thorn-bush; and, farther away,
The coppersmith's stroke in the fig-tree, awaking the squirrels to play.

My foot was raised to the stirrup, and the bridle gathered. What made
Syce Gopal stare straight before him, with visage fixed and dismayed?
What made him whisper in terror? "O Shiva, the snake! the snake!"
I looked where Gopal was gazing, and felt my own heart quake!

For there—in a patch of sunlight—where the path to the well went down,
The year-old baby of Gopal sate naked, and soft, and brown,
His small right hand encircling a lota of brass, his left
Close-cuddling a great black cobra, slow-creeping forth from a cleft!

We held our breaths! The serpent drew clear its lingering tail
As we gazed; you could see its dark folds and silvery belly trail,
Tinkling the baby's bangles, and climbing his thigh and his breast,
As it glided beneath the fingers on those cold scales fearlessly pressed.

He was crowing—that dauntless baby!—while the lank black Terror squeezed
Its muzzle and throat 'twixt the small flank and arm of the boy! Well pleased,
He was hard at play with his serpent, pretending to guard the milk,
And stroking that grewsome comrade with palms of nut brown silk!

Alone, untended, and helpless, he was cooing low to the snake;
Which coiled and clung about him, even more (as it seemed) for the sake
Of the touch of his velvety body, and the love of his laughing eyes,
And the flowery clasp of his fingers, than to make the milk a prize.

For, up to the boy's face mounting, we saw the cobra dip
His wicked head in the lota, and drink with him, sip for sip;
Whereat, with a chuckle, that baby pushed off the serpent's head,
And—look!—the red jaws opened, and the terrible hood was spread!

And Gopal muttered beside me "*Saheb, maro! maro!*"* to see
The forked tongue glance at the infant's neck, and the spectacled devilry
Of the flat crest dancing and darting all round that innocent brow;
Yet it struck not; but, quietly closing its jaws and its hood, laid now

The horrible mottled murder of its mouth in the tender chink
Of the baby's plump crossed thighlets; while peacefully he did drink
What breakfast-milk he wanted, then held the lota down
For the snake to finish at leisure, plunged deep in it, fang and crown.

Three times, before they parted, my Syce would have sprung to the place,
In fury to smite the serpent; but I held him fast, for one pace
Had been death to the boy! I knew it! and I whispered, "Gopal, wait!
'Chooprao!† he is wiser than we are; he has never yet learned to hate!"

* "Strike, sir! strike!" † "Be quiet!"

Then coil by coil, the cobra unwound its glistering bands,
Sliding—all harmless and friendly—from under the baby's hands;
Who crowed, as his comrade left him, in year-old language to say
"Good-bye! for this morning, Serpent! come very soon back to play!"

So, I thought, as I mounted "Wurdah," and galloped the Maidan thrice,
"Millennium's due to morrow, by 'baby and cockatrice'!"
And I never can now believe it, my Lord! that we come to this Earth
Ready-damned, with the seeds of evil sown *quite* so thick at our birth!

Sir Edwin Arnold.

[From *Lotus and Jewel*. By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight.
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden,
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Percy B. Shelley.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves,
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's House
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names; *
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce

* Some question has been raised as to the accuracy of this line, Mr. Clifford Harrison gives it: "*Their rapturous new names.*" In the American edition the entire verse is altered, and this line is printed: "*Their virginal chaste names.*" We have examined all editions, including the latest (1893), and find our version correct.—Ed.

Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! we two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cicily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

[From *The Poetical Works* of D. G. Rossetti. By permission of Wm. M Rossetti, Esq., and of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey.]

A PARABLE OF NATURE.

One day, when the birds had sung themselves quite weary, a long pause ensued, broken at last by a philosophical chaffinch, in these words, "What is life?"

They were all rather startled at the interruption, but a little warbler answered at once, "Life is a song."

"No, it is a struggle in darkness," said a mole, who had just succeeded in getting his head above the ground.

"I think it is a development," said a wild rose-bud, as she unfolded her petals one by one to the delight of a butterfly, who came to kiss her, and exclaimed, "Life is all enjoyment!"

"Call it rather a short summer's day," hummed a little fly as it passed by.

"I cannot see anything but hard work," was the lamentation of a small ant, as she struggled on with a straw ever so much too big for her.

The magpie only laughed to cover his own poverty of thought.

The general indignation at such levity might easily have produced a quarrel, had not at that moment the rain began to fall, whispering sadly, "Life is made up of tears."

"You are all mistaken," called out the eagle as he sailed through the air on his majestic wings; "Life is freedom and strength."

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and a practically-minded bullfinch proposed that they should all go to rest.

And the night-wind rustled softly through the branches, "Life is a dream."

Silence lay over town and country, and dawn was near, when the scholar in his lonely room extinguished his lamp and sighed, "Life is but a school."

And the youth returning from a night of revelry moaned in his heart, "Life is one long desire ever unfulfilled."

x x

It is an eternal mystery," whispered fitfully the new-born morning breeze.

Then suddenly a rosy light spread over the horizon, and singed with its glow the tops of the forest trees as it rose in the sky. And as the morning kissed the awakening earth, a mighty harmony rang through the world, "Life is a Beginning."

From the Swedish.

[Contributed by Miss Madge Irving.]

THE ROYAL SAINT.

Praise me no Cæsars, Alexanders, all
Who whet sharp swords to reap great names in story
Napoleons, Fredericks, men who fill the hall
Of fame with echoes which the French call glory!
True glory he reaped with his saintly band
Who fled from pomp of courts and flash of spears,
To win lost souls on this storm-battered strand,
With loving venture, prayers, and precious tears.
No herald shrill'd sharp fear his path before,
No wasteful fire made deserts where he came,
No trail of victories sign'd his march with gore,
No dinsome triumph peal'd his dreaded name;
But shod with peace, and wing'd with fervour, he
Unlock'd all hearts; for love gave him the key.

John Stuart Blackie.

[From *Lays of the Highlands and Islands.* By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Walter Scott, Ltd.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And tries to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash

Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Lord Byron (*Don Juan*).

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.*

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."

* The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "'Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King, 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.—
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father, oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?—
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glass eyes put light,—be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire;
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell,—upon the silent face,
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

Felicia Hemans.

UNDERGROUND JOTTINGS.

If any doctor, after feeling my pulse, and examining my eyelids, and otherwise investigating the state of my health were to say to me, "Sir, you *must* have a complete change

of air; it does not matter what sort of change it is, so long as it is a thorough change," I should not go to the east coast of England, or the west coast, or any other coast, or island, or isthmus, or promontory whatsoever; but I should just invest in a suit of exaggerated tweeds and a two-and-ninepenny straw hat with the name of a ship on the ribbon (all in for the money), and I should go and sit comfortably inside the Gower Street Station, on the Metropolitan Railway. It is about the most complete change of air that I know of. And it has this peculiar advantage, that when you have sat long enough, and would like to go home, you can cut two or three slices of the atmosphere with your knife, and take them away with you, so that you need never be without it.

I believe that few people are really alive to all the medicinal advantages of the Underground Railway, and I humbly trust that these pages may be the means of directing attention to the subject, written as they are by one who travels on it twice a day, and can appreciate it in all its richness of delights.

Suppose you have a tendency to languor and debility. Very well. Take your ticket for a third-class carriage, and when the train comes in, look into all the compartments till you see the one in which fish is carried, and get in. You will show little languor and debility in getting out at the next station.

Suppose you are afflicted with headaches. Take your ticket for a third-class carriage (all the virtue is in third-class carriages), and get into the guard's compartment. When you approach the next station he will begin to turn a handle, and you will suddenly feel a buzzing sensation in the feet, which will rise like a galvanic shock to the head, and deprive you of every nerve you possess to the end of your life. You will have no more headaches.

Suppose you are recommended a Turkish bath. Take

your ticket, as before, some time in August, and get into a compartment in which, as is usually the case, six people are sitting on each side, four are standing up, and both windows are shut. Turkish baths are nothing to it.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely; but I pass on to the moral benefits of the Underground Railway, which are inestimable.

I flatter myself that when I travel on it my privileges of displaying patience would compare favourably with anything that came in Job's way.

I have sometimes travelled along with a very fat man overlapping me on one side, and a very angular man, with peculiarly pointed bones protruding in every direction, on the other side, so wedged in that I could move neither hand nor foot.

I have had every sharp substance sticking into my ribs which it would be possible to get inside a railway carriage, and a good many as to which I should have thought it impossible that they could get in, if I had not seen them and felt them.

I remember, one night, a man getting into my carriage at Aldersgate Street, bringing with him, as I am a sinful man, a wooden plank! And while I was reeling under the effects of the visitation, and wondering whether he would have thought it an out-of-the-way thing to introduce a cart and horse, behold! the train pulled up at Farringdon Street, and another man got in with a ladder. I remember nothing more of that journey.

I dislike noise. I even object to hearing the lungs of my children develop actively in my immediate vicinity. I think, therefore, I may fairly claim credit when I say that I have sat and smiled—a ghastly smile I own, but still a smile—while a greasy man with one arm has produced from under the recesses of a fustian jacket the most diabolical instrument you ever heard, and played it in

my ear as a running accompaniment to the rattle of the train.

I have often felt as to that man (who travels as regularly as I do, and always picks me out for his victim), that if I once dropped that artificial smile I should brain him with his own instrument of torture.

My patience comes out very strongly too under another class of inflictions. There are some people who never by any chance get into the right train, and there are others who never get into the wrong one, but whom nothing on earth will persuade that they are going in the direction that they wish. Thousands of these persons travel on the Underground Railway, and I have simply to state that they all sit next to me.

I travelled one day from Moorgate Street with a specimen of the former class.

He sat (next to me of course) in a state of semi-slumber, which caused his head to droop obliquely in front of mine, the brim of his hat to take a conspicuous position in my eye, and his shoulder to indent itself firmly in my side while we passed two or three stations.

When we got to King's Cross he suddenly roused up. "Is this Liverpool Street?" he inquired.

"No, sir! this is King's Cross; we are going in the opposite direction to Liverpool Street," replied I mildly.

"Opposite direction," he retorted fiercely. "Why, I took my ticket for Liverpool Street, and I passed King's Cross half-an-hour ago!"

I answered mildly, "My good sir, I am extremely sorry, but as a matter of fact, this *is* King's Cross."

My soft answer did not turn away his wrath; for the unreasonable traveller pushed past me in a state of extreme irritation, trod on both my feet on his way out, and, I believe considered me personally responsible for his having calmly sat in the carriage at Liverpool Street while porters

were shouting to every one to get out, fully persuaded that because he had taken a ticket for a certain place and got into a train, he must of necessity arrive without further ado at his destination.

Middle-aged ladies often beset me. A female in ringlets, surrounded by packages of various kinds, got into my carriage one day (next me, of course). She first stretched her neck out of the window right across me—a process which involved my being smothered in packages and excoriated with a most intensely metallic chatelaine.

Having got a good "purchase" out of the window, she screamed to a porter to know whether she was right for Marlborough Road.

"Quite right, ma'am," said the porter; "but you must change at Baker Street." Little did that porter know what he was letting me in for.

The train reached Aldersgate Street. The female, who had been fidgeting my life out from the moment we had left Moorgate Street, plunged across me again, put her head out of the window—saw "Aldersgate Street" written in immense letters on two or three boards and about thirty lamps—plunged back again—and asked me, in the most barefaced manner, "Is this Baker Street?"

I told her gently that Baker Street was five stations off, whereupon she made another plunge, and asked a porter the same question.

To say that that awful woman did the selfsame thing at every station we passed till we reached Baker Street—to say that she occupied the intervening periods while the train was in motion by repeating the names of the stations we had passed, as if it were information of a light and pleasing character — to say that she was seized with an irresistible impulse, at intervals of about two minutes, which caused her to fish out parcels from under the seat and look at them, and put them back again with a bang—to say

that by the time we got to Baker Street she had so elbowed, and pushed, and flattened, and smothered me that I was reduced to a condition of pulp—to say all this is to state a simple narrative of facts. But will you believe me when I add, that no sooner had I tottered out of the carriage at Baker Street than I heard the jangle of that dreadful chatelaine, and in another moment was overtaken by the tormentor, and requested to see her into the train for Marlborough Road?

Even in that supreme moment I raised a hollow smile, and gasped, "With pleasure." If that woman doesn't leave me a legacy of £10,000, she ought to be ashamed of herself.

I conducted her through the passage which leads from the Baker Street Station to the St. John's Wood line, in the course of which journey she pulled up three times to ask other people whether I was taking her right; and eventually I got her into a train. I would not have entered the same carriage if the floor of it had been paved with bank-notes. But as I turned the handle upon her, wishing, for the sake of mankind, that it might positively refuse ever to open again, a head covered with attenuated ringlets was thrust out of the window, and, as the train moved off, a shrill treble voice screamed out, in tones which I shall remember while I live—

"You're sure I'm right for ——"

The rest of that sentence was carried away by the breeze. I congratulate myself on not having been the breeze.

The trains on the Underground Railway are arranged carefully, so as to develop this same virtue of patience in another aspect.

In every case in which you have to make a change in order to complete your journey, the train into which you have to make the change generally starts just thirty-five

seconds be ore the train which you have to get out of comes in.

The result of this is that you see train No. 2 snorting at the end of a passage—that you pull yourself together, and make a rush, which gives you an incidental attack of palpitation—and that you arrive at the end of the passage at the precise moment when the gate is shut in your face with a bang. And as you stand there panting, with your nose flattened against the rails of the gate, you hear the engine go puff, puff, puff—the train moves majestically off—and you have to wait twenty minutes or so for the next one.

I could enumerate many more of the special advantages of this delightful line of railway—the facilities of getting luggage in and out of a train which stops for five seconds at a station where there is only one porter, who is invariably at the extreme other end of the platform having his boots cleaned, the affable civility of the gentlemen who issue tickets, and many other points; but I dare not dwell further on the subject, lest you should all insist on taking tickets for my train to-morrow morning, in which case my carriage might be inconveniently crowded, and I might have to stand up, instead of sitting with my dirty boots on the opposite seat.

I will, therefore, by your leave get out at this station.

Edward F. Turner.

[From *T-Leaves.* By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.,

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies:
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms loved Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my love dropped down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi mickle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hack'ed him in pieces sma',
I hack'ed him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies:
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my love died for me.

Anon.

FELL FROM ALOFT.

"FELL from aloft, in the restless sea,"
Shriek the wild birds that o'er ocean flee;
Lost in the depths shall a loved one be,
While a mother's heart breaks silently.

* * * *

A gallant bark, by Afric's Cape,
Was speeding fast towards India's strand,
A jaunty flirt as e'er did 'scape
King Tempest's cruel, crushing hand;
And now the breeze blew fresh and strong,
Despite the heat the fierce sun shed,
While lounging sailors humm'd the song
And view'd with pride the wings o'erhead;
The ocean's hue,
So deeply blue,
Was broken with waves with white-foam'd tip,
White as the wings of the dainty ship,
Bright as the sunlit sky o'erhead,
Merry and dashing as on she sped,
As this storm-coquette with her lightsome skip.

* * * *

Hark! from aloft, a skyward hail,
Sings down for sailor-tools below;
A boy springs lightly to the rail,
A blue-ey'd boy, aloft to go.
No fear has he, this sailor child,
His flaxen curls the winds blow wild;
His feet are bare, his heart beats free,
His face but new brown burnt at sea,
And he sings as he clambers with height'ning glee,
Now clinging by cords that mere threads seem to be.
From the round-top he climbs to the cross-trees above—
Oh! fond, doting mother, could'st but see thy love—
Higher and higher, his curls dazzling bright,
His heart leaps with pride, he reaches the height,
Where a sailor's at work on the uppermost spar,
Singing songs of the home that he's leaving afar.
There's a crack—and a scream—and the man hugs the mast,
As he views, in cold horror, the boy falling fast,
With vainly spread arms, to the ocean's blue breast,
To the high-leaping wave and its hungering crest,
And the ship's flitting shadow fall low like a pall,
As the sea-birds scream by with a requiem call!
"Man overboard!" shrieks he o'erhead,
The ship to the helm comes round;
A boat is launched in silence dread,
But the boy was never found;
Strong men wept as they sought the child,
Never again to be seen,
And 'mid the waves they search'd and toil'd
Till night fell over the scene.

'Tis said Old England proud uprears
Her strength upon a rock;
That rock is hearts that know no fears,
That brave the direst shock;

Her sons' stout hearts, her hope and joy,
Have made her strong and free;
Such was the heart of that brave boy,
Drown'd from aloft at sea.

Brandon Thomas.

[By permission of the Author.]

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.*

In all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place. . . .

* The exquisitely beautiful and noble poem, *The Light of Asia*, has gained for its author, Sir Edwin Arnold, a world-wide reputation, as well as the love and gratitude of many millions of people. Sir Edwin depicts in verse, through the medium of an Indian Buddhist, the life and character, and indicates the philosophy, of Prince Gautama, the founder of Buddhism. This great Asiatic faith has existed during twenty-four centuries, and even now numbers more followers and prevails over a greater area than any other creed. "Four hundred and seventy millions of our race," says Sir Edwin Arnold, in his preface, "live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon, over the whole Eastern Peninsula, to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. . . . . More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought."

The Buddha of this poem, Prince Siddârtha, was born on the borders of Nepaul, son of Suddhôdana, King of Kapilavastu, about B.C. 620; and he died about B.C. 543, at Kusinagara, in Oudh. The King, fearing, from the presages of the wise and the Prince's contemplative and ascetic disposition, that he would abandon his high station and embrace a religious life, married him early to a beautiful girl, and placed him in a palace of pleasure—a "love's prison-house"—surrounded by a distant wall with triple gates of brass. Siddârtha was thus kept from all pain and trouble, and all knowledge of the vicissitudes of life. Already, however, he had begun

> "To meditate this deep disease of life,
> What its far source and whence its remedy."

Twelve years of luxurious imprisonment passed, and Siddârtha's

By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White, with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced; and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand;
For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows. . . .

spirit longed more and more for solution of the problems of life that pressed upon him. At last he escaped his guards, and at about thirty years of age he commenced the life of a religious mendicant. Renouncing all earthly interests, he studied the knowledge of the Brahmin, practised severe asceticism, and fought temptation, striving to finds his own and all men's salvation. Eventually he sat down in abstraction, resolved to conquer the secret of peace by sheer thought. And the truth came to him, and "enlightenment was full." Then he returned home, and began to teach his doctrine, preaching his gospel for forty years all over Northern India. Our extracts from Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, which form this Reading, open with the description of Siddârtha's palatial "love prison."

But, innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind. . . .
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
That morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak, and the blue haze spread
From burning spices, soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.

* * * * * *

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.

Thus ofttimes, when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:—

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings: we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain.
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make. . . .

[Siddârtha continues to yearn more and more to know "what lies beyond our brazen gates," and at length he determines to "ride abroad and see mankind." On hearing this, the king gives orders that the city deck itself, and that all noisome sights, the blind, the maimed, the sick, the old, the lepers, be kept out of sight. So all was comely and joyous. But suddenly an old decrepit man in rags came forward begging alms, at sight of whom Siddârtha was shocked, and returned "sad of mien and mood," and sate that night "sleepless, uncomforted." The King also "dreamed seven signs of fear," which his wisest dream-readers could not explain; but an aged man, in guise of a hermit, declared them to be "seven joys," variously betokening the wisdom and fame of the Prince Buddha. Next the Prince begged his father to allow him to view the city as it was—to know the "people and the streets, their simple usual ways, and workday deeds"—himself unknown. His prayer was granted, and he went forth and saw the common life of the citizens, with examples of sickness and death. Then he saw himself as other men "who cry upon their gods and are not heard," yet burned with ardent hope of aid for himself and for his fellow men.—Ed.]

But, when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
Which whoso hears—the same shall make him free. . . .

[Yasôdhara in her sleep dreamed, beholding "three sights of dread." At the second vision she heard a cry, "The time is nigh!" At the third vision, a cry, "The time is come!" And she awoke and told Siddârtha her threefold dream, asking what it might mean, and fearing either she herself should die or—what were worse—Siddârtha should forsake her or should die. Thereupon the Prince comforts her.—Ed.]

Soft
As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife.
"Comfort thee, dear!" he said, "if comfort lives

In changeless love! for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara." . . .

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—
As if that vision passed again—"The time!
The time is come!" Whereat Siddârtha turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom,
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind:
And surely Gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

"I will depart," he spake; "the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear Sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes

My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates;
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Then the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life, and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife. . . .
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!
Harder to put aside than all the rest!
Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth." . . .

So, with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
"For never," spake he, "lie I there again!"
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the purdah's edge: . . .

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Siddârtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o'er the land,
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,
A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books —
Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night—
Northward and southward, making glad the ground.
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two,—
With their bright legions of Invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl—
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who stood,
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom, and cried:
"Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!"
"What would my Lord?" the charioteer replied—
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—
"To ride at night when all the ways are dark?"

"Speak low," Siddârtha said: "and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison, where my heart lives caged,
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men's sake, until the truth be found." . . .
And so he passed
Free from the palace.

When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed,
Rippling Anoma's wave, the border-stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth, and kissed
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa: "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good, and bring all creatures good:
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse, and take my crest-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jewelled sword-belt and my sword, and these
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say
Siddârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—
Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

Sir Edwin Arnold

[From *The Light of Asia*. By permission of the Author, and of Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

A CHARMING WOMAN.

Not *the* Mr. ——, *really?*" In her deep brown eyes there lurked pleased surprise, struggling with wonder. She looked from myself to the friend who had introduced us with a bewitching smile of incredulity, tempered by hope.

He assured her, adding, laughingly: "The only genuine and original," and left us.

"I've always thought of you as a staid, middle-aged man," she said, with a delicious little laugh; then added in low, soft tones: "I'm so very pleased to meet you, really."

The words were conventional, but her voice crept round one like a warm caress.

"Come and talk to me," she said, seating herself upon a small settee, and making room for me.

I sat down awkwardly beside her, my head buzzing just a little, as with one glass too many of champagne. I was in my literary childhood. One small book and a few essays and criticisms—for I, too, had been a critic, and known the joy of giving pain—scattered through various obscure periodicals had been as yet my only contribution to current literature. The sudden discovery that I was *the* Mr. Anybody, and that charming women thought of me, and were delighted to meet me, was a brain-disturbing draught.

"And it was really you who wrote that clever book?' she continued; "and all those brilliant things in the magazines and journals. Oh, it must be delightful to be clever."

She gave breatk to a little sigh of vain regret that went to my heart. To consolc her I commenced a laboured compliment, but she stopped me with her fan. On after reflection I was glad she had; it would have been one of those things better expressed otherwise.

"I know what you are going to say," she laughed; "but don't. Besides, from you, I should not know quite how to take it. You can be so satirical."

I tried to look as though I could be, but, in her case, would not.

She let her ungloved hand rest for an instant upon mine. Had she left it there for two, I should have gone down on

my knees before her, or have stood on my head at her feet, have made a fool of myself in some way or another before the whole room full—she timed it to a nicety.

"I don't want *you* to pay me compliments," she said; "I want us to be *friends*. Of course, in years, I'm old enough to be your mother." (By the register, I should say, she might have been thirty-two, but looked twenty-six. I was twenty-three, and, I fear, foolish for my age.) "But you know the world, and you're so different to the other people one meets. Society is so hollow and artificial; don't you find it so? You don't know how I long sometimes to get away from it—to know someone to whom I could show my real self—who would understand me. You'll come and see me sometimes, I'm always at home on Wednesdays, and let me talk to you, won't you; and you must tell me all your clever thoughts."

It occurred to me that, may be, she'd like to hear a few of them there and then, but, before I had got well started, a hollow Society man came up and suggested supper, and she was compelled to leave me. As she disappeared, however, in the throng, she looked over her shoulder with a glance half pathetic, half comic, that I understood it said: "Pity me. I've got to be bored by this vapid, shallow creature;" and I did.

I sought her through all the rooms before I went. I wished to assure her of my sympathy and support. I learned, however, from the butler that she had left early.

A fortnight later, I ran against a young literary friend in Regent Street, and we lunched together at the Monico.

"I met such a charming woman last night," he said, "a Mrs. Clifton Courtenay, a delightful woman."

"Oh, do *you* know her," I exclaimed. "Oh, we're very old friends. She's always wanting me to go and see her. I really must."

"Oh, I didn't know *you* knew her," he answered. Somehow, the fact of my knowing her seemed to lessen her importance in his eyes. But soon he recovered his enthusiasm for her.

"A wonderfully clever woman," he continued. "I'm afraid I disappointed her a little though." He said this, however, with a laugh that contradicted his words. "She would not believe I was *the* Mr. Smith. She imagined from my book that I was quite an old man."

I could see nothing in my friend's book myself to suggest that the author was, of necessity, anything over eighteen. The mistake appeared to me to display want of acumen, but it had evidently pleased him greatly.

"I felt quite sorry for her," he went on, "chained to that bloodless artificial Society in which she lives. 'You can't tell,' she said to me, 'how I long to meet someone to whom I could show my real self—who would understand me.' I'm going to see her on Wednesday."

I went with him. My conversation with her was not as confidential as I had anticipated, owing to there being some eighty other people present in a room intended for the accommodation of eight; but, after surging round for an hour in hot and aimless misery—as very young men at such gatherings do, knowing as a rule only the man who has brought them, and being unable to find him—I contrived to get a few words with her.

She greeted me with a smile, in the light of which I at once forgot my past discomfort, and let her fingers rest, with delicious pressure, for a moment upon mine.

"How good of you to keep your promise," she said; "these people have been tiring me so. Sit here, and tell me all you have been doing."

She listened for about ten seconds, and then interrupted me with: "And that clever friend of yours—that you

came with, I met him at Lady Lennon's last week—has *he* written anything?"

I explained to her that he had.

"Tell me about it?" she said; "I get so little time for reading, and then I only care to read the books that help me;" and she gave me a grateful look more eloquent than words.

I described the work to her, and, wishing to do my friend justice, I even recited a few of the passages upon which, as I knew, he especially prided himself.

One sentence in particular seemed to lay hold of her. "A good woman's arms round a man's neck is a life-belt thrown out to him from heaven."

"How beautiful!" she murmured; "say it again."

I said it again, and she repeated it after me.

Then a noisy old lady swooped down upon her, and I drifted away into a corner, where I tried to look as if I were enjoying myself, and failed.

Later on, feeling it time to go, I sought my friend, and found him talking to her in a shadowed corner. I approached, and waited. They were discussing the latest East-end murder. A drunken woman had been killed by her husband, a hard-working artizan, who had been maddened by the ruin of his home.

"Ah," she was saying; "what power a woman has to drag a man down, or lift him up! I never read a case in which a woman is concerned without thinking of those beautiful lines of yours: 'A good woman's arms round a man's neck is a life-belt thrown out to him from heaven.'"

Opinions differed concerning her religion and politics. Said the Low Church parson: "An earnest Christian woman, sir, of that unostentatious type that has always been the bulwark of our Church, sir. I am proud to know that woman, and I am proud to think that poor words of

mine have been the humble instrument to wean that true woman's heart from the frivolities of fashion, and to fix her thoughts upon higher things—a good Churchwoman, sir, a good Churchwoman, in the best sense of the word."

Said the pale, aristocratic-looking young Abbé to the Comtesse, the light of old-world enthusiasm shining from his deep-set eyes: "I have great hopes of our dear friend. She finds it hard to sever the ties of time and love; we are all weak. But her heart turns towards our mother Church, as a child, though suckled among strangers, yearns, after many years, for the bosom that has borne it. We have spoken, and I—even I—may be the voice in the wilderness, leading the lost sheep back to the fold."

Said Sir Harry Bennett, the great Theosophist lecturer, writing to a friend: "A singularly gifted woman; and a woman evidently thirsting for the truth. A woman capable of willing her own life. A woman not afraid of thought and reason—a lover of wisdom. I have talked much with her at one time or another, and I have found her grasp my meaning with a quickness of perception quite unusual in my experience; and the arguments I have let fall have, I am convinced, borne excellent fruit. I look forward to her becoming, at no very distant date, a valued member of our little band. Indeed, without betraying confidence, I may almost say I regard her conversion as an accomplished fact."

Colonel Maxim always spoke of her as "a tall pillar of the State."

"With the enemy in our midst," said the florid old soldier, "it behoves every true man—aye, and every true woman—to rally to the defence of the country; and all honour, say I, to noble ladies such as Mrs. Clifton Courtenay, who, laying aside their natural shrinking from publicity, come forward in such a crisis as the present to

combat the forces of disorder and disloyalty now rampant in the land."

"But," some listener would suggest, "I gathered from young Jocelyn that Mrs. Clifton Courtenay held somewhat advanced views on social and political questions."

"Jocelyn," the Colonel would reply with scorn; "pah! There may have been a short space of time during which a fellow's long hair and windy rhetoric impressed her. But I flatter myself I've put *my* spoke in Mr. Jocelyn's wheel. Why, damme, sir, she's consented to stand for Grand Dame of the Bermondsey Branch of the Primrose League next year. What's Jocelyn say to that, the scoundrel!"

What Jocelyn said was:

"I know the woman is weak. But I do not blame her; I pity her. When the time comes—as soon it will—when woman is no longer a puppet, dancing to the threads held by some brainless man—when a woman is not threatened with social ostracism for daring to follow her own conscience instead of that of her nearest male relative—then will be the time to judge her. It is not for me to betray the confidence reposed in me by a suffering woman, but you can tell that interesting old fossil, Colonel Maxim, that he and the other old women of the Bermondsey Branch of the Primrose League may elect Mrs. Clifton Courtenay for their President, and make the most of it; they have only got the outside of the woman. Her heart is beating time to the tramp of one onward-marching people; her soul's eyes are straining for the glory of a coming dawn."

But they all agreed she was a charming woman.

Jerome K. Jerome.

[From *To-Day*. By permission of the Author.]

THERE'S NEVER ANY HARM IN GOOD COMPANY.

The scene is a pic-nic, and Mr. Joseph de Clapham ventures to think that his *fiancée*, the lovely Belgravinia, is a little too fast.

Now, don't look so glum and so sanctified, please,
For folks *comme il faut*, Sir, are always at ease;
How dare you suggest that my talk is too free?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Must I shut up my eyes when I ride in the Park?
Or, pray, would you like me to ride after dark?
If not, Mr. Prim, I shall say what I see,
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

What harm am I speaking, you stupid Old Nurse?
I'm sure papa's newspaper tells us much worse,
He's a clergyman, too, are you stricter than he?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

I knew who it was, and I said so, that's all;
I said who went round to her box from his stall;
Pray, what is your next prohibition to be?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"My grandmother would not"—O, would not, indeed!
Just read Horace Walpole—Yes, Sir, I *do* read.
Besides, what's my grandmother's buckram to me?
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"I said it before that old *roué*, Lord Gadde;"
That's a story, he'd gone: and what harm if I had?
He has known me for years—from a baby of three.
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

You go to your Club (and this makes me so wild),
There you smoke, and you slander man, woman, and child;
But *I*'m not to know there's such people as she—
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

It's all my own fault; the Academy, Sir,
You whispered to Philip, "No, no, it's not *her*.
Sir Edwin would hardly—" I heard, *mon ami;*
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Well, there, I'm quite sorry; now, stop looking haughty,
Or must I kneel down on my knees, and say, "Naughty"?
There! get me a peach, and I wish you'd agree
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

C. Shirley Brooks.

[By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.]

DEATH OF MARMION.*

With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand:
His arms were smeared with blood and sand:

* Lord Marmion "with the crest and helm of gold" is a fictitious character. He is represented by the poet as journeying to the Scottish Court on business of his English Sovereign, and indulging in private adventures by the way. Returning with Lady Clare, the victim of his treachery and avarice, in his power, he reaches Flodden, and there, within sight of the hostile armies, he leaves her in charge of his two squires. These, smarting from inaction, and presently maddened by seeing their leader's banner fall, cannot restrain themselves from rushing into the fight. They soon return with Marmion wounded. The date of the battle is September 9, 1513.

Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone!
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said, "By St. George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace: "peace!"

When doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon, charge again!
Cry 'Marmion to the rescue!' Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That cry shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's: fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring!
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains his spotless shield:
Edmund is down: my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quiv'ring aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn! Behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water clear as diamond-spark
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,
Who built this cross and well."

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground.
As light as if he felt no wound:
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true,—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day;
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!

A sinful heart makes feeble hand,"—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,

"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"

So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend! with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine:
Oh, think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And "Stanley!" was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.*

It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. "It is very late," wrote the Papal Nuncio; "and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle."

The solicitor for the Bishops sate up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors; for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the Crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly juryman with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every

* In April, 1688, James II. illegally issued a second Declaration of Indulgence, suspending the penal statutes against Roman Catholics, and aiming to give them a power in the State enormously disproportionate to their numbers. His order to the Established Clergy to read it from their pulpits on two successive Sundays was obeyed only in four churches in London, and seven of the bishops presented to the King a respectful petition in protest. "This," said the King, "is the standard of rebellion;" and he sent them to the Tower, and ordered them to be tried for publishing a seditious libel. The utmost effort of the Crown Judges, however, failed to secure a verdict against them, and they were acquitted, to the intense joy of the people. The King thus lost the active support of the Church, and inclined it to look with acquiescence on the movement of William of Orange. The seven bishops were: Archbishop Sancroft of Canterbury, Ken of Bath and Wells, White of Peterborough, Lloyd of St. Asaph, Trelawny of Bristol, Lake of Chichester, and Turner of Ely.

hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room: but nothing certain was known.

At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way: but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied; and he should not acquit the Bishops. "If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed: but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

At ten the Court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in the box; and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke. "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty." As the words were uttered, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news

spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point, that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy.

Lord Macaulay.

[By permission of Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart.]

A JUDGMENT IN HEAVEN.*

Athwart the sod which is treading for God * the poet paced
with his splendid eyes ;
Paradise-verdure he stately passes * to win to the Father
of Paradise,
Through the conscious and palpitant grasses * of inter-
tangled relucent dyes.

The angels a-play on its fields of Summer * (their wild
wings rustled his guides' cymars)
Looked up from disport at the passing comer, * as they
pelted each other with handfuls of stars;
And the warden-spirits with startled feet rose, * hand on
sword, by their tethered cars.

With plumes night-tinctured, englobed and cinctured, * of
Saints, his guided steps held on
To where on the far crystálline pale * of that transtellar
Heaven there shone
The immutable crocean dawn * effusing from the Father's
Throne.

* I have throughout this poem used an asterisk to indicate the caesura in the middle of the line, after the manner of the old Saxon section-point.—F. T.

Through the reverberant Eden-ways * the bruit of his great advent driven,
Back from the fulgent justle and press * with mighty echoing so was given,
As when the surly thunder smites * upon the clangèd gates of Heaven.

Over the bickering gonfalons, * far-ranged as for Tartarean wars,
Went a waver of ribbèd fire * —as night-seas on phosphoric bars
Like a flame-plumed fan shake slowly out * their ridgy reach of crumbling stars.

At length to where on His fretted Throne * sat in the heart of His aged dominions
The great Triune, and Mary nigh, * lit round with spears of their hauberked minions,
The poet drew, in the thunderous blue * involvèd dread of those mounted pinions.

As in a secret and tenebrous cloud * the watcher from the disquiet earth
At momentary intervals * beholds from its raggèd rifts break forth
The flash of a golden perturbation, * the travelling threat of a witchèd birth;

Till heavily parts a sinister chasm, * a grisly jaw, whose verges soon,
Slowly and ominously filled * by the on-coming plenilune,
Supportlessly congest with fire, * and suddenly spit forth the moon :—

With beauty, not terror, through tangled error * of night-dipt plumes so burned their charge;

Swayed and parted the globing clusters * so, —— disclosed from their kindling marge,
Roseal-chapleted, splendent-vestured, * the singer there where God's light lay large.

Hu, hu! a wonder! a wonder! see, * clasping the singer's glories clings
A dingy creature, even to laughter * cloaked and clad in patchwork things,
Shrinking close from the unused glows * of the seraphs' versicoloured wings;

A rhymer, rhyming a futile rhyme, * he had crept for convoy through Eden-ways
Into the shade of the poet's glory, * darkened under his prevalent rays,
Fearfully hoping a distant welcome * as a poor kinsman of his lays.

The angels laughed with a lovely scorning: * — "Who has done this sorry deed in
The garden of our Father, God? * 'mid his blossoms to sow this weed in?
Never our fingers knew this stuff: * not so fashion the looms of Eden!"

The singer bowed his brow majestic, * searching that patchwork through and through,
Feeling God's lucent gazes traverse * his singing-stoling and spirit too:
The hallowed harpers were fain to frown * on the strange thing come 'mid their sacred crew,
Only the singer that was earth * his fellow-earth and his own self knew.

But the poet rent off robe and wreath, * so as a sloughing serpent doth,
Laid them at the rhymer's feet, * shed down wreath and raiment both,
Stood in a dim and shamèd stole, * like the tattered wing of a musty moth.

"Thou gav'st the weed and wreath of song, * the weed and wreath are solely Thine,
And this dishonest vesture * is the only vesture that is mine;
The life *I* textured, Thou the song * —— *my* handicraft is not divine!"

He wrested o'er the rhymer's head * that garmenting which wrought him wrong;
A flickering tissue argentine * down dripped its shivering silvers long:—
"Better thou wov'st thy woof of life * than thou didst weave thy woof of song!"

Never a chief in Saintdom was, * but turned him from the Poet then;
Never an eye looked mild on him * 'mid all the angel myriads ten,
Save sinless Mary, and sinful Mary * —the Mary titled Magdalen.

"Turn yon robe," spake Magdalen, * "of torn bright song, and see and feel."
They turned the raiment, saw and felt * what their turning did reveal—
All the inner surface piled * with bloodied hairs, like hairs of steel.

'Take, I pray, yon chaplet up, * thrown down ruddied from his head."
They took the roseal chaplet up, * and they stood astonishèd :
Every leaf between their fingers, * as they bruised it, burst and bled.

"See his torn flesh through those rents; * see the punctures round his hair,
As if the chaplet-flowers had driven * deep roots in to nourish there—
Lord, who gav'st him robe and wreath, * *what* was this Thou gav'st for wear?"

"Fetch forth the Paradisal garb!" * spake the Father, sweet and low;
Drew them both by the frightened hand * where Mary's throne made irised bow—
"Take, Princess Mary, of thy good grace, * two spirits greater than they know."

EPILOGUE.

VIRTUE may unlock hell, or even
A sin turn in the wards of Heaven,
(As ethics of the text-book go),
So little men their own deeds know,
Or through the intricate *mêlée*
Guess whitherward draws the battle-sway;
So little, if they know the deed,
Discern what therefrom shall succeed.
To wisest moralists 'tis but given
To work rough border-law of Heaven.
Within this narrow life of ours,

These marches 'twixt delimitless Powers.
Is it, if Heaven the future showed,
Is it the all-severest mode
To see ourselves with the eyes of God?
God rather grant, at His assize,
He sees us not with our own eyes!

Heaven, which man's generations draws
Nor deviates into replicas,
Must of as deep diversity
In judgment as creation be.
There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load.
Some may perchance, with strange surprise,
Have blundered into Paradise.
In vasty dusk of life abroad,
They fondly thought to err from God.
Nor knew the circle that they trod;
And wandering all the night about,
Found them at morn where they set out.
Death dawned; Heaven lay in prospect wide:—
Lo! they were standing by His side!

The rhymer a life uncomplex,
With just such cares as mortals vex,
So simply felt as all men feel,
Lived purely out to his soul's weal.
A double life the Poet lived,
And with a double burthen grieved;
The life of flesh and life of song,
The pangs to both lives that belong;
Immortal knew and mortal pain,
Who in two worlds could lose and gain,
And found immortal fruits must be

Mortal through his mortality.
The life of flesh and life of song!
If one life worked the other wrong,
What expiating agony
May for him damned to poesy
Shut in that little sentence be—
What deep austerities of strife—
"He lived his life." He lived *his* life!

Francis Thompson.

[From the *Poems* of Francis Thompson (John Lane). By permission of Wilfrid Meynell, Esq.]

A MODERN HERO.*

The pleasant town of Hinckley
Was wrapped in blinding flame
As Root, the engine-driver,
From out the forest came.
Farm, homestead, tower, and steeple
In swift destruction fell,
As the affrighted people
Their tale of sorrow tell.

Their last hope of escaping
Seemed in Root's empty train,
And soon each car was crowded,
And they sped o'er mead and plain,

* One of the most splendid examples of heroism connected with the terrible Forest Fires in America, in August, 1894, was that of Engine-Driver Root. Coming into the burning town of Hinckley, he carried upwards of three hundred of the panic-stricken inhabitants to a place of safety, literally driving his engine through sheets of flame extending for miles along the line.

Leaving the town of Hinckley
A blazing wreck behind,
While the flames were still pursuing,
Blown by the cruel wind.

The sea of fire rushed onward
Beside the railroad track,
The tall grass swiftly burning,
And made the heavens black.
And refugees, with terror
On every pallid face,
Watched the heroic driver
Increase the engine's pace.

A few miles in the distance
There was a shallow lake,
And for this cooling refuge
Root had resolved to make:
He cheered the anxious people
And saved them from despair,
As with heroic courage
He brought them safely there.

While sheets of flame passed o'er him,
Root kept his dangerous post:
One man's heroic courage
Was equal to a host:
The refugees of Hinckley
A guardian angel found,
And from the blazing forest
He took them safe and sound.

Has chivalry departed?
Nay! while a heart and brain
Like that of Root so bravely
Controls a railway train.

No Paladin of ancient days
A nobler deed has done,
And proud must be America
To boast of such a son.

J. Verey.

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L'ALLEGRO.

Hence loath'd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings:
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Some time walking, not unseen,

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checker'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat—
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
  Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,

With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on
Or sweetest Shakspere, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

John Milton.

HOW TO LIVE WELL ON NOTHING A-YEAR.*

In the first place, and as a matter of the greatest necessity, we are bound to describe how a house may be got for

* It was at their house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, that Colonel and Mrs. Crawley "really showed the skill that must be possessed by

nothing a-year. These mansions are to be had either unfurnished, where, if you have credit with Messrs. Gillows or Bantings, you can get them splendidly arranged and decorated entirely, according to your own fancy; or they are to be let furnished; a less troublesome and complicated arrangement to most parties. It was so that Crawley and his wife preferred to hire their house.

Before Mr. Bowls came to preside over Miss Crawley's house and cellar in Park Lane, that lady had had for a butler a Mr. Raggles, who was born on the family estate of Queen's Crawley, and indeed was a younger son of a gardener there. By good conduct, a handsome person and calves, and a grave demeanour, Raggles rose from the knife-board to the foot-board of the carriage; from the foot-board to the butler's pantry. When he had been a certain number of years at the head of Miss Crawley's establishment, where he had had good wages, fat perquisites, and plenty of opportunities of saving, he announced that he was about to contract a matrimonial alliance with a late cook of Miss Crawley's, who had subsisted in an

those who would live on the resources above named." Before that, they had practised the art on the other side of the Channel. "In fact," as Thackeray has it, "our friends may be said to have been among the first of that brood of hardy English adventurers who have subsequently invaded the Continent, and swindled in all the capitals of Europe." The date in question is 1817-18. "The truth is," Thackeray explains, "when we say of a gentleman that he lives elegantly on nothing a-year, we use the word 'nothing' to signify something unknown; meaning simply that we don't know how the gentleman in question defrays the expenses of his establishment." The Colonel, in fact, was a gambler. His wife, Becky Sharp, is one of the most notable characters of English fiction. "She was small and slight in person, pale, sandy-haired, and with green eyes, habitually cast down, but very large, odd, and attractive when they looked up." She was governess in the family of Sir Pitt Crawley, Baronet, when she secretly married his son, Captain Crawley. She was a most attractive woman, of varied accomplishments, but thoroughly unprincipled and selfish. Of course her arts availed her nothing in the long run, and she was reduced to poverty. Miss Crawley, the Colonel's aunt, on whose Will he founded great expectations, has just died when our Reading begins.

honourable manner by the exercise of a mangle, and the keeping of a small green shop in the neighbourhood. The truth is, that the ceremony had been clandestinely performed some years back; although the news of Mr. Raggles' marriage was first brought to Miss Crawley by a little boy and girl of seven and eight years of age, whose continual presence in the kitchen had attracted the attention of Miss Briggs.

Mr. Raggles then retired and personally undertook the superintendence of the small shop and the greens. He added milk and cream, eggs and country-fed pork to his stores, contenting himself, whilst other retired butlers were vending spirits in public houses, by dealing in the simplest country produce. And having a good connection amongst the butlers in the neighbourhood, and a snug back parlour where he and Mrs. Raggles received them, his milk, cream, and eggs got to be adopted by many of the fraternity, and his profits increased every year. Year after year he quietly and modestly amassed money, and when at length that snug and complete bachelor's residence at No. 201, Curzon Street, May Fair, lately the residence of the Honourable Frederick Deuceace, gone abroad, with its rich and appropriate furniture by the first makers, was brought to the hammer, who should go in and purchase the lease and furniture of the house but Charles Raggles? A part of the money he borrowed, it is true, and at rather a high interest, from a brother butler, but the chief part he paid down, and it was with no small pride that Mrs. Raggles found herself sleeping in a bed of carved mahogany, with silk curtains, with a prodigious cheval glass opposite to her, and a wardrobe which would contain her, and Raggles, and all the family.

Of course, they did not intend to occupy permanently an apartment so splendid. It was in order to let the house again that Raggles purchased it. As soon as a tenant

was found, he subsided into the greengrocer's shop once more; but a happy thing it was for him to walk out of that tenement and into Curzon Street, and there survey his house—his own house—with geraniums in the window and a carved bronze knocker. The footman occasionally lounging at the area railing, treated him with respect; the cook took her green stuff at his house and called him Mr. Landlord; and there was not one thing the tenants did, or one dish which they had for dinner, that Raggles might not know of, if he liked.

He was a good man; good and happy. The house brought him in so handsome a yearly income, that he was determined to send his children to good schools, and accordingly, regardless of expense, Charles was sent to boarding at Dr. Swishtail's, Sugar-cane Lodge, and little Matilda to Miss Peckover's Laurentinum House, Clapham.

Raggles loved and adored the Crawley family as the author of all his prosperity in life. He had a silhouette of his mistress in his back shop, and a drawing of the Porter's Lodge at Queen's Crawley, done by that spinster herself in India ink—and the only addition he made to the decorations of the Curzon Street House was a print of Queen's Crawley, in Hampshire, the seat of Sir Walpole Crawley, Baronet, who was represented in a gilded car drawn by six white horses, and passing by a lake covered with swans, and barges containing ladies in hoops, and musicians with flags and periwigs. Indeed, Raggles thought there was no such palace in all the world, and no such august family.

As luck would have it, Raggles' house in Curzon Street was to let when Rawdon and his wife returned to London. The Colonel knew it and its owner quite well; the latter's connexion with the Crawley family had been kept up constantly, for Raggles helped Mr. Bowls whenever Miss

Crawley received friends. And the old man not only let his house to the Colonel, but officiated as his butler whenever he had company; Mrs. Raggles operating in the kitchen below, and sending up dinners of which old Miss Crawley herself might have approved. This was the way, then, Crawley got his house for nothing: for though Raggles had to pay taxes and rates, and the interest of the mortgage to the brother butler; and the insurance of his life; and the charges for his children at school; and the value of the meat and drink which his own family—and for a time that of Colonel Crawley too—consumed; and though the poor wretch was utterly ruined by the transaction, his children being flung on the streets, and himself driven into the Fleet prison; yet somebody must pay even for gentlemen who live for nothing a-year—and so it was this unlucky Raggles was made the representative of Colonel Crawley's defective capital.

I wonder how many families are driven to roguery and to ruin by great practitioners in Crawley's way?—how many great noblemen rob their petty tradesmen, condescend to swindle their poor retainers out of wretched little sums, and cheat for a few shillings? When we read that a noble nobleman has left for the Continent, or that another noble nobleman has an execution in his house—and that one or other owe six or seven millions, the defeat seems glorious even, and we respect the victim in the vastness of his ruin. But who pities a poor barber who can't get his money for powdering the footmen's heads; or a poor carpenter who has ruined himself by fixing up ornaments and pavilions for my lady's *déjeuné;* or the poor devil of a tailor whom the steward patronises, and who has pledged all he is worth, and more, to get the liveries ready, which my lord has done him the honour to bespeak? —When the great house tumbles down, these miserable wretches fall under it unnoticed: as they say in the old

legends, before a man goes to the devil himself, he sends plenty of other souls thither.

Rawdon and his wife generously gave their patronage to all such of Miss Crawley's tradesmen and purveyors as chose to serve them. Some were willing enough, especially the poor ones. It was wonderful to see the pertinacity with which the washerwoman from Tooting brought the cart every Saturday, and her bills week after week. Mr. Raggles himself had to supply the greengroceries. The bill for servants' porter at the Fortune of War public house is a curiosity in the chronicles of beer. Every servant also was owed the greater part of his wages, and thus kept up perforce an interest in the house. Nobody in fact was paid. Not the blacksmith who opened the lock; nor the glazier who mended the pane; nor the jobber who let the carriage; nor the groom who drove it; nor the butcher who provided the leg of mutton; nor the coals which roasted it; nor the cook who basted it; nor the servants who eat it: and this I am given to understand is not unfrequently the way in which people live on nothing a-year.

W. M. Thackeray (*Vanity Fair*).

CUMNOR HALL.*

The dews of the summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the night,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

* The story here told is of Amy Robsart, Countess of Leicester, who is supposed to have been murdered in order to free the Earl to aspire to the hand of Queen Elizabeth.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Lester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once-beloved bride to see;
But be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 'tis same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn:
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sang the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say;
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit
And left the blossom to decay.

"Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily dead;
But he that once their charms so prized.
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled

"For know when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay;
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Lester, ah! I much am wrong,
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows,
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Lester, why, again I plead,—
The injured surely may repine,—
Why didst thou wed a country maid
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh! then leave me to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy,—than sigh for woe;
To be content,—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care,
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided feels the chilling air!

"Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,—
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And e'er the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call;
And thrice the raven flapped its wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green:
Woe was the hour,—for never more
That hapless countess ere was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As, wandering onwards, they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

W. J. Mickle.

THANATOPSIS.*

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

* This exquisite poem of Bryant's was written at the age of eighteen. It was at Cummington, Mass., the poet's birthplace, during his wanderings in the primæval forests, where gigantic trunks of fallen trees lay decaying, and where silent rivulets flowed through mossy banks, and mountains of dead leaves—suggesting to the poet's mind the most remote antiquity, that Bryant conceived the idea of depicting the future state of man. At this period of his life the great poets were to him unknown. It is authoritatively stated he had read only Kirke White and the miscellaneous poems of Southey, and that some of the expressions and ideas of these writers had stirred his imagination to the composition of this poem. The conception is framed on natural lines. The poet represents that generation after generation of the human race, as they pass away, find an "eternal resting place" in the bosom of the Earth, who thus claims the form she has nourished with her fruits, and mixes it "for ever with the elements." The universality of mortal fate is depicted with a serious iteration and impressiveness which operate with reconciling force.

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Wm. C. Bryant

THE SEA FIGHT.*

> "*Britannia needs no bulwarks,*
> *No towers along the steep,*
> *Her march is o'er the mountain wave,*
> *Her home is on the deep.*"
>
> CAMPBELL, "*Ye Mariners of England.*"

MEDINA, the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain.

One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manœuvre, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbour, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the Saints, and the Bull Cœnâ Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here), are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the meanwhile, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth

* Early in 1588, Philip II. of Spain despatched against England a great military and naval expedition, known in history as "The Spanish Armada," under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia It comprised 130 vessels manned by 3,450 sailors, and 2,680 pieces of artillery. The English fleet, under Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral, consisted of 30 ships of the Royal Navy, which bore the brunt of the fighting, and a large number of volunteer ships; and all the most distinguished of our Elizabethan seamen were on board. On Saturday, July 30th, the fleets sighted each other. The Reading we give describes the fight, which ended in the utter defeat of the Armada. Only 53 ships reached Spain. The loss of life must have been very great; it is said that there was not a Spanish family but had lost a member.

fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt: she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda the Vice-Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and blows clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again: but it is only to return on the opposite tack; and now begins a series of manœuvres, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered

Recalde, being in danger." Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships.

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England.

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheat-ear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur-smoke which welters far below.

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in waggons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day, before the

little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sand-hills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot.

When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to reform. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port, and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner burning to redeem the honour which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

Soon, on the south-west horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the *Triumph* and the *Bear;* and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger,

who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and foreyards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great *San Philip* into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the *San Matthew* comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the Evangelist, though smaller, is stouter than the Deacon, and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough."

But in the meanwhile, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunder-storm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur-smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below.

Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more?

The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile, till the day wore on; when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. The south-wester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved!

Charles Kingsley.

[From *Westward Ho!* By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

VIRGINIA.*

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,

* Virginius, a plebeian centurion, stabs his only child, Virginia, in the Forum, so as to prevent her being enslaved and dishonoured by Appius Claudius. The revolt which ensued led to the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, my own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

Lord Macaulay

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.*

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened,
A tear within his eyelids glistened.—
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,

* The Peri is in search of an offering that will admit her to Paradise. After two vain attempts to find the necessary gift to redeem her sin and gain admittance, she on the third occasion succeeds.

Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,
The Peri sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies

That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like wingéd flowers or flying gems;
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small temple's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,—
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce,—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,

As torches that have burnt all night
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there,—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife
That marked the dark flood of his life.
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?—
"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept,—he wept!

And now—behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light—more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star—
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear,—
Her harbinger of glory near!
"Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done,—
The gates are past, and heaven is won!"

Thomas Moore (*Lalla Rookh*).

HOLLAND HOUSE.*

YET a few years and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which,

* Holland House, Kensington, now the property and residence of the Earl of Ilchester, is said by Walpole (1747) to be "a brave old house," which "belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles I.'s Queen." Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, bought it in 1767, and derived his title from it. Sir George Trevelyan in his *Early History of Charles James Fox* (Lord Holland's third son), speaks of the place as a "suburban palace and paradise." He also refers to "the hundreds of dwellings which now fringe its northern and eastern outskirts, but which have not been permitted to invade the sacred enclosure." Sir George wrote in 1880. Now, however, Macaulay's predictions are rapidly approaching fulfilment. Not only is the House

ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble —with the courtly magnificence of Rich—with the loves of Ormond—with the counsels of Cromwell—with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets and squares and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties—of painters and poets—of scholars, philosophers and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them—the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages; those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe—who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence—who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die—were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science had its

hemmed in, but the very grounds of the mansion, on one side, have been invaded by the builder. The neighbourhood has attracted many of our leading artists to live there.

place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace—and the kindness, far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper, which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct than by his loving disposition and winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland.

Lord Macaulay (*Essay*).

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE.*

AS RELATED BY SERGEANT LEIGH ON THE NIGHT HE GOT HIS CAPTAINCY AT THE RESTORATION.

I'll tell you a story: but pass the "jack,"
And let us make merry to-night, my men.
Aye, those were the days when my beard was black—
I like to remember them now and then—
Then Miles was living, and Cuthbert there
On his lip was never a sign of down;
But I carry about some braided hair,
That has not yet changed from the glossy brown
That it show'd the day when I broke the heart
Of the bravest of destriers, "Britomarte."

* Of late years Australia has produced one or two novelists whose books have in this country been more or less popular, but she has failed to give us another poet since Adam Lindsay Gordon died, in 1870. According to some biographers, he was born at Fayal, Azores, in 1833, and received his education at Cheltenham College, and subsequently at Oxford University. Mr. Marcus Clarke, his latest biographer, does not, however, mention these facts. His recent account of the poet will, we feel sure, not be without interest to our readers:—"Adam Lindsay Gordon was the son of an officer in the English army, and was educated at Woolwich, in order that he might follow the profession of his family. At the time when he was a cadet there was no sign of either of the two great wars which were about to call forth the strength of English arms, and, like many other men of his day, he quitted his prospects of service, and emigrated. He went to South Australia and started as a sheep farmer. His efforts were attended with failure. He lost his capital, and, owning nothing but a love for horsemanship and a head full of Browning and Shelley, plunged into the varied life which gold-mining, 'over-landing,' and cattle-driving affords. From this experience he emerged to light in Melbourne as the best amateur steeplechase rider in the colonies. The victory he won for Major Baker in 1868, when he rode Babbler for the Cup Steeplechase, made him popular, and the almost simultaneous publication of his last volume of poems gave him welcome entrance to the houses of all who had pretensions to literary taste. The reputation of the book spread to England, and Major Whyte-Melville did not disdain to place the lines of the dash-

Sir Hugh was slain (may his soul find grace!)
In the fray that was neither lost nor won
At Edgehill—then to St. Hubert's-chase
Lord Goring despatch'd a garrison—
But men and horses were ill to spare,
And ere long the soldiers were shifted fast.
As for me, I never was quartered there
Till Marston Moor had been lost; at last,
As luck would have it, alone, and late
In the night, I rode to the northern gate.

I thought, as I pass'd through the moonlit park,
On the boyish days I used to spend
In the halls of the knight lying stiff and stark—
Thought on his lady, my father's friend
(Mine, too, in spite of my sinister bar,
But with that my story has naught to do)—
She died the winter before the war—
Died giving birth to the baby Hugh.
He pass'd ere the green leaves clothed the bough,
And the orphan girl was the heiress now.

When I was a rude and a reckless boy,
And she a brave and a beautiful child,
I was her page, her playmate, her toy—
I have crown'd her hair with the field-flowers wild,

ing Australian author at the head of his own dashing descriptions of sporting scenery. Unhappily, the melancholy which Gordon's friends had with pain observed increased daily, and in the full flood of his success, with congratulations pouring upon him from every side, he was found dead in the heather near his home with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain." The late J. A. Froude, in *Oceana*, thus refers to Adam Lindsay Gordon: "The Australians have had one poet—something too much of the Guy Livingstone stamp, an inferior Byron, a wild rider, desperate and dissipated, but with gleams of a most noble nature shining through the turbid atmosphere." A new collected edition of Gordon's poems is now in the press.

Cowslip and crowfoot, and coltsfoot bright—
I have carried her miles when the woods were wet,
I have read her romances of dame and knight—
She was my princess, my pride, my pet.
There was then this proverb us twain between,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

She had grown to a maiden wonderful fair,
But for years I had scarcely seen her face.
Now, with troopers Holdsworth, Huntly and Clare,
Old Miles kept guard at St. Hubert's-chase,
And the chatelaine was a Mistress Ruth,
Sir Hugh's half sister, an ancient dame;
But a mettlesome soul had she forsooth,
As she show'd when the time of her trial came.
I bore despatches to Miles and to her,
To warn them against the bands of Kerr.

And mine would have been a perilous ride
With the rebel horsemen—we knew not where
They were scattered over that country side,—
If it had not been for my brave brown mare—
She was iron-sinew'd and satin-skinn'd,
Ribb'd like a drum and limb'd like a deer,
Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind—
There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear—
Rich lords had vex'd me, in vain, to part,
For their gold and silver, with Britomarte.

Next morn we muster'd scarce half a score
With the serving men, who were poorly arm'd—
Five soldiers, counting myself, no more,
And a culverin, which might well have harm'd
Us, had we used it, but not our foes,
When, with horses and foot, to our doors they came,

And a psalm-singer summon'd us (through his nose),
  And deliver'd—"This, in the people's name,
Unto whoso holdeth this fortress here,
Surrender!—or bide the siege—John Kerr."

'Twas a mansion built in a style too new.
  A castle by courtesy; he lied
Who called it a fortress—yet, 'tis true,
  It had been indifferently fortified—
We were well provided with bolt and bar-
  And while I hurried to place our men,
Old Miles was call'd to a council of war
  With Mistress Ruth and with *her*, and when
They had argued loudly and long, those three,
They sent, as a last resource, for me.

In the chair of state sat erect Dame Ruth;
  She had cast aside her embroidery;
She had been a beauty, they say, in her youth,
  There was much fierce fire in her bold black eye
"Am I deceived in you both?" quoth she,
  "If one spark of her father's spirit lives
In this girl here—so, this Leigh, Ralph Leigh,
  Let us hear what counsel the springald gives."
Then I stammer'd, somewhat taken aback—
(Simon, you ale-swiller, pass the "jack").

The dame wax'd hotter—"Speak out, lad, say,
  Must we fall in that canting caitiff's power?
Shall we yield to a knave and a turncoat? Nay,
  I had liever leap from our topmost tower.
For awhile we can surely await relief:
  Our walls are high and our doors are strong."
This Kerr was indeed a canting thief—
  I know not rightly, some private wrong

He had done Sir Hugh, but I know this much,
Traitor or turncoat he suffered as such.

Quoth Miles--"Enough! your will shall be done;
  Relief may arrive by the merest chance,
But your house ere dusk will be lost and won;
  They have got three pieces of ordnance."
Then I cried, "Lord Guy, with four troops of horse,
  Even now is biding at Westbrooke town;
If a rider could break through the rebel force,
  He would bring relief ere the sun goes down;
Through the postern door could I make one dart,
I could baffle them all upon Britomarte."

Miles mutter'd "Madness!" Dame Ruth look'd grave
  Said, "True, though we cannot keep one hour
The courtyard, no, nor the stables save,
  They will have to batter piecemeal the tower,
And thus——" But suddenly she halted there.
  With a shining hand on my shoulder laid,
Stood Gwendoline. She had left her chair,
  And, "Nay, if it needs must be done," she said,
"Ralph Leigh will gladly do it, I ween,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline."

I had undertaken a heavier task
  For a lighter word. I saddled with care,
Nor cumber'd myself with corselet nor casque
  (Being loth to burden the brave brown mare).
Young Clare kept watch on the wall—he cried,
  "Now, haste, Ralph! this is the time to seize
The rebels are round us on every side,
  But here they straggle by twos and threes."
Then out I led her, and up I sprung,
And the postern door on its hinges swung.

I had drawn this sword—you may draw it and feel,
For this is the blade that I bore that day—
There's a notch even now on the long grey steel,
A nick that has never been rasp'd away.
I bow'd my head, and I buried my spurs,
One bound brought the gliding green beneath;
I could tell by her back-flung flatten'd ears
She had fairly taken the bit in her teeth—
(What, Jack, have you drain'd your namesake dry,
Left nothing to quench the thirst of a fly?)

These things are done, and are done with, lad,
In far less time than your talker tells.
The sward with their hoof-strokes shook like mad,
And rang with their carbines and petronels;
And they shouted, "Cross him and cut him off,"
"Surround him," "Seize him," "Capture the clown
Or kill him," "Shall he escape to scoff
In your faces?" "Shoot him or cut him down."
And their bullets whistled on every side:
Many were near us and more were wide.

Not a bullet told upon Britomarte—
Suddenly snorting, she launched along—
So the osprey dives where the seagulls dart,
So the falcon swoops where the kestrels throng;
And full in my front one pistol flash'd,
And right in my path their sergeant got.
How our jack-boots jarr'd, how our stirrups clash'd,
While the mare like a meteor past him shot;
But I clove his skull with a backstroke clean,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

And as one whom the fierce wind storms in the face
With spikes of hail and with splinters of rain,

I, while we fled through St. Hubert's-chase,
Bent till my cheek was amongst her mane.
To the north full a league of the deer-park lay,
Smooth, springy turf, and she fairly flew,
And the sound of their hoof-strokes died away,
And their far shots faint in the distance grew.
Loudly I laugh'd, having won the start,
At the folly of following Britomarte.

They had posted a guard at the northern gate—
Some dozen of pikemen and three musketeers.
To the tall park pailings I turn'd her straight,
She veer'd in her flight as the swallow veers—
And some blew matches and some drew swords,
And one of them wildly hurl'd his pike,
But she clear'd by inches the oaken boards,
And she carried me yards beyond the dyke;
Then gaily over the long green down
We gallop'd, heading for Westbrooke town.

The green down slopes to the great grey moor,
The grey moor sinks to the gleaming Skelt—
Sudden and sullen, and swift and sure,
The whirling water was round my belt—
She breasted the bank with a savage snort,
And a backward glance of her bloodshot eye,
And "Our Lady of Andover's" flashed like thought,
And flitted St. Agatha's nunnery,
And the firs at The Ferngrove fled on the right,
And "Falconer's Tower" on the left took flight.

And over "The Ravenswold" we raced—
We rounded the hill by "The Hermit's Well"—
We burst on the Westbrooke Bridge—"What haste?
What errand?" shouted the sentinel.

"To Beelzebub with the Brewer's knave,"
"*Carolus Rex* and he of the Rhine,"
Galloping past him, I got and gave
In the gallop password and countersign,
All soak'd with water and soil'd with mud,
With the sleeve of my jerkin half drench'd in blood.

Now, Heaven be praised that I found him there—
Lord Guy—he said, having heard my tale,
"Leigh, let my own man look to your mare,
Rest and recruit with our wine and ale;
But first must our surgeon attend to you;
You are somewhat shrewdly stricken no doubt."
Then he snatched a horn from the wall and blew,
Making "Boot and Saddle" ring sharply out.
"Have I done good service this day?" quoth I.
"Then I will ride back in your troop, Lord Guy."

In the street I heard how the trumpets peal'd,
And I caught the gleam of a morion
From the window—then to the door I reel'd;
I had lost more blood than I reckon'd upon;
He eyed me calmly with keen grey eyes—
Stern grey eyes of a steel blue grey—
Said, "The wilful man can never be wise,
Nathless the wilful must have his way."
And he pour'd from a flagon some fiery wine,
I drain'd it and straightway strength was mine.

* * * * *

I was with them all the way on the brown—
"Guy to the rescue!" "God and the king!"
We were just in time, for the doors were down;
And didn't our sword-blades rasp and ring,
And didn't we hew, and didn't we hack;
The sport scarce lasted minutes ten—

(Aye, those were the days when my beard was black;
I like to remember them now and then)—
Though they fought like fiends, we were four to one,
And we captured those that refused to run.

We have not forgotten it, Cuthbert, boy!
That supper scene when the lamps were lit;
How the women (some of them) sobb'd for joy,
How the soldiers drank the deeper for it;
How the Dame did honours, and Gwendoline,
How grandly she glided into the hall,
How she stoop'd with the grace of a girlish queen,
And kiss'd me gravely before them all;
And the stern Lord Guy, how gaily he laugh'd,
Till more of his cup was spilt than quaff'd.

Brown Britomarte lay dead in her straw
Next morn—we buried her—brave old girl!
John Kerr, we tried him by martial law,
And we twisted some hemp for the trait'rous churl;
And she, I met her alone, said she,
"You have risk'd your life, you have lost your mare,
And what can I give in return, Ralph Leigh?"
I replied, "One braid of that bright brown hair."
And with that she bow'd her beautiful head,
"You can take as much as you choose," she said.

And I took it, it may be, more than enough—
And I shore it rudely, close to the roots.
The wine or wounds may have made me rough,
And men at the bottom are merely brutes.
Three weeks I slept at St. Hubert's-chase;
When I woke from the fever of wounds and wine,
I could scarce believe that the ghastly face
That the glass reflected was really mine.

I sought the hall—where a wedding *had been*—
The wedding of Guy and of Gwendoline.

The romance of a grizzled old trooper's life
May make you laugh in your sleeves: laugh out,
Lads; we have most of us seen some strife;
We have all of us had some sport, no doubt.
I have won some honour and gain'd some gold,
Now that our king returns to his own;
If the pulses beat slow, if the blood runs cold,
And if friends have faded and loves have flown,
Then the greater reason is ours to drink,
And the more we swallow the less we shall think.

At the battle of Naseby, Miles was slain,
And Huntly sank from his wounds that week;
We left young Clare upon Worcester plain—
How the "ironside" gash'd his girlish cheek.
Aye, strut, and swagger, and ruffle anew,
Gay gallants, now that the war is done!
They fought like fiends (give the fiend his due)—
We fought like fops, it was thus they won.
Holdsworth is living for aught I know,
At least he was living two years ago.

And Guy—Lord Guy—so stately and stern,
He is changed, I met him at Winchester;
He has grown quite gloomy and taciturn.
Gwendoline!—why do you ask for her?
Died, as her mother had died before—
Died giving birth to the baby Guy!
Did my voice shake? Then am I fool the more.
Sooner or later we all must die:
But, at least, let us live while we live to-night.
The *days* may be dark, but the *lamps* are bright.

For to me the sunlight seems worn and wan:
The sun, he is losing his splendour now—
He can never shine as of old he shone
On her glorious hair and glittering brow.
Ah! those *days that were*, when my beard was black,
Now, I have only the *nights that are*.
What, landlord, ho! bring in haste burnt sack,
And a flask of your fiercest usquebaugh.
You, Cuthbert! surely you know by heart
The story of *her* and of Britomarte.

A. L. Gordon.

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THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

Only last year, at Christmas-time, while pacing down the city street,
I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—one of the many that we meet—
As ragged as a boy could be, with half a cap, with one good shoe,
Just patches to keep out the wind—I know the wind blew keenly too:

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square Scotch face, an honest brow,
And eyes that liked to smile so well, they had not yet forgotten how:
A newsboy, hawking his last sheets with loud persistence. Now and then
Stopping to beat his stiffened hands, and trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd, shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er;
Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind within some alley, by some door.
At last he stopped—six papers left, tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—
To eye a fruiterer's outspread store: here, products from some country farm;

And there, confections, all adorned with wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers,
While little founts, like frosted spires, tossed up and down their mimic showers.
He stood and gazed with wistful face, all a child's longing in his eyes;
Then started as I touched his arm, and turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cape with purple hands, said, "Papers, sir? *The Evening News!*"
He brushed away a freezing tear, and shivered, "Oh, sir, don't refuse!"
"How many have you? Never mind—don't stop to count—I'll take them all;
And when you pass my office here, with stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile, a look half wondering and half glad.
I fumbled for the proper "change," and said, "You seem a little lad
To rough it in the streets like this." "I'm ten years old on Christmas-day!"
"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a crown, you'll get change there across the way.

"Five shillings. When you get it changed come to my office—that's the place.
Now wait a bit, there's time enough: you need not run a headlong race.
Where do you live?" "Most anywhere. We hired a stable-loft to-day.
Me and two others." "And you thought the fruiterer's window pretty, hey?

"Or, were you hungry?" "Just a bit," he answered bravely as he might.
"I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir, and had no money left last night."
"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit. I don't mind cold." "Why, that is strange!"
He smiled and pulled his ragged cap, and darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-conscious sigh I sought my office desk again:
An hour or more my busy wits found work enough with book and pen.
But when the mantel clock struck five I started with a sudden thought,
For there beside my hat and cloak lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change' he should have brought an hour ago?
Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike! I was a fool to tempt him so.
Dishonest! Well I might have known; and yet his face seemed candid, too.
He would have earned the difference if he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late." And so I took my homeward way,
Deeming distrust of human kind the only lesson of the day.
Just two days later, as I sat, half dozing, in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called, in my brusque fashion, "Who is there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—the same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—
And stood, half doubtful, at the door, abashed at my forbidding guise.
"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—the one you give the crown, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, sir, because his back was hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change.' He got runned over, up the street;
One wheel went right across his back, and t'other forewheel mashed his feet.
They stopped the horses just in time, and then they took him up for dead,
And all that day and yesterday he wasn't rightly in his head.

"They took him to the hospital—one of the newsboys knew 'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see, we two are brothers, I and him.
He had that money in his hand, and never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal! He never stole a pin before!

"He was afraid that you might think he meant to keep it,
any way;
This morning when they brought him to, he cried because
he couldn't pay.
He made me fetch his jacket here; it is torn and dirtied
pretty bad;
It's only fit to sell for rags, but then, you know, it's all he
had.

"When he gets well—it won't be long—if you will call the
money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off but what he'll pay you
every cent."
And then he cast a rueful glance at the soiled jacket where
it lay.
"No, no, my boy! take back the coat. Your brother's
badly hurt you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out and hail a cab,
then wait for me
Why, I would give a thousand coats, and pounds, for such
a boy as he!"
A half-hour after this we stood together in the crowded
wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps that fell too loudly
on the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep, and scarce believed her
when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek,
"The boy is dead."
Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked! One streak
of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven: no need of
"change" and jackets there!

And something rising in my throat made it so hard for me
to speak,
I turned away, and left a tear lying upon his sunburned
cheek.

Anon.

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THE CLOUDS.

We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth, and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens, also, had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light—their deep vacuity, and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance, and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being;—which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapour.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put our-

selves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendour of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light,—their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapour gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines: nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly: now falling in a fair waved line, like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire;—how is their barbed strength

bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride? "The wondrous works of Him which is *perfect* in knowledge?" Is *our* knowledge ever to be so?

Professor Ruskin.

[From *Modern Painters*. By permission of Mr. George Allen, Ruskin House 156, Charing Cross Road.]

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION.*

THEREAT, within the house in Magdala,
Fell silence,—Mary on her knees at prayer

* In the remarkable and beautiful poem, *The Light of the World*, Sir Edwin Arnold portrays the life of Christ with impressive reverence and zeal. The theme is old, but the author mounts it in such chaste setting as to make the divine story in its fresh form peculiarly bright and attractive. The poem was first published in 1891, and has passed through several editions. The Reading we give is comprised in the latter part of 'The Great Consummation,' book vi. of the poem.

Lost for a little unto earthly things;
And he, who came so far, and came so late,
To know what setting had the fair white Star
Seen over Bethlehem—clasping dark palms
Across his breast, and humbly bowed to hail
Her, of all women—after one—most blest,
Most honoured, and most honourable; whose love,
Washing her sins away with holy chrism—
More precious than much spikenard,—won hereby
The first word ever spoke from Heaven's own mouth
Plain to Earth's ears, to tell us Death has died,
And Love shall save all that will trust in Him.

"Oh! thou most happy Lady!"—presently
The Indian said: "I praise and worship thee,
Messenger of thy Master to all Lands!
Surely thy name shall be, in times to come,
Sweet on the lips of all men; and thy sex,—
Thy sisters—lifted into larger grace,
For thy great sake, and for this mighty thing
Done to thy tenderness and constancy—
Laud thee, and joy in thee, who dost make known—
To saintliest souls not less than sinning souls—
The Woman's queenly part in this World's plan!
I do perceive—since Age, which dims the eye,
Opens the inward vision—there shall spread
News of these high 'Good Tidings;' growing gleams
Of this strange Star we followed to the fold.
I do discern that, forth from this fair Life,
And this meek Death, and thine arisen Christ,
Measureless things are wrought; a Thought-Dawn born

Which shall not cease to broaden, till its beam
Makes noon of knowledge for a gathered World,
Completing what our Buddha left unsaid;
Carpeting bright his noble Eight-fold Way
With fragrant blooms of all-renouncing love,
And bringing high Nirvâna nearer hope,
Easier and plainer! Spake thy living Lord
More than the name? Cam'st thou to touch of Him?"

Mary replied: "It seems a little thing,
Now,—seest thou,—when so great a thing is told—
That, being a Son of God and Man, He knew
Life's hidden springs, and called the spirit back
At Nain, and after, at Capernaum;
Or stayed the worm at work in Bethany,
Where, for God's glory, He gave whole again
The bodily house, quick-mended, to His friend,
To El' Azar, my brother. But, mark well!
Here was the body of the life beyond
That we shall wear when flesh is laid aside;
Which these unworthy eyes did look upon!
No eye shall see it, save by mystery
Making flesh spirit, or the spiritual
Take fleshly shape awhile.

"When I was fain
To fling my arms around His knees, and pour
My hair upon His feet, and eat, eat, eat
His garment's hem with kissing; measuredly
He stayed me, saying: 'Touch Me not! not yet
Am I ascended to My Father! Go!
Speak to My brethren; say that I ascend
Unto My Father, and to yours,—My God,
And your God.'"

"Was He seen again of men?"
The Buddhist prayed.

"Many whiles!" answered she:
"Three times on that First Day, and, afterwards
In His old paths by silver Galilee;
And on the Mountain,—where He met His own,
And made them cheer celestial. Last of all
He showed in full midst of Jerusalem,
Amongst th' Eleven,—nail-marks on hands and feet
Rose-red, and spear-gash scarring the white side:
And ate of fish and honey from their board;
Then blessed, and led them forth to Olivet;
And passed—as if, they said, a waiting cloud
Received Him out of sight."

"Centurion!"
The Indian cried:—"set there to see Him die;—
Truly the 'Son of God!'"

PEACE BEGINNING TO BE,
DEEP AS THE SLEEP OF THE SEA,
WHEN THE STARS THEIR FACES GLASS
IN ITS BLUE TRANQUILLITY:
HEARTS OF MEN UPON EARTH,
NEVER ONCE STILL FROM THEIR BIRTH.
TO REST, AS THE WILD WATERS REST,
WITH THE COLOURS OF HEAVEN ON THEIR BREAST!

LOVE, WHICH IS SUNLIGHT OF PEACE,
AGE BY AGE TO INCREASE,
TILL ANGERS AND HATREDS ARE DEAD,
AND SORROW AND DEATH SHALL CEASE:
"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL!"
SOULS THAT ARE GENTLE AND STILL
HEAR THE FIRST MUSIC OF THIS
FAR-OFF, INFINITE BLISS!

Sir Edwin Arnold.

[From *The Light of the World.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

Dramatic Scenes.

THE LOVE AND MARRIAGE OF FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.*

THE MEETING.

SCENE.—The Enchanted Island. *Near the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA. ARIEL, *invisible, singing.* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

* Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan, is intrigued out of his dukedom by his brother, Antonio, aided by the King of Naples, and is sent adrift to sea in an open boat with his infant daughter. They reach an unknown island in safety, and he devotes himself cheerfully to the education of Miranda, and to meditation and study, by means of which he acquires magical arts and power over unseen spirits. Chance brings his two enemies and their friends in a ship near his coast, when Prospero raises a tempest, and they are all wrecked and scattered upon the island. With the assistance of Ariel he leads them severally through strange adventures, but finally, after exposing their designs, forgives and becomes reconciled to them. The scenes which have been culled and connected above, with all extraneous issues eliminated, form the most delicious love idyll conceivable, though cast in the dramatic form. Ferdinand, in the midst of his grief for the supposed loss of his father and all his friends, encounters the divinely conceived creature, Miranda, and, at once, each becomes enamoured of the other. Prospero, at first, harshly keeps the lovers at a distance, but artfully arranges their union eventually as the culminating act of forgiveness and reconciliation.

Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong. Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.
[*Aloud*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father,
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! One word more,
One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Mir. Be of comfort
My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

THE LOVE SCENE.

SCENE.—*Before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance, unseen.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex! no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR. *severally*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit*

THE MARRIAGE.

SCENE.—*Before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.

[PROSPERO *summons* ARIEL *and gives instructions as to the wedding pageant.*]

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

[*Soft music. Enter a masque with* IRIS, CERES, *and* JUNO, *who each invoke love, joy, and happiness upon* HYMEN'S *contract. Then come Nymphs and Reapers, who dance around the young couple, and then vanish at a word from* PROSPERO.]

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
If you be pleased retire into my cell,
And there repose.

[*Exeunt* FERD. *and* MIR.

Prospero abjures his Arts.

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Wm. Shakspere (*The Tempest*).

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SIR PETER AND HIS LADY QUARREL.*

SCENE. — *A Room in* SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House.*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE, *following*, R.

Sir P. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion, in London, are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

* Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are principal characters in Sheridan's clever comedy, *The School for Scandal*. Sir Peter was more than old enough to be Lady Teazle's father. The state of matters between them is depicted by Sir Peter himself, from his own point of view, in a conversation with a friend. "When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. . . . . The fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day. . . . . Ay, and what is extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong!"

Sir P. Old enough!—ay,—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure, I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter, as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir P. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits, in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it pretty well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a

sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses*, L.

Sir P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington-gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I swear I never did that; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me, to add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter;—and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

[*Exit* Lady Teazle, r.

Sir P. Was ever a man so crossed as I am? Everything

conspiring to fret me! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority. Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE, R.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir P. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*takes out pocket book and gives her two notes*], but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. O, no—there—my note of hand will do as well [*offering her hand—he kisses it*].

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you. But shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well—then let our future contest be who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes

you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who wonld deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay—so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed.

Lady T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said "I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dare say you'd make a very good sort of a husband."

Sir P. And you prophesied right, and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never, never! [*they shake both hands*]—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel!—take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir P. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir P. There, now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish——

Sir P. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I'm sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

[*Crosses*, L.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me; you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir P. Oh! oh! I have done with you, madam. You are an unfeeling, ungrateful,—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam—yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds——

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you. [*Crosses*, R.

Sir P. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors—we will separate, madam.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed!—And now my dear Sir Peter, we are of one mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so bye—bye. [*Exit*, R.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit* R.

R. Brinsley Sheridan (*School for Scandal*).

[Adapted by Mr. Henry Neville. Reprinted from *French's Acting Edition*, by permission of Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd.]

GERALD AND HIS MOTHER.

SCENE.—*Sitting-room at* MRS. ARBUTHNOT'S. *Large open French window at back, looking on to garden. Doors* R.C. *and* L.C.

[GERALD ARBUTHNOT *writing at table.*]

Gerald. What name can I sign? I, who have no right to any name. [*Signs name, puts letter into envelope, addresses it, and is about to seal it, when Door* L.C. *opens and* MRS. ARBUTHNOT *enters. Gerald lays down sealing-wax. Mother and son look at each other.*]

Mother, I have just written to him.

Mrs. Arbuthnot. To whom?

Ger. To my father. I have written to tell him to come here at four o'clock this afternoon.

Mrs. A. He shall not come here. He shall not cross the threshold of my house.

Ger. He must come.

Mrs. A. Gerald, if you are going away with Lord Illingworth, go at once. Go before it kills me: but don't ask me to meet him.

Ger. Mother, you don't understand. Nothing in the world would induce me to go away with Lord Illingworth, or to leave you. Surely you know me well enough for that. No; I have written to him to say——

Mrs. A. What can you have to say to him?

Ger. Can't you guess, mother, what I have written in this letter?

Mrs. A. No.

Ger. Mother, surely you can. Think, think what must be done, now, at once, within the next few days.

Mrs. A. There is nothing to be done.

Ger. I have written to Lord Illingworth to tell him that he must marry you.

Mrs. A. Marry me?

Ger. Mother, I will force him to do it. The wrong that has been done you must be repaired. Atonement must be made. Justice may be slow, mother, but it comes in the end. In a few days you shall be Lord Illingworth's lawful wife.

Mrs. A. But, Gerald——

Ger. I will insist upon his doing it. I will make him do it: he will not dare to refuse.

Mrs. A. But, Gerald, it is I who refuse. I will not marry Lord Illingworth.

Ger. Not marry him? Mother!

Mrs. A. I will not marry him.

Ger. But you don't understand: it is for your sake I am talking, not for mine. This marriage, this necessary marriage, this marriage that, for obvious reasons, must inevitably take place, will not help me, will not give me a name that will be really, rightly mine to bear. But surely it will be something for you, that you, my mother, should, however late, become the wife of the man who is my father. Will not that be something?

Mrs. A. I will not marry him.

Ger. Mother, you must.

Mrs. A. I will not. You talk of atonement for a wrong done. What atonement can be made to me? There is no atonement possible. I am disgraced: he is not. That is all. It is the usual history of a man and a woman as it usually happens, as it always happens. And the ending is the ordinary ending. The woman suffers. The man goes free.

Ger. I don't know if that is the ordinary ending, mother: I hope it is not. But your life, at any rate, shall not end like that. The man shall make whatever reparation is possible. It is not enough. It does not wipe out the past, I know that. But at least it makes the future better, better for you, mother.

Mrs. A. I refuse to marry Lord Illingworth.

Ger. If he came to you himself and asked you to be his wife you would give him a different answer. Remember, he is my father.

Mrs. A. If he came himself, which he will not do, my answer would be the same. Remember I am your mother.

Ger. Mother, you make it terribly difficult for me by talking like that, and I can't understand why you won't look at this matter from the right, from the only proper standpoint. It is to take away the bitterness out of your life, to take away the shadow that lies on your name, that this marriage must take place. There is no alternative:

and after the marriage you and I can go away together. But the marriage must take place first. It is a duty that you owe, not merely to yourself, but to all other women—yes: to all the other women in the world, lest he betray more.

Mrs. A. I owe nothing to other women. There is not one of them to help me. There is not one woman in the world to whom I could go for pity, if I would take it, or for sympathy, if I could win it. Women are hard on each other. That girl, last night, good though she is, fled from the room as though I were a tainted thing. She was right. I am a tainted thing. But my wrongs are my own, and I will bear them alone. I must bear them alone. What have women who have not sinned to do with me, or I with them? We do not understand each other.

[*Enter* HESTER *behind.*

Ger. I implore you to do what I ask you.

Mrs. A. What son has ever asked of his mother to make so hideous a sacrifice? None.

Ger. What mother has ever refused to marry the father of her own child? None.

Mrs. A. Let me be the first, then. I will not do it.

Ger. Mother, you believe in religion, and you brought me up to believe in it also. Well, surely your religion, the religion that you taught me when I was a boy, mother, must tell you that I am right. You know it, you feel it.

Mrs. A. I do not know it. I do not feel it, nor will I ever stand before God's altar and ask God's blessing on so hideous a mockery as a marriage between me and George Harford. I will not say the words the Church bids us to say. I will not say them. I dare not. How could I swear to love the man I loathe, to honour him who wrought you dishonour, to obey him who, in his mastery, made me to sin? No: marriage is a sacrament for those who love each other. It is not for such as him, or such as me. Gerald,

to save you from the world's sneers and taunts I have lied to the world. For twenty years I have lied to the world. I could not tell the world the truth. Who can, ever? But not for my own sake will I lie to God, and in God's presence. No, Gerald, no ceremony, Church-hallowed or State-made, shall ever bind me to George Harford. It may be that I am too bound to him already, who, robbing me, yet left me richer, so that in the mire of my life, I found the pearl of price, or what I thought would be so.

Ger. I don't understand you now.

Mrs. A. Men don't understand what mothers are. I am no different from other women except in the wrong done me and the wrong I did, and my very heavy punishments and great disgrace. And yet, to bear you I had to look on death. To nurture you I had to wrestle with it. Death fought with me for you. All women have to fight with death to keep their children. Death, being childless, wants our children from us. Gerald, when you were naked I clothed you, when you were hungry I gave you food. Night and day all that long winter I tended you. No office is too mean, no care too lowly for the thing we women love —and oh! how *I* loved *you*. Not Hannah Samuel more. And you needed love, for you were weakly, and only love could have kept you alive. Only love can keep any one alive. And boys are careless often and without thinking give pain, and we always fancy that when they come to man's estate and know us better, they will repay us. But it is not so. The world draws them from our side, and they make friends with whom they are happier than they are with us, and have amusements from which we are barred, and interests that are not ours: and they are unjust to us often, for when they find life bitter they blame us for it, and when they find it sweet we do not taste its sweetness with them. . . . You made many friends and went into their houses and were glad with them, and I, knowing my

secret, did not dare to follow, but stayed at home and closed the door, shut out the sun and sat in darkness. What should I have done in honest households? My past was ever with me. . . . And you thought I didn't care for the pleasant things of life. I tell you I longed for them, but did not dare to touch them, feeling I had no right. You thought I was happier working amongst the poor. That was my mission, you imagined. It was not, but where else was I to go? The sick do not ask if the hand that smooths their pillow is pure, nor the dying care if the lips that touch their brow have known the kiss of sin. It was you I thought of all the time; I gave to them the love you did not need: lavished on them a love that was not theirs. . . . And you thought I spent too much of my time in going to Church, and in Church duties. But where else could I turn? God's house is the only house where sinners are made welcome, and you were always in my heart, Gerald, too much in my heart. For, though day after day, at morn or evensong, I have knelt in God's house, I have never repented of my sin. How could I repent of my sin when you, my love, were its fruit! Even now that you are bitter to me I cannot repent. I do not. You are more to me than innocence. I would rather be your mother—oh! much rather!—than have been always pure. . . . Oh, don't you see? don't you understand? It is my dishonour that has made you so dear to me. It is my disgrace that has bound you so closely to me. It is the price I paid for you —the price of soul and body—that makes me love you as I do. Oh, don't ask me to do this horrible thing. Child of my shame, be still the child of my shame!

Oscar Wilde (*A Woman of no Importance*).

[By permission of the Author. The Play is published by Mr. John Lane, Vigo Street, London, W.]

(This Scene cannot be played in public without the sanction of the Author.)

MERELY PLAYERS.

A DUOLOGUE.

AN ACTRESS. A DOCTOR.

SCENE.—*A poor lodging in the country. The doctor comes softly out of an inner room and closes the door. The actress is sitting on a small table smoking a cigarette.*

Actress. Oh! there you are, doctor. How is she to-day?

Doctor. Better, thanks to you.

Actress. Oh dear no! I've done nothing.

Doctor. You have nursed her until you are ill and worn out yourself. May I feel your pulse?

Actress. No.

Doctor. You think you are all right?

Actress. I know I am.

Doctor. May I stay and talk to you a little?

Actress. If you like.

Doctor. You have been here a month.

Actress. Yes, luckily for Lil, or she would have lost her engagement and her screw.

Doctor. And her nurse too.

Actress. How do you know? I might have gone on with the company and left her.

Doctor. Might you?

Actress. Don't think me a saint!

Doctor. I haven't yet put you in that light. I have only seen a very good woman.

Actress. Stop! Talk of something else. Now, you would never think, would you, that I was playing last night—to look at me, I mean?

Doctor. Well. No.

Actress. Make-up, sir. It's a splendid thing to make up our characters, too, in real life, so that you shan't detect us. Now you think I'm good?

Doctor. I think nothing of the kind.

Actress [*disconcerted*]. Good gracious! Do you think I'm bad?

Doctor [*smiling*]. I have already told you that your devotion to your friend has won my most honest admiration.

Actress. Oh! Well, that's put on. It pays. She will nurse me when I'm ill, won't she? [*Silence, and she flings away the cigarette.*] Doctor, don't believe in me.

Doctor. I can't help it.

Actress. Why, I'm a mass of deceit. What colour would you call my hair?

Doctor. Golden—a golden brown.

Actress. I knew it. My hair is really black; dyed, sir, as we dye our very natures, lest you should discover the colour of our sins.

Doctor. Black!

Actress. Of course! Cleverly managed, that's all. It makes a vast difference to a face. Once when we were very poor——

Doctor. We? That is, yourself and your friend.

Actress. No! I was married—I meant the child. It died.

Doctor. I was married too.

Actress. Were you? Is she dead?

Doctor [*quietly*]. No! She ran away. She was very young and giddy, and I was grave and stern, and she tired of me. That is all.

Actress. And you have hated women from that moment, of course.

Doctor. I lost my faith in them.

Actress. Will it never return?

Doctor. It has returned.

Actress. What nonsense! Don't let it! Yet we are, after all, much what men make us. I held my real nature hidden for two years at the pleasure of a man, and it broke

free at last. I was treated like a child, just as I was struggling to be a woman, and my best impulses were laughed at, and kept down.

Doctor. And so you leave to-morrow?

Actress. Yes.

Doctor. To continue to lead this life?

Actress. Why not? It is no less true for seeming false. I remember, when my baby died, I had to play all the same, and in the piece I had to cry, and did. And a woman I knew in the audience told me I was a fool to put glycerine on my lashes to look like tears, because it ruined my make-up. That's life! Give men and women the real article and they think they see through it, and doubt its truth. Give them paste and paint, and they like it, and believe it true, and know better than the owner of it. People will persist in being too clever; but, after all, they only cheat themselves.

Doctor [*smiling*]. You are quite a philosopher.

Actress. I am a woman who has suffered—perhaps that's the same thing.

Doctor. You were not educated for the stage?

Actress [*bitterly*]. No; I was educated for a man.

Doctor. You mean——

Actress. I mean I was very young when I married, and he was clever, and wished to mould me after his own pattern. I chose to pretend this was impossible; but my nature grew all the same. Let a man beware when he crushes ambition and interest in a woman, it will live in spite of him, and come to the surface some time. Now your wife——

Doctor. Was young and foolish—never sinful—that is all.

Actress. And you were never selfish enough to wish her sole pride to be in you, her sole interest in your interests, her sole knowledge, the knowledge you instilled into her giddy brain?

Doctor. I hope not.

Actress. You were never jealous of her mind, as you were jealous of her favour, of her love for art or literature —a blind love, for she knew little of either—because you could not spare time to instruct her in either.

Doctor. Again—I hope not.

Actress. Then you were. We never hope about a certainty.

Doctor. If she had been a woman—well, like you—all might have been different.

Actress. Nonsense! You have seen one side of my character, that is all. Men are so quick to imagine the surface turned towards them is the only one we women own.

Doctor. I saw you tending your sick friend. I saw your patience and love for her. I see you slaving at your profession with no one to help and encourage you, leading a life that must often be uncongenial. I want to know little more of you than that.

Actress. False! False! Everything's false. There is nothing real about me. Now, my age?

Doctor [*smiling*]. You are not very old.

Actress. My back is to the light. Put out your hand and touch my cheek. Why, how your hand trembles! Covered with white stuff, of course. Wrinkles all hidden. I told you about my hair.

Doctor. I don't care. I—I like the woman I know. The woman you have been since I first met you—when they carried your friend home ill from the theatre, and then sent for me. If you are false, I am afraid I love falseness. I am foolish enough to have got to the stage when even defamation of yourself from your own lips could not harm you. Yet I am glad, after all, that you are going; for, as I told you, I have a wife somewhere, and even to love you, as I love you, is a sin.

Actress [*slowly descending from table and going towards him*]. You love me?

Doctor. As I never knew one could love. I even love this poor, pretty, tortured hair, and these dear tired eyes. I love you painted, or old, laughing or in tears. I seem to have crept out of the cold and found your heart, as it really is. Don't try and hide it from me. The glimpses I have had of it have been paradise.

Actress. Her hair—your wife's hair—was black.

Doctor. Who told you that?

Actress. The way you looked when I said what mine had been. Try and imagine me with black hair.

Doctor. I can't.

Actress. And so you love this actress?

Doctor. And would marry her if——

Actress. If she were your wife?

Doctor [*starting*]. What do you mean?

Actress. Look at me well. [*There is silence; after some time she timidly lays her hand on his arm*]. Our little baby died, dear.

[*He puts both his arms round her, and they stand looking down at the fire together*].

[*Curtain.*]

Clara Savile Clarke.

[By permission of the Authoress.]

RECALLED TO LIFE.

SCENE.—*A room in* MANUEL'S *chateau.* ARMIDA *on a couch:* MANUEL *watching over her body.*

Manuel. . . . It may not be!
I watch in vain. At dawn, at noon, at eve,

And ever through the mystic midnight hour,
I watch by her, who was so late my bride;
Yet see no change. Midway, 'tween life and death,
She stays; the tinct still red upon her lip;
And a hue, like that the blush-rose wears, when June
Bares her sweet breast to day, redeems her cheek
From everlasting death: and yet,—she's dead!
I saw (too well!) amidst my useless tears,
Her life dissolve away: so,—though she lies
As yet of no one beauty disarrayed,
We'll give her tender burial. Open, earth!

[*He kneels*

Music. The following INCANTATION *is heard.*

Change!—The clay is changing:
The Spirit is through its chambers ranging;
And the blood begins to flow!
With his subtle and fiery breath,
He is waking the streams below,
And is flushing the face of Death.
He hurries from vein to vein,
Hither and thither, and back again,
All over the tingling nerves,
O'er muscles and bones, and never swerves;
And now—he is in the brain,
With a sharp but a pleasant pain!

Awake, thou wonder of wonders,
Thou beautiful ghastly bride;
For the ground is shaken by thunders,
And swells with a gloomy pride;
That the Soul which so lately fled
Should return on the wings of life,
And escape from the ghostly dead;
And mingle again in the tearing strife;
Where Power and Sin, allied,
Go triumphing still through the regions wide;
Where Hunger is left to die,
And Grief, with the streaming eye,
And Beauty and Youth, and Fear and Pain,
Fall down at the Conqueror's feet, in vain.

She revives. MANUEL *rises and starts.*

Man. Ha!—God!
Arm. What seest thou?—Manuel, dear Manuel!
Man. Speak! earth-like, tomb-like—Speak! a word, a word;
Low as the whisper of death.
Arm. Dear Manuel!
[*Solemn music.*
Man. The music comes again. Like sighing cypress,—
Like organ dirges, heard midst tears and prayer,
It floats about my brain:—But she is dead!
Arm. Have I slept long?
Man. A life!—thy feet have trod
The bubbling burning waters, and come back
From Hell, like Orpheus' lover, whom the gods
Dashed into death once more.
Arm. Thy reason's troubled:
Sit by me, and we'll talk.
Man. Darest thou betray
The dumb dark secrets thou hast learned below?
Beware! their gods may stir: dæmons may rise,
Armed with revenge and hate; and, passing the bound
That doth divide us from the worlds of fire,
Seize on thee for their own. Art thou not theirs?
Their right? their prey? their subject? oh! if so,
They'll drag thee down to torment (o' that be sure)
Though I stand strong beside thee. Look, she smiles
Arm. If thou'rt unhappy, if thy dreams be wild,
Thy heart in anger, or thine honour hurt,
Come unto *me*. Am I not she who swore
To love thee ever?
Man. Ay; through life and death,—
Through death, and through all dim eternity.
Thou swor'st to follow me,—above,—below,—

Forsaking all things, Heaven itself, if Love
Might be o'er Time triumphant.

Arm. And it is.

Man. It is, it is. O heart, be calm! she lives!

Arm. I live: I love.—I love; what more should be?

Man. Nothing: the world's complete. [*They embrace.*

Barry Cornwall.

[Adapted from the Author's *Dramatic Fragments.*]

A SUDDEN FORTUNE.*

SCENE.—*An anteroom in* EVELYN'S *new house; at one corner, behind a large screen,* SHARP, *writing at a desk, books and parchments before him.* CRIMSON, *the portait painter;* GRAB, *the publisher;* TABOURET, *the upholsterer; and* FRANTZ, *the tailor. Servants in livery cross to and fro the stage.*

Door at the back thrown open. Enter EVELYN.

Eve. A levée, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

Crim. Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

* Lord Lytton's famous comedy, *Money*, opens with a scene displaying Mr. Alfred Evelyn, a poor and high-spirited scholar, in the humiliating position of unsalaried private secretary to his pompous and stingy relative, Sir John Vesey, and in love with his cousin Clara, also a dependent. "I have learning," he exclaims, "and poverty makes me the drudge of fools! I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar!" Evelyn impulsively proposes to Clara, who refuses him in prospect of "a marriage of privation, of penury, of days that dread the morrow." Before the scene closes, he is a gentleman of large fortune, being declared heir to a rich relative who has just died in India. Our selection discloses him in fresh possession of his wealth

Eve. Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

Crim. Oh, sir, didn't you buy the great Correggio for £4,000?

Eve. True—I see. So £4,000 makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson. Good day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me £5 for my poem? you are right; it was sad doggerel.

Grab. Doggerel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

Eve. Very bad times with me.

Grab. But, now, sir, if you give me the preference I'll push it, sir—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed!—£500 for the poem, sir!

Eve. £500 when I don't want it, where £5 once would have seemed a fortune.

> "Now I am rich, what value in the lines!
> How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"
>
> [*Turns to the rest who surround him.*

Frantz. [*opening his bundle and with dignity*]. Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat.

Eve. Oh, go, go home! Make me as celebrated for salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go! [*Exeunt* CRIMSON, *&c.*, R.

Enter STOUT, R.

Eve. Stout, you look heated!

Stout. I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

Eve. It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Pop-

kins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election!—now is your time!—put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that is bigoted here comes Glossmore!

[*Crosses to* L.

Enter GLOSSMORE, R; SHARP *still at his desk.*

Gloss. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanly like!). Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man!

Eve. [*musingly*] Cipher and Popkins — Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I AM puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

Stout. Your *property's* known there!

Eve. But purity of election—independence of votes- —-

Stout. To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably.* Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

Eve. Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have £50,000 a-year. Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of £50,000 a-year will be affected by the motion.

Eve. Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only property of law—That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy; there's a sad waste of the public money; they give the Speaker £5,000 a-year

when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money.

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Eve. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all!—Did you ever play at *battledore?*

Both. Battledore!

Eve. Battledore!—that is, a contest between two parties; both parties knock about something with singular skill; something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players; how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go and play by yourselves, —I'm no hand at it! [*Crosses* L.

Stout. [*aside*] Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat?

Gloss. Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

Stout. Then you don't go *against* us? I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. [*Exit* R.

Gloss. I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the Constitution is gone! [*Exit* R.

Eve. [*at table,* R.] Sharp, come here, [SHARP *advances*] let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest; but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose.

Eve. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the pocket! Observe! I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here! Now there is

many a man in yonder streets, honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! It is the fault of mankind! God made man—Sir, behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it. [*Rises*] Fools—knaves—hypocrites! By-the-bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

Enter GRAVES, R.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! What a world this is!

Gra. It is an atrocious world! It will be set on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

Eve. Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds! Sharp! What do you stand gaping there for? have you no bowels? Why don't you go and see to the bricklayer? [*Exit* SHARP, R.] Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion,—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you.

Gra. [*groaning*] Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Eve. [*sighs*] Because I am miserable myself!

Gra. You! Pshaw! *you* have not been condemned to lose a wife!

Eve. But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one! Sit down and listen. [*They seat themselves*] I want a confidant. Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

Gra. A scandalous lie, Evelyn.

Eve. On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished; I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted; he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar! A Pariah!—a thing to *be* struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted. That is the difference between rich and poor; it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned my spirit to my fate—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that; there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

Gra. And were you loved again?

Eve. I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth, I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

Gra. Perfectly; what were the contents?

Eve. After hints, cautions and admonitions, half in irony, half in earnest (ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected

you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favour. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice. My two nearest female relations are my niece, Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition; the fortune does not *rest* on it; yet, need I say, that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide; you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

Gra. But now she would accept you!

Eve. And do you think I am so base a slave to passion that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

Gra. But you must choose one in common gratitude; you *ought* to do so—yes, there you are right.

Eve. Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you may never warm to life—Oh! such a marriage would be a hell the more terrible because Paradise was in sight!

Gra. Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous. [*Aside*] But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria! [*Aloud*] Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you *will* be as wretched as myself! When you are married we will mingle our groans together!

Eve. You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a

nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, "*From an unknown Friend to Alfred Evelyn*," and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had given only to Georgina.

Gra. Why not assure yourself?

Eve. Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! [*Taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it*] No, I can't recognise the hand. Graves I detest that girl! [*Rises*].

Gra. Who? Georgina?

Eve. No; but I've already, thank heaven! taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer. [*Whispers*] I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

Gra. And didn't it?

Eve. Not a farthing! But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependent. No one can insult her now; she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man, does not guess! owes it to me whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar! Ha! ha! there's some spite in that, eh?

Gra. You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter, after all!

Eve. Do you think so? I'll go to the house this instant.

[*Crosses* R.

Gra. Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman. If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

Eve. No, no; don't think any such thing; women are worse than men.

Gra. True; to love is a boy's madness!

Eve. To feel is to suffer!

Gra. To hope is to be deceived.

Eve. I have done with romance!

Gra. Mine is buried with Maria!

Eve. If Clara did but write this!——

Gra. Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears—a vale of tears!

Eve. A vale of tears, indeed! [*Exeunt*, R.

Re-enter GRAVES *for his hat.*

Gra. And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads! [*Exit*, R.

Lord Lytton (*Money*).

[Adapted by Mr. Henry Neville. Reprinted from *French's Acting Edition*, by permission of Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd.]

A FLORAL BIRTHDAY GREETING.

FLOWER CHARACTERS.

DAISY. BUTTERCUP. ROSE. LILY.
FORGET-ME-NOT.

[*Flowers enter, slowly march round the room and form a group facing the audience. The Rose should have her dress perfumed with scent of roses.*]

ALL.

SEE, around you gathered,
Flowers arrayed so bright
Render loving tribute,
Mother dear, to-night.

[*They all rise and dance a simple measure, then form a second group.*]

DAISY.

Starlike o'er the meadows
Shines the Daisy fair;
First of all the flowers,
Cheering prospects bare.
Storm and stress she heeds not,
Strains she to the sky,
Steadfast, fixes ever
Ardent gaze on high.

[*They dance and re-form.*

BUTTERCUP.

Quickly following after,
Buttercup, so gay,
Scatters golden splendours
When all else is gray.
Though the day be darkened,
Though the sun be gone,
Buttercup still tells us
Formerly he shone.

[*Dance and re-form.*

FORGET-ME-NOT.

By the brook-side gleaming,
Tiny flowerets fair
Breathe a tender message
On the summer air.
Pleading for the loved ones,
Friends no longer nigh,
Youthful days recalling,
"Forget-me-not," they sigh.

[*Dance and re-form.*

ROSE.

From the garden shelter
Comes the fragrant rose.
See! each blushing petal
Tender passion shows.

Rose, in olden story.
Type of love most true,
Offers now her perfume,
Sign of love to you.

[*A slow and stately dance and another group*

LILY.

Crown of this our pageant,
Lily tall you see;
Noble, pure, and stately,
Queen of flowers is she.
Purely white she glistens
In the moonbeams' light,
Like a saintly vision
Given to mortal sight.

[*They dance again and form a final group*

BUTTERCUP AND DAISY TOGETHER.

Buttercups and Daisies
Wishes bring to you,
For happy days and kisses sweet,
Mother dear, and true.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Healthful days attend you
Through the coming year.
All your hopes and wishes
To attainment draw more near.

ROSE.

Love for ever round you,
Cheer your onward way,
Though the shadows lengthen
With declining day.

LILY.

Mother sweet, and father,
Words in which unite,
For children, happy visions
Of all that's good and right.

ALL.

We hope you've had a happy day,
And we wish you many more.
Your children's hearts, though distance part,
Be with you evermore.

E. Maude Jackson.

[From *Plays for My Pupils*. By permission of the Authoress and of Mr. Edward Stanford.]

LESSONS IN LOVE.*

SCENE.—*A Room in the* EARL OF ROCHDALE'S *Mansion.*

Enter HELEN, R.

Helen. I'm weary wandering from room to room;
A castle, after all, is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company.
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself. I see not Master Walter.

* These love scenes between Helen and Cousin Modus, a college bookworm, form a sprightly interlude in the more serious business of Sheridan Knowles's admirable play, *The Hunchback*. They detach themselves easily from the main plot, with which, therefore, there is no need to concern ourselves now. The archness and vivacity of the young lady contrast forcibly with the unpractical dulness of the bookish student. While our selection forms an agreeable relief to the larger features of the play, it is hardly less pleasant and effective when taken apart by itself.

He's ever with his ward. I see not her;
By Master Walter will she bide alone.
My father stops in town. I can't see him.
My cousin makes his books his company.
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love!
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find.
I'll change my treatment of him; cross him, where
Before I used to humour him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

Enter MODUS, L., *with book.*

What's that you read?

Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.

Helen. 'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

Modus. To lie!

Helen. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. As sour
'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!
Why how the monster stares, and looks about!
You construe Latin, and can't construe that.

Modus. I never studied women.

Helen. No: nor men.
Else would you better know their ways: nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes book from his hand*

Modus. Right you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault;
So please you,—may I pick it up again?
I'll put it in my pocket!

Helen. Pick it up.
[*aside*] He fears me as I were his grandmother!

What is the book?
Modus. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.
Helen. That Ovid was a fool!
Modus. In what?
Helen. In that.
To call that thing an art, which art is none.
Modus. And is not love an art?
Helen. Are you a fool,
As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that
You went to college? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.
Modus. Nay, you know not
The argument.
Helen. I don't? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did. The face—the form—
The heart—the mind we fancy, cousin;
That's the argument. Why, cousin, you know nothing.
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Couldst thou by Ovid, cousin, find it out?
Couldst find it out, wert thou in love thyself?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness; then
To sickness; then to dying—but not die;
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence; from confidence
To boldness; then you'd speak; at first entreat;
Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;
Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!
Why, cousin, are you frighten'd, that you stand

As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear,
You are no soldier. You'll never win a battle.
You care too much for blows! [*Crosses to* L
Modus. You wrong me there.
At school I was the champion of my form,
And since I went to college—
Helen. That for college! [*Crosses to* R
Modus. Nay, hear me!
Helen. Well? What, since you went to college
You know what men are set down for, who boast
Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin,
What, since you went to college? Was there not
One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,
And that he was your master!
Modus. He my master!
Thrice was he worsted by me.
Helen. Still was he
Your master.
Modus. He allowed I had the best!
Allow'd it, mark me! nor to me alone,
But twenty I could name.
Helen. And master'd you
At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.
A proctor's daughter you did both affect—
Look at me and deny it! Of the twain
She more affected you;—I've caught you now,
Bold cousin! Mark you? Opportunity
On opportunity she gave you, sir—
Deny it if you can!—but though to others,
When you discours'd of her, you were a flame;
To her you were a wick that would not light,
Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—
Won her, because he woo'd her like a man.
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest. Now, sir,

Protest that you are valiant!

Modus. Cousin Helen!

Helen. Well, sir?

Modus. The tale is all a forgery!

Helen. A forgery!

Modus. From first to last; ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at college—

Helen. 'Twas a scrivener's then—or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you lov'd her!
And, shame upon you, let another take her.

Modus. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I lov'd no woman while I was at college—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Helen. Indeed! [*aside*] Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
Comes he not on! O what a stock's the man?
Well, cousin?

Modus. Well! What, more would'st have me say,
I think I've said enough.

Helen And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

Modus. [*letting her go*] I swear I squeezed you not!

Helen. You did not?

Modus. No! I'll die if I did!

Helen. Why then you did not, cousin,
So let's shake hands again.

[*He takes her hand timidly; she looks at him for a minute, then pettishly strikes his hand down.*

O, go and now
Read Ovid! [*Going off, but returns.*] Cousin, will you tell me one thing?
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behov'd him teach them, then, to put them on;—
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!

Why do you blush, dear cousin? So!—'twill beat me!
I'll give it up.

Modus. Nay, prithee don't—try on;

Helen. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

Modus. For what?

Helen. To trust my face so near to thine.

Modus. I know not what you mean.

Helen. I'm glad you don't!
Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
You well at college. With another man
My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

Helen. Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*
I swear the ruff is good for just
As little as its master! There!—'tis spoiled—
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,
Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
You'd need to study Ovid's Art of Love.
[*Exit* HELEN, R. 1 E

Modus. [*solus*] Went she in anger? I will follow her,—
No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!
O would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me
With backwardness in love? What could she mean?
Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,
Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,
I'll woo her then! Her lips *shall* be in danger
When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me
To-day, as never did she look before!
A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,
A faint one never won fair lady yet!
I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't. Yes:
[*Begins reading again, throws down the book.*
Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin! [*Going.*

Helen. [*outside*] I'd cheat you still!

I'd hang myself, 'ere I'd be forced to marry!
I'll dress in black.
I'll quit the castle.

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Why, cousin Modus! What! will you stand by
And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus!
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I'm very—very ill,
And not a chair in all the corridor?
Modus. I'll find one in the study.
Helen. Hang the study!
Modus. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.
Helen. You shan't! I'll faint ere you come back!
Modus. What shall I do?
Helen. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
Give me your arm—be quick! [MODUS *offers his arm.*
Is that the way
To help a lady when she's like to faint?
I'll drop unless you catch me! [MODUS *supports her.*
That will do;
I'm better now—[MODUS *offers to leave her*]—don't leave me. Is one well
Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.
I'll soon recover so you move not. Loves he—[*aside*]
Which I'll be sworn he does—he'll own it now.
Well, Cousin Modus?
Modus. Well, sweet cousin!
Helen. Well?
You heard what Master Walter said?
Modus. I did?
Helen. And would you have me marry? Can't you speak?
Say yes or no.
Modus. [*after an effort*] No, cousin.

Helen Bravely said!
And why, my gallant cousin?
Modus. [*hesitating*] Why?
Helen. [*insinuatingly*] Ah, why?
Women you know are fond of reasons—why
Would you not have me marry? How you blush!
Is it because you do not know the reason?
You mind me of a story of a cousin
Who once her cousin such a question asked.
He had not been to college though—for books
Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,
Which he could construe marvellously well,
Though writ in language all symbolical.
Thus stood they once together, on a day—
As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse—
But with this difference,—fifty gentle words
He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him!—
What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,
As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.
And what was his reply? To think of it
Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one!
So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin!
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!
What did he say? A man might find it out,
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say? He'd marry her himself!
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!
Modus. You are not well yet? [*Holding her.*
Helen. Yes.
Modus I'm sure you're not.
Helen. I'm sure I am.
Modus. Nay, let me hold you, cousin!
I like it.
Helen. Do you? I would wager you
You could not tell me why you like it. Well?

You see how true I know you! How you stare!
What see you in my face to wonder at?
Modus. A pair of eyes!
Helen. [*aside*] At last he'll find his tongue –
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?
Modus. Not such a pair.
Helen. And why?
Modus. They are so bright!
You have a Grecian nose.
Helen. Indeed.
Modus. Indeed!
Helen. What kind of mouth have I?
Modus. A handsome one.
I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!
I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!
Helen. Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.
Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!
I need your arm no longer—take it away!
So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!
Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold
Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?
Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.
Helen. What would you learn?
Modus. The use of lips.
Helen. To speak?
Modus. Nought else?
Helen. How bold my modest cousin grows!
Why, other use know you?
Modus. I do!
Helen. Indeed!
You're wondrous wise! And pray what is it?
Modus. This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*
Helen. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips
I keep them for a husband!—Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again! [*Crosses to* R.

Why do you follow me?

Modus. I love you, cousin!

Helen. O cousin, say you so? That's passing strange!
Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for.

Modus. Die for!

Helen. Yes, with laughter, cousin—ha, ha, ha!
For, cousin, I love you!

Modus. And you'll be mine?

Helen. I will.

Modus. Your hand upon it.

Helen. Hand and heart.
Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine—
Attire thee for the altar—so will I.
Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.
Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,
Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And, cousin! stop—one little word with you.

[*She returns, he snatches a kiss—Exit* HELEN, R., MODUS L.

J. Sheridan Knowles (*The Hunchback*).

[Adapted by Mr. Henry Neville. Reprinted from *French's Acting Edition*, by permission of Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd.]

THE WOOING OF THE FRENCH PRINCESS.*

SCENE.—Troyes, in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

KING HENRY V., L. C., PRINCESS KATHARINE, R. C.

Henry. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

* King Henry V. was born at Monmouth in 1388, and reigned from 1413 to 1422. The battle of Agincourt was fought on October

Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit, to her gentle heart?

Kath. Votre majesté shall mock at me; I cannot speak *votre anglaise.*

Henry. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moi, I cannot tell vat is—"like me."

Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Henry. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

Henry. What say you, fair one?

Kath. Dat de tongues of the mans is be full of deceits.

Henry. No, i'faith, Kate, I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain; How say you, lady?

Kath. Me understand well.

25th, 1415, when Henry was twenty-seven. The scene with Katharine is supposed to take place immediately after the famous battle. The marriage was, of course, an arrangement of diplomatic convenience, being one of the conditions of peace. As Shakspere puts it—

> "She is our capital demand, comprised
> Within the fore-rank of our articles."

On Henry's death, Katharine married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, from whom descended the Tudor line of English Sovereigns. This is considered to be one of Shakspere's most fascinating scenes. The conqueror of Agincourt knows very little French, and Katharine no English whatever. The demure coquetry of the royal maiden of sixteen and the bluff knightliness and genial good-heartedness of Harry of Monmouth are represented with charming simplicity and humour.

Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: if I could win a lady by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. But, before heaven, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee, that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy: for a good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such an one, take me: and take me, take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Est-il possible dat I shall love de enemy *de la France?*

Henry. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I would not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Henry. No, Kate? dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me. What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Kath. *Votre majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

Henry. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. But in faith, Kate, the older I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine": which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

Henry. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you —my queen.

Kath *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez.*

Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Dat is not de fashion *pour les dames de la France.*

Henry. Oh Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. We are the makers of manners, Kate; therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French Council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.

Wm. Shakspere (*Henry V.*).

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PYGMALION AND GALATEA.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ REPRESENTED.

PYGMALION, *an Athenian Sculptor.*

AGESIMOS, *Chrysos' Slave.* MIMOS, *Pygmalion's Slave.*

GALATEA, *an Animated Statue.* CYNISCA, *Pygmalion's Wife.*

SCENE.—PYGMALION'S *Studio.* *Several classical statues are placed about the room; at the back a temple or cabinet containing a statue of* GALATEA, *before which curtains are drawn concealing the statue from the audience.*

MIMOS *is discovered at work, on a half-finished statue.*
To him enter AGESIMOS.

Ages. [*haughtily*] Good day. Is this Pygmalion's studio?

Mim. [*bowing*] It is.

* Mr. W. S. Gilbert's charming Mythological Comedy was first performed on Saturday, December 9th, 1871, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, under the management of the late J. B. Buckstone. Mr. Kendal and Miss Madge Robertson—now Mrs. Kendal—sustained the title-rôles, and the play for a long period attracted large and

Ages. Are you Pygmalion?

Mim. Oh, no;
I am his slave.

Ages. And has Pygmalion slaves?
A sculptor with a slave to wait on him;
A slave to fetch and carry—come and go—
And p'raps a whip to thrash him if he won't!
What's the world coming to?

delighted audiences. Galatea has always been a favourite character with our popular actresses; and Miss Mary Anderson, on her last visit to this country, won golden opinions from all by her graceful beauty and by her simple and pleasing rendering of the animated statue.

Pygmalion, a sculptor of Athens, makes a statue of marble, into which the gods infuse life. This animated statue, Galatea, he falls in love with. So far, the story is represented in our reading. Pygmalion's wife, Cynisca, had been in her early youth "a holy nymph of Artemis, pledged to eternal maidenhood," but Artemis, softened by her prayer, permitted her to wed Pygmalion, giving her, however, this warning:—

> "Whichever one of you,
> Or he or she, shall falsify the vow
> Of perfect conjugal fidelity—
> The wronged one, he or she, shall have the power
> To call down *blindness* on the backslider,
> And sightless shall the truant mate remain
> Until expressly pardoned by the other."

Accordingly, Pygmalion is struck blind, but in due course of events, his sight is restored, and there is full reconciliation.

To the uninitiated the following instructions may not be without value:—The scene should have doors, R. and L. I.E., L. 3 E., and opening U.E.R. The curtains which conceal the statue of Galatea must be so contrived that they will open readily and display the statue completely, without much effort on the part of the actor who opens them. They must also be fitted with mechanical appliances to close apparently of their own accord. When the statue of Galatea is first discovered, the curtains which conceal it must be pushed aside by hand—not drawn apart by arrangement of cords and pulleys. The statue should be modelled expressly to resemble the lady who plays the part. If this is impracticable, some existing statue may be used, but it is essential that its drapery should be perfectly modest and simple. The "change" from the statue to the living person is most conveniently effected by means of a properly counter-weighted "turn-table," on which the actress and statue are placed back to back, with what is technically known as a "backing" between them. The two curtains that conceal the statue should "travel" on two separate but parallel iron rods, three inches apart, and the curtains should be broad enough to *overlap* each other three or four inches.

Mim. What is your will?

Ages. This: Chrysos will receive Pygmalion
At half-past three to-day; so bid him come.

Mim. And are you Chrysos, sir?

Ages. Well, no, I'm not.
That is, not altogether; I'm, in fact,
His slave.

Mim. [*relieved*] His slave! ha, ha;

Ages. [*very proudly, rises*] My name's Agesimos!

Mim. And has Agesimos a master then,
To bid him fetch and carry—come and go—
And wield a whip to thrash him if he won't?
What's the world coming to? [*Resumes work*

Ages. Poor purblind fool!
I'd sooner tie the sandals of my lord,
Than own a hundred caitiffs such as you.
Whip! why Agesimos would rather far
Be whipped by Chrysos seven times a day,
Than whip you hence to the Acropolis;
What say you now?

Mim. Why, that upon one point
Agesimos and I are quite agreed.
And who is Chrysos?

Ages. Hear the slave, ye gods!
He knows not Chrysos!

Mim. Verily, not I.

Ages. He is the chiefest man in Athens, sir;
The father of the arts—a nobleman
Of princely liberality and taste,
On whom five hundred starved Pygmalions
May batten if they will.

Enter PYGMALION.

Pyg. Who is this man?

Ages. [*humbly*] I'm Chrysos' slave—[*proudly*] my name's Agesimos.

Chrysos has heard of you: he understands
That you have talent, and he condescends
To bid you call on him. But take good care
How you offend him: he can make or mar.

Pyg. Your master's slave reflects his insolence.
Tell him from me that, though I'm poor enough,
I am an artist and a gentleman.
He should not reckon Art among his slaves:
She rules the world—so let him wait on her.

Ages. This is a sculptor!

Pyg. [*furiously*]— And an angry one!
Begone, and take my message to your lord.

[*Exeunt* AGESIMOS *and* MIMOS

Insolent hound!

Enter CYNISCA.

Cyn. Pygmalion, what's amiss?

Pyg. Chrysos has sent his slave to render me
The customary tribute paid by wealth
To mere intelligence.

Cyn. Pygmalion!
Brooding upon the chartered insolence
Of a mere slave! Dismiss the thought at once.
Come, take thy chisel, thou hast work to do
Ere thy wife-model takes her leave to-day;
In half-an-hour I must be on the road
To Athens. Half-an-hour remains to thee—
Come—make the most of it—I'll pose myself;
Say—will that do? [*Poses herself.*

Pyg. I cannot work to-day.
My hand's uncertain—I must rest awhile.

Cyn. Then rest and gaze upon thy masterpiece,
'Twill reconcile thee to thyself—Behold!

[*Draws curtain and discovers statue of* GALATEA.

Pyg. Yes—for in gazing on my handiwork
I gaze on heaven's handiwork—thyself—

Cyn. And yet, although it be thy masterpiece,
It has the fault thy patrons find with all
Thy many statues.
Pyg. What then do they say?
Cyn. They say Pygmalion's statues have one head—
That head, Cynisca's.
Pyg. So then, it's a fault
To produce perchance an hundred fold,
For the advantage of mankind at large,
The happiness the gods have given me!
[*Takes her hand*
Well, when I find a fairer head than thine
I'll give my patrons some variety.
Cyn. [*hastily*] I would not have thee find another head
That seemed as fair to thee for all the world!
We'll have no stranger models if you please,
I'll be your model, sir, as heretofore,
So reproduce me at your will: and yet
It were sheer vanity in me to think
That this fair stone recalls Cynisca's face.
Pyg. Cynisca's face in every line!
Cyn. No, no!
Those outlines softened, angles smoothed away,
The eyebrows arched, the head more truly poised,
The forehead ten years smoother than mine own,
Tell rather of Cynisca as she was
When in the silent groves of Artemis,
Pygmalion told his love ten years ago;
And then the placid brow, the sweet, sad lips,
The gentle head down-bent resignedly,
Proclaim that this is not Pygmalion's wife,
Who laughs and frowns, but knows no meed between!
I am no longer as that statue is.
[*Closes curtains.*
Pyg. Why, here's ingratitude, to slander Time,

Who in his hurried course has passed thee by!
Or is it that Cynisca won't allow
That Time *could* pass her by, and never pause
To print a kiss upon so fair a face?

MIMOS *enters and gives* PYGMALION *a scroll, which he reads at back. Exit* MIMOS.

Pyg. I've brought him to his senses. Presently
My patron Chrysos will be here to earn
Some thousand drachmas.
Cyn. How, my love, to earn?
He is a man of unexampled wealth,
And follows no profession.
Pyg. Yes, he does:
He is a patron of the Arts, and makes
A handsome income by his patronage.
Cyn. How so?
Pyg. He is an ignorant buffoon;
But purses hold a higher rank than brains,
And he is rich; wherever Chrysos buys,
The world of smaller fools comes following,
And men are glad to sell their work to him
At half its proper price, that they may say,
"Chrysos has purchased handiwork of ours."
He is a fashion, and he knows it well
In buying sculpture; he appraises it
As he'd appraise a master-mason's work,
So much for marble, and so much for time,
So much for working tools—but still he buys,
And so he is a patron of the Arts!
Cyn. To think that heaven-born Art should be the slave
Of such as he!
Pyg. Well, wealth is heaven-born too,
I work for wealth.
Cyn Thou workest. love, for fame.

Pyg. And fame brings wealth. The thought's contemptible.
But I can do more than work for wealth.
Cyn. Such words from one whose noble work it is
To call the senseless marble into life!
Pyg. Life! Dost thou call that life!
Cyn. It all but breathes!
Pyg. [*bitterly*] It all but breathes — therefore it talks aloud!
It all but moves—therefore it walks and runs!
It all but lives, and therefore it is life!
No, no, my love, the thing is cold, dull stone,
Shaped to a certain form, but still dull stone,
The lifeless, senseless mockery of life.
The gods make life, I can make only death!
Why, my Cynisca, though I stand so well,
The merest cut-throat, when he plies his trade,
Makes better death than I, with all my skill!
Cyn. Hush, my Pygmalion! the gods are good,
And they have made thee nearer unto them
Than other men; this is ingratitude.
Pyg. Not so; has not a monarch's second son
More cause for anger that he lacks a throne
Than he whose lot is cast in slavery?
Cyn. Not much more cause, perhaps, but more excuse.
Now I must go.
Pyg. So soon, and for so long.
Cyn. One day, 'twill quickly pass away!
Pyg. With those
Who measure time by almanacks, no doubt,
But not with him who knows no days save those
Born of the sunlight of Cynisca's eyes;
It will be night with me till she returns.
Cyn. Then sleep it through, Pygmalion! But stay,
Thou shalt *not* pass the weary hours alone;

Now mark thou this—while I'm away from thee,
There stands my only representative.
[*Indicating* GALATEA.
She is my proxy, and I charge you, sir
Be faithful unto her as unto me!
Into her quietly attentive ear
Pour all thy treasures of hyperbole,
And give thy nimble tongue full license, lest
Disuse should rust its glib machinery;
If thoughts of love should happly crowd on thee,
There stands my other self, tell them to her,
She'll listen well; [*He makes a movement of impatience.*
Nay, that's ungenerous,
For she is I, yet lovelier than I,
And hath no temper, sir, and hath no tongue;
Thou hast thy license—make good use of it.
Already I'm half jealous—there!
[*Draws curtain together concealing statue.*
It's gone.
The thing is but a statue after all,
And I am safe in leaving thee with her;
Farewell, Pygmalion, till I return. [*Kisses him and exit.*

Pyg. [*bitterly*] "The thing is but a statue after all!"
Cynisca little thought that in those words
She touched the key-note of my discontent—
True, I have powers denied to other men;
Give me a block of senseless marble—Well,
I'm a magician, and it rests with me
To say what kernel lies within its shell;
It shall contain a man, a woman, child—
A dozen men and women if I will.
So far the gods and I run neck and neck,
Nay, so far I can beat them at their trade;
I am no bungler—all the men *I* make
Are straight-limbed fellows, each magnificent

In the perfection of his manly grace:
I make no crook-backs—all my men are gods,
My women goddesses, in outward form.
But there's my tether—I can go so far,
And go no farther—at that point I stop,
To curse the bonds that hold me sternly back.
To curse the arrogance of those proud gods,
Who say, "Thou shalt be greatest among men,
And yet infinitesimally small!"

Galatea [*from behind curtain*]. Pygmalion!

Pyg. [*after a pause*] Who called?

Gal. Pygmalion!

[PYGMALION *tears away curtain and discovers* GALATEA *alive.*]

Pyg. Ye gods! It lives!

Gal. Pygmalion!

Pyg. It speaks!
I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!

Gal. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm.
Whence came I? [*Descends*

Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal.

Gal. That pedestal! Ah, yes, I recollect,
There was a time when it was part of me.

Pyg. That time has passed for ever; thou art now
A living, breathing woman, excellent
In every attribute of womankind.

Gal. Where am I, then?

Pyg. Why, born into the world
By miracle!

Gal. Is this the world?

Pyg. It is.

Gal. This room?

Pyg. This room is portion of a house;
The house stands in a grove, the grove itself

Is one of many, many hundred groves
In Athens.
Gal. And is Athens then the world?
Pyg. To an Athenian—Yes——
Gal. And am I one?
Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent.
Gal. But how came I to be?
Pyg. Well—let me see.
Oh—you were quarried in Pentelicus;
I modelled you in clay—my artisans
Then roughed you out in marble—I, in turn,
Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,
And made you what you are—in all but life—
The gods completed what I had begun,
And gave the only gift I could not give.
Gal. Then this is life?
Pyg. It is.
Gal. And not long since
I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone,
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity,
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more.
Then, by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen—
The walls surrounding me, and I, alone,
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before, came evident.
Sounds, that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;

I felt my frame pervaded with a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold hard substance throbbed with active-life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstacy of new born life;
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me;
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude—thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion! [*Kneels to him.*

Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman—perfect in thy loveliness.

Gal. What is that word? Am I a woman?

Pyg. Yes.

Gal. Art thou a woman?

Pyg. No, I am a man.

Gal. What *is* a man?

Pyg. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!

Gal. [*after a pause*] I'm glad I am a woman.

Pyg. So am I. [*They sit*

Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?

Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.

Gal. With whom then wouldst thou fight?

Pyg. With any man
Whose word or deed gave Galatea pain.

Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?

Pyg. There are indeed.

Gal. And other women?

Pyg. [*taken aback*] Yes;
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!
Yes, other women.

Gal. And for all of these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight?
Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all—he works for those he loves.
Gal. Then by thy work I know thou lovest me.
Pyg. Indeed, I love thee! [*Embraces her.*
Gal. With what kind of love?
Pyg. I love thee [*recollecting himself and releasing her*] as a sculptor loves his work!
[*aside*] There is diplomacy in that reply.
Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,
Yet I do love thee; say—what love is mine?
Pyg. Tell me its symptoms—then I'll answer thee.
Gal. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.
A sense that I am made *by* thee *for* thee,
That I've no will that is not wholly thine,
That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise,
That does not own thee as its sovereign;
That I have life, that I may live for thee,
That I am thine—that thou and I are one!
What kind of love is that?
Pyg. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with!
Gal. And why, Pygmalion?
Pyg. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except indeed
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.
Gal. Then *I* will be thy wife.
Pyg. That may not be;
I have a wife—the gods allow but one.
Gal. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?
Pyg. I cannot say—unless to punish me [*Rises.*
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!
I pray'd that thou should'st live. I have my prayer,

And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!

Gal. Yet thou lovest me? [*Rises.*

Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?

Gal. Then I am beautiful?

Pyg. Indeed thou art.

Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.

Pyg. Not so indeed,
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!

[*Hands her a mirror from table.*

Gal. How beautiful! I am very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I behold myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman.

Pyg. [*aside*] There's no doubt of that!

Gal. Oh happy maid to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,
At will, upon so beautiful a face!

Pyg. Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence

[*Taking glass from her*

Thou sayest words that others would reprove.

Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

Pyg. Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee.
They *think* it—but they keep it to themselves.

Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

Pyg. No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in the marble made them lovelier still.

Gal. [*disappointed*] Oh! then I'm not original?

Pyg. Well—no—
That is—thou hast indeed a prototype,
But though in stone thou did'st resemble her,
In life the difference is manifest.
Gal. I'm very glad that I am lovelier than she.
And am I better? [*Sits*
Pyg. That I do not know.
Gal. Then she has faults.
Pyg. Very few indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults.
Gal. [*after a pause*] Tell me some faults and I'll commit them now.
Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time:
[*Sits beside her.*
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.
Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day. But tell me, love,
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?
Pyg. Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.
Gal. And dost thou love me better for such fault?
Pyg. Where is the mortal that could answer "no"?
Gal. Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
She loves thee?
Pyg. Very much.
Gal. I'm glad of that
I like thy
Pyg. And why?
Gal. [*surprised at the question*] Our tastes agree.

We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.
Pyg. [*aside*] I donbt it much.
Gal. Is she within?
Pyg. No, she is not within.
Gal. But she'll come back?
Pyg. Oh, yes, she will come back!
[*Rises.*
Gal. How pleased she'll be to know when she returns,
That there was some one here to fill her place. [*Rises.*
Pyg. [*drily*] Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleased.
Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
That thou art jesting. Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another?
Pyg. Yes,
It's sometimes done.
Gal. How very wonderful;
So clever!
Pyg. And so very useful.
Gal. Yes.
Teach me the art.
Pyg. The art will come in time.
My wife will *not* be pleased; there—that's the truth.
Gal. I do not think that I *shall* like thy wife
Tell me more of her.
Pyg. Well——
Gal. What did she say
When last she left thee?
Pyg. Humph! Well, let me see
Oh! true, she gave thee to me as my wife—
Her solitary representative;
[*tenderly*] She feared I should be lonely till she came,
And counselled me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont

To speak to her!

Gal. That's right.

Pyg. [*releasing her*] But when she spoke
Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference.

Gal. It's a strange world:
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him too:
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness:
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life—be dumb!
It's a strange world, I cannot fathom it.

Pyg. [*aside*] Let me be brave, and put an end to this.
[*aloud*] Come, Galatea—till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.

Gal. [*astonished and alarmed*] Send me not hence,
Pygmalion—let me stay.

Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.

Gal. [*resignedly*] Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!
But we *shall* meet again?—and very soon?

Pyg. Yes, very soon.

Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?

Pyg. I do not know.
[*aside*] Why should I hide the truth from her? [*Aloud*]
alas!
I may *not* see thee then.

Gal. Pygmalion!
What fearful words are these?

Pyg. The bitter truth.
I may not love thee—I must send thee hence.

Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!

Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see
I am thy work, thou hast created me;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine!
Thine! only, and unalterably thine!
This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone. Alas!
I do not know these things—I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee.
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her; alas!
I do not know these things—I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge—
To love thee and to make thee love again!

During this speech PYGMALION *has shown symptoms of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms and embraces her passionately.*

ACT DROP.

W. S. Gilbert.

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(No portion of this Comedy can be played in public without the sanction of the Author.)

ARTEVELDE'S VISION.

Elena. Love is eternal.
Whatever dies, that lives, I feel and know.
It is too great a thing to die.

But, Artevelde, you shall not lead me off
Through by-ways from my quest. Touching this sight
Which you have seen?
Artevelde. Touching this eye-creation;
What is it to surprise us? Here we are
Engendered out of nothing cognisable. . . . .
What should forbid his fancy to restore
A being passed away? The wonder lies
In the mind merely of the wondering man.
Treading the steps of common life with eyes
Of curious inquisition, some will stare
At each discovery of nature's ways,
As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not——
Elena. What was it?
The semblance of a human creature?
Like any you had known in life?
Arte. Most like;
Or more than like, it was the very same.
It was the image of my wife.
Elena. Of her
The Lady Adriana?
Arte. My dead wife.
Elena. O God! how strange!
Arte. And wherefore?—wherefore strange?
Why should not fancy summon to its presence
This shape as soon as any?
Elena. Gracious Heaven!
And were you not afraid?
Arte. I felt no fear.
Dejected I had been before: that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.
Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul

But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure.
Elena. How long saw you it?
Arte. I cannot tell.
I did not mark.
Elena. And what was that appearance
You say was so unsightly?
Arte. She appeared
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death; suspended in the air
She seemed, and o'er her breast her arms were crossed;
Her feet were drawn together pointing downwards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remained inflexible as stone,
And I as fixedly regarding her.
Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward moved,
And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peeled off upon the water, which, as she vanished,
Appeared all blood, and swelled and weltered sore.
And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it:—then the vision passed
And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they were.
Elena. If you are not afraid to see such things,
I am to hear them.

Sir Henry Taylor (*Philip van Artevelde*).

JANE DE MONTFORT.*

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old?

Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her
As he, too, had been awed.

Lady. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach I found, in truth,
She scarcely doth surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy.

Freberg (*starting*). It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

Joanna Baillie (*Tragedy of De Montfort*).

* The page's description of Jane de Montfort has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress.

American Authors.

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BARBARA FRIETCHIE.*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

* Stonewall Jackson is riding through the little town of Frederick, in Maryland, at the head of his troops, on his way to Antietam, where the great battle was fought in 1862. The heroine, as will be seen, is portrayed in the poem as waving the "Stars and Stripes" from her window as the rebel regiments pass by, exclaiming, "*Shoot, if you must, this old grey head, but spare your country's flag.*" This appeal is supposed to have touched the rebel General's heart, who bids his men march on without firing at the "old flag." Some years after the war a letter appeared in the *Century Magazine* which proved that the incident never occurred.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said:

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

J. G. Whittier.

[By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest

To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.
Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?

Would the Vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me!"

Unto Me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry, calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

H. W. Longfellow.

AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do, and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago),
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know,—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man !
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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MAN'S THREE GUESTS.

A KNOCKING at the castle gate,
When the bloom was on the tree,
And the youthful master, all elate,
Himself came forth to see.
A jocund lady waited there,
Gay was her robe of colours rare,
Her tresses bright to the zephyr streamed,
And the car on its silver axle gleamed,
Like the gorgeous barge of that queen of yore
Whose silken sail and flashing oar
Sparkling Cydnus proudly bore.
The youth, enraptured at the smile,
And won by her enchanting wile
And flatteries vain,
Welcomed her in, with all her train,
Placing her in the chiefest seat,
While as a vassal at her feet
He knelt, and paid her homage sweet.
She decked his halls with garlands gay,
Bidding the sprightly viol play,
Till by magic power
Day turned to night, and night to day,
For every fleeting hour
Bowed to Pleasure as its queen.

And so the syren guest, of mirthful mien,
Lingered till the vernal ray,
And summer's latest rose had sighed itself away.

A knocking at the gate!
And the lordling of the hall,
A strong and bearded man withal,
Held parley at the threshold-stone
In the pomp of his estate.
And then the warder's horn was blown,
The ponderous bolts drawn one by one,
And slowly in, with sandals torn,
Came a pilgrim, travel-worn;
A burden at his back he bare,
And coldly said, "My name is Care!"
Plodding and weary years he brought,
And a pillow worn with ceaseless thought;
And bade his votary ask of Fame,
Or Wealth, or wild Ambition's claim,
Payment for the toil he taught.
But dark with dregs was the cup he quaffed,
And 'mid his harvest proud
The mocking tare looked up and laugh'd
Till his haughty heart was bow'd,
And wrinkles on his forehead hung,
And o'er his path a cloud.

Again a knocking at the gate!
At the wintry eventide;
And querulous was the voice that cried,
"Who cometh here so late?"
"Ho! rouse the sentinel from his sleep,
Strict guard at every loophole keep!"
And "Man the towers!" he would have said,
But alas! his early friends were dead,

And his eagle glance was awed,
And a frost that never thaw'd
Had settled on his head.
But that thundering at the gate
From morn to midnight late
Knew no rest,
And a boding cry of fate,
Like an owlet's cry of hate,
Chill'd his breast.
Yet he raised the palsied hand,
And, eager, gave command
To repel the threatening guest.
So the Esculapian band,
In their armour old and tried,
Were summoned to his side;
And the watchful nurses came,
Whose lamp, like vestal flame,
Never died.
But the tottering bulwarks their trust betrayed,
And the old man groan'd as a breach was made;
Then through the chasm a skeleton foot
Forced its way,
And a fleshless hand to a shaft was put,
And he was clay.

Mrs. Sigourney.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

(BIRD SONG.)

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,

Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone:
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Wm. C. Bryant.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

From the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I knew its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean and coarse and cold;

Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay;
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodden grey.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through,
From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the head-stones, and retouch the faded lines.

* * * * *

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the grey rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north,—

Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—talked of wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water in the loom of morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer,—blooms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near;
Of a spectral host defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came,—
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
"Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us," said the captain; "never mortal foes were there:
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess naught avail;
They who do the devil's service wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall:
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

J. G. Whittier.

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TWO SINNERS.

THERE was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?

And boys will be boys the old folks say,
And a man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed; and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And Christian people threw open the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms abloom,
Crying "God bless ladye, and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led.
And Love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in Heaven,
For this is the law of the earth, we know:
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[From *Poems of Pleasure* (W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago). By permission of the Authoress.]

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden times there lived a semi-barbaric king whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbours, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial, but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valour, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that

on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena—a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena; and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But if the accused person opened the other door there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as

a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnised. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether in the next instant he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for

did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardour that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after-years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor anyone else thought of denying the

fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of this tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king: but he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing. night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than anyone who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had

done what no other person had done—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms that lay behind those doors stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He

had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king, The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm but rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immoveably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out at that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had

she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger.

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady, or the tiger!

F. R. Stockton.

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SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air—
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder,
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below:—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,

And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

H. W. Longfellow

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near:
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a fly in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

N. P. Willis.

AFTER THE RING.

We used to walk together in the twilight,
He whispering words so tender, sweet and low,
As down the green lanes when the dew was falling,
And through the woodlands where the birds were calling
We wandered in those hours so long ago.
But now no more we walk in purple gloaming
Adown the lanes—my love and I. Ah, me!
The time has past for such romantic roaming—
He holds the baby while I'm getting tea.

We used to sit with lamp turned low—together,
And talk of love and its divine effects,
When nights were long and wintry was the weather;
Far nobler he than knight with knightly feather,
And I to him the loveliest of my sex.
Now, oft when wintry winds howl round the gable,
Immersed in smoke, he pores o'er gold and stocks,
The fact ignored that just across the table
The "loveliest of her sex" sits darning socks.

Oft when arrayed to suit my hero's fancy,
I tripped to meet him at his welcome call,
He looked unutterable things—his dark eyes glowing
In fond approval at my outward showing,
His taste in laces, dresses, jewels—all!
Now, if perchance we leave the house together,
When friends invite or prima donna sings,
He scans my robes (bought new for the occasion)
And foots the bills—and looks unutterable things.

Anon.

DUMFOUNDED.

A Hindoo died, a happy thing to do
When fifty years united to a shrew;
Released, he joyfully for entrance cries
Outside the Brahma's gate of Paradise.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said:
"I have been married"; and he hung his head.
"Come in, come in, and welcome too, my son,
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he enters Heaven's door,
And feels the joy he ne'er had known before.

Scarce had he entered on those gardens fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma put again,
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No! What then?"
"Thou canst not enter," did the god reply.
"He who went in has been no more than I"—
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for his sin"—
"Married, 'tis well! for I have been married *twice*"!
"Begone—we'll have no *fools* in Paradise."

Anon.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The clouds in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned.
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat at the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form by her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity they both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—"It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

J. C. Whittier.

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PUSSIE AND I.

All gone to the opera, Pussie, but me;
We are alone in this rambling old house.
Afraid? Not I! Come sit on my knee,
And tell me your stories of dog and mouse.
Do you hear the wind—how it sobs and grieves?
And the rain falling down on the moss-grown eaves?

Let us turn off the gas, and sit on the rug;
How the firelight brightens the long old room
With its scarlet fancies! Puss, are you snug?
You know in one's youth one should never know gloom!
That is what mamma told me to-day
When I sighed, and forgot one should always be gay.

Do you see any pictures in the fire,
Pussie, my dear, with your solemn eyes?
Pictures of river and castle and spire—
Or only of milk, and a mouse's surprise?
I see, ah, Pussie! eyes of brown,
And a brow that is royal enough for a crown

I see a smile that is sweet and rare;
A hand that is gentle and stroug and true;
I see a summer-tide swift and fair,
With golden sunshine and skies of blue.
Oh, what shall I do with the long, long years?
Pussie, forgive me! you don't like tears.

The firelight flickers on picture and wall,
On book-case and bracket, and statue white—
Pussie, do you remember a ball
That happened a year ago to-night?
One little year! How the seasons bring
Changes that only blight and sting!

"Sorrow is sorrow to the old
But death to the young," ah, Pussie, I've read;
Perhaps, if these curls were gray and not gold,
I wouldn't wish to-night I were dead.
Not twenty yet—and all joy o'er,
Oh, Pussie, Pussie, for evermore!

There, there, Pussie! No more tears.
Let's have a romp in the firelight glow;
Other hearts have beat on through the years
When love and faith were lying low;
Mayhap, in soothing another's pain
We forget our own. Just hear the rain!

But to-morrow, I doubt not, the sun will shine,
And the clouds be only a dream of the night.
Why should we cherish a woe divine?
Let us hide it away from the sun and light.
Forgetting one's self is hard, I fear;
But we'll each try bravely, Pussie, my dear.

Let us say "good-bye" to the dreams of the past—
And, Pussie, my comfort, never you tell
Of the chat that has made these hours fly fast—
One more frolic—O, there is the bell!
I hear them laughing upon the stair—
Eternal secrecy, Pussie, swear!

Anon.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve, at Vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean those words?" The clerk made answer meet
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with a lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the daïs sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed.
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords;

The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign:
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares;
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw.
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud, and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor absorbed in silent prayer.

H. W. Longfellow.

A BALLAD OF CHARITY

It was in a pleasant deepô, sequestered from the rain,
That many weary passengers were waitin' for the train,
Piles of quite expensive baggage, many a gorgeous portmantó,
Ivory-handled umberellas made a most touristic show.
Whereunto there came a person, very humble was his mien,
Who took an observation of the interestin' scene;
Closely scanned the umberellas, watched with joy the mighty trunks,
And observed that all the people were securing Pullman bunks:

Who was followed shortly after by a most unhappy tramp,
Upon whose features poverty had jounced her iron stamp;
And to make a clear impression, as bees sting you while they buzz,
She had hit him rather harder than she generally does.
For he was so awful ragged, and in parts so awful bare,
That the folks were quite repulsioned to behold him begging there;

And instead of drawing currency from out their pocket-books,
They drew themselves asunder with aversionary looks.

Sternly gazed the first new-comer on the unindulgent crowd,
Then in tones which pierced the deepô he solilicussed aloud:—
"I hev trevelled o'er this cont'nent from Quebec to Bogotáw,
But setch a set of scallawags as these I never saw.
Ye are wealthy, ye are gifted, ye have house and lands and rent,
Yet unto a suff'rin' mortal ye will not donate a cent;
Ye expend your missionaries to the heathen and the Jew,
But there isn't any heathen that is half as small as you.

Ye are lucky—ye hev cheque-books and deeposits in the bank,
And ye squanderate your money on the titled folks of rank;
The onyx and the sardonyx upon your garments shine,
An' ye drink at every dinner p'r'aps a dollar's wuth of wine.
Ye are goin' for the summer to the islands by the sea,
Where it costs four dollars daily—setch is not for setch as me;
Iv'ry-handled unberellers do not come into my plan,
But I kin give a dollar to this suff'rin' fellow-man.

Hand-bags made of Rooshy leather are not truly at my call,
Yet in the eyes of Mussy I am richer 'en you all,
For I kin give a dollar wher' you dare not stand a dime,
And never miss it nother, nor regret it ary time."
Sayin' this he drew a wallet from the inner of his vest,
And gave the tramp a daddy, which it was his level best;

Other people havin' heard him soon to charity inclined—
One giver soon makes twenty if you only get their wind.

The first who gave the dollar led the other one about,
And at every contribution he a-raised a joyful shout,
Exclaimin' how 'twas noble to relieviate distress,
And remarkin' that our duty is our present happiness.
Thirty dollars altogether were collected by the tramp,
When he bid 'em all good-evenin' and went out into the damp,
And was followed briefly after by the one who made the speech,
And who showed by good example how to practise as to preach.

Which soon around the corner the couple quickly met,
And the tramp produced the specie for to liquidate his debt;
And the man who did the preachin' took his twenty of the sum,
Which you see that out of thirty left a tenner for the bum.
And the couple passed the summer at Bar Harbour with the rest,
Suckin' juleps, playin' poker, and most elegantly dressed;
Suckin' juleps, playin' poker, layin' round in love and rum—
Oh, how hard is life for many! oh, how sweet it is for some!

Charles Godfrey Leland.

THE CURFEW BELL.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,

And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she, with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, moss-grown walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her lips grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart
Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right:
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow;

And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,—
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must die.*"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
One low murmur, faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
As she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly: "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night!"

Out she swung,—far out. The city seemed a speck of
light below,—
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung
to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair
face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew shall
not ring to-night!*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that
she had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting
sun
Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires, with heads
of white,
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad
night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him;
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands, all bruised
and torn;
And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the anguish
it had worn.

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty
light.
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell. "Curfew shall
not ring to-night!"

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth
to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darken-
ing English sky
Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-
light sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face
upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me; curfew will not
ring to-night."

Mrs. Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

The King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble,
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
The King will be well if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.

* * * * * *

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor,
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate—
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad,
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

* * * * *

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows, and let the air
Of the free heaven in his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

Colonel John Hay.

THE SINGER IN THE PRISON.

O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul!

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,
Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
Pouring in floods of melody in tones so pensive sweet and strong the like whereof was never heard,
Reaching the far-off sentry and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,
Making the hearer's pulses stop for ecstasy and awe.

The sun was low in the west one winter day,
When down a narrow aisle amid the thieves and outlaws of the land,
(There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,
Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls, the keepers round,
Plenteous, well-armed, watching with vigilant eyes,)
Calmly a lady walk'd holding a little innocent child by either hand,
Whom seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
She, first preluding with the instrument a low and musical prelude,
In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn

A soul confined by bars and bands
Cries, help! O help! and wrings her hands,
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
Nor favor comes, nor word of grace.

It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
The ruthless body dragg'd me in;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me.

Dear prison'd soul bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace;
To set thee free and bear thee home,
The heavenly pardoner, death, shall come.

Convict no more, nor shame, nor dole!
Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul!

The singer ceas'd;
One glance swept from her clear calm eyes o'er all those upturn'd faces,
Strange sea of prison faces, a thousand varied, crafty, brutal, seam'd and beauteous faces,
Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them,
While her gown touch'd them rustling in the silence,
She vanish'd with her children in the dusk.

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers ere they stirr'd,

(Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol,)
A hush and pause fell down a wondrous minute,
With deep half-stifled sobs and sound of bad men bow'd and moved to weeping,
And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home,
The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy childhood,
The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence;
A wondrous minute then—but after in the solitary night, to many, many there,
Years after, even in the hour of death, the sad refrain, the tune, the voice, the words,
Resumed, the large calm lady walks the narrow aisle,
The wailing melody again, the singer in the prison sings,

O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul!

Walt. Whitman.

[From *Leaves of Grass—Autumn Rivulets.*]

IN NEVADA.

Like an awful alligator breathing fire and screeching wildly,
With a pack of hounds behind him, as if hunted by the furies,
Came the smoking locomotive, followed by the cars and tender,
Down among the mountain gorges, till it stopped before a village
As the starry night came on.

Just before a mountain village, where there was a howling shindy,
Just around a bran-new gallows, with a roaring blazing bonfire
Casting a red light upon it, while a crowd of roughest rowdies
Shouted, "Cuss him! tear his vitals! bust him! sink him! burn him! skin him!"—
Evidently much excited—
As the starry night came on.

On the gallows stood a culprit shrieking painfully for mercy.
As the train and engine halted, louder yelled the gasping victim.
Then out cried the grim conductor, "What in thunder is the matter?
What's ye doin' with that feller? Why've ye got both fire and gallows?"
And unto him some one answered,
As the starry night came on:

"This all-fired, skunk-eyed villain, whom you see upon the gallows,
Lately stole the loveliest mewel that you ever sot your peeps on,
For a hundred shiny dollars, went and sold it to the greasers.
But, as you perceive, we've nailed him, and at present we're debatin'
Whether we had better hang him, or else roast him like an Injun,
Ere the starry night comes on.

"And I think ez ther' ar' ladies here to grace this gay occasion

In the train, and quite convenient, we had better take and burn him.
'Twould be kinder interestin', or, as folks might say, romantic,
To behold an execution, as we do 'em here in *this* town,
In the real frontier fashion,
Ere the starry night comes on."

Up from all the assembled ladies, and from all the passengeros,
Went a scream of protestation,—"What! for nothing but a mewel!
Only for a hundred dollars roast alive a fine young fellow!
Never, never, never, ne—ver!" Falling on her knees a damsel
Begged the maddened crowd to spare him! and to her replied the spokesman,
As the starry night came on:

"Since a lady begs it of us, and as we ar' galiant fellers,
We will smash the tail of Jestis, and will spare this orful miscrint,
Ef you'll raise a hundred dollars to replace the vanished mewel.
Then this fiend, unwhipped, undamaged, may go wanderin' to thunder,
Soon as he tarnation pleases,
Ere the starry night comes on."

Straight among the pitying ladies, and the other passengeros,
Went the hat around in circle. Dollars, quarters, halves, and greenbacks

Rained into it till the hundred was accomplished, and the ransom
Paid unto Judge Lynch in person, who received it very gracious,
And at once released the prisoner, sternly bidding him to squaddle,
Just as fast as he could make it,
Ere the starry night came on.

And the lady who by kneeling had destroyed the path of justice,
Seized upon the fine young fellow, he who had the mu—lo—mania,—
Or who was a klepto—mu—li—ac; and she led him by the halter,
While the reckless population made atrocious puns upon it;
And she stowed him in the Pullman as the safest sanctuary,
As the starry night came on.

It was over. Loud the whistle blew a signal of departure;
Still the dying bonfire flickering showed on high the ghastly gallows,
Seeming like some hungry monster disappointed of a victim,
Gasping as in fitful anger, pouring out unto the gallows
Or the sympathetic scaffold, all the story of its sorrow,
As the clouds passed o'er the moon-face,
As the starry night came on.

Soon the train and those within it reached and passed a second station,
And was speeding ever onward, when at once a shriek came ringing—
'Twas an utterance from the lady who by tears had baffled justice;

Loud she cried, "Where is my hero? Where, oh, where's
the handsome prisoner?"
And the affable conductor searched the train from clue to
ear-ring,
But they could not find the captive; he had clearly just
evaded
At the station just behind them,
As the starry night came on.

Then outspoke a man unnoted hitherto: "I heard the
fellow
Say just now to the conductor, ere we reached the second
deapot,
That he reckoned he must hook it this here time a little
sooner,
If he hoped to get his portion of the hundred, since the
last time
He came awful nigh to lose it; for it might be anted off all
'Fore he got a chance to strike it,
Ere the starry night came on."

And the unknown thus continued: "They hev hed that
gallows standin'
All the summer, and the people mostly git ther livin' from
it,
For they take ther turns in being mournful victims who
hev stolen
Every one a lovely mewel; and they always every evenin'
Hev the awful death-fire kindled, and the ghastly captive
ready.
It's the fourth time I hev seen it, comin' through and
never missed it,
Only for a variation now and then they hire a nigger
For the people from New England,
As the starry night comes on."

'And they find that fire and gallows just as good as a bonanza,
For they got the Legislater lately to incopperate it;
And I hear the stock is risin' up like prairie smoke in autumn.
Yes, in this world men diskiver cur'ous ways to make a livin',
Ez you'll find when you hev tried it for a year or so about here."

And the passengers in silence mused upon this new experience,
Most of all the fine young lady, as the dragon darted onward,
And the starry night came on.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

BABYLAND.

Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland,
The realm where the dear little darlings stray,
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And, oh, so tenderly bring them away?
The paths are winding and past all finding,
By all save the storks, who understand
The gates and the highways and the intricate byways
That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss;
And under the ferns fair, and under the plants there,
Lie little heads like spools of floss.

With a soothing number the river of slumber
Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand;
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping
Babes of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland
Only the kingly, kind storks know;
If they fly over mountains, or wade through fountains,
No man sees them come or go.
But an angel maybe, who guards some baby,
Or a fairy perhaps, with her magic wand,
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway
That leads to Babyland.

And there in the Valley of Babyland,
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,
Like an unfledged starling, they find the darling,
For whom the heart of a mother yearns;
And they lift him lightly, and snug him tightly
In feathers soft as a lady's hand;
And off with a rockaway step they walk away
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland,
Forth into the world of great unrest,
Sometimes in weeping, he wakes from sleeping
Before he reaches the mother's breast.
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him,
Bonniest bird in the bright home band
That o'er land and water, the kind stork brought her
From far-off Babyland!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[From *Poems of Pleasure*. By permission of the Authoress and of Messrs W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.]

JANE.

I WAS recovering from a long illness, and my doctor advised me to go to Belvern to recruit. I selected North Belvern. There are so many others to choose from that I might live in a different Belvern each week—North, South, East, and West Belvern, New Belvern, Old Belvern, Great Belvern, Little Belvern, Belvern Link, Belvern Common, and Belvern Wells. They are all nestled together in the velvet hollows or on the wooded crowns of the matchless Belvern Hills, from which they look down upon the fairest plains that ever blessed the eye. One can see from their heights a score of market towns and villages, three splendid cathedrals, each in a different county, the queenly Severn winding like a silver thread among the trees, with soft-flowing Avon and gentle Teme watering the verdant meadows through which they pass. There are many donkeys owned in the nooks among the hills, and some of the thriftier families keep donkey-chairs (or "cheers," as they call them) to let to the casual summer visitor. This vehicle is a regular Bath chair, into which the donkey is harnessed. Some of them have a tiny driver's seat, where a small lad sits beating and berating the donkey for the incumbent, generally a decrepit dowager from London. Other chairs are minus this absurd coachman's perch, and in this sort I take my daily drives. I hire the miniature chariot from an old woman who dwells at the top of Gorse Hill, and who charges one and fourpence the hour. (A little more when she fetches the donkey to the door, or when the weather is wet, or the day is very warm, or there is an unusual breeze blowing, or I wish to go round the hills; but, under ordinary circumstances, which may at any time occur, but which never do, one and four the hour. It is only a

shilling, if you have the boy to drive you; but, of course, if you drive yourself, you throw the boy out of employment, and have to pay extra.)

It was in this fashion and on these elastic terms that I first met Jane. It may be that Jane has made her bow to the public before this. If she has ever come into close relation with man or woman possessed of the instinct of self-expression, then this is certainly not her first appearance, for no human being could know Jane and fail to mention her.

Pause, Jane,—this you will do gladly, I am sure, since pausing is the one accomplishment to which you lend yourself with special energy,—pause, Jane, while I sing a canticle to your character. Jane is a tiny—person, I was about to say, for she has so strong an individuality that I can scarcely think of her as less than human—Jane is a tiny, solemn creature, looking all docility and decorum, with long hair of a subdued tan colour, very much worn off in patches, I fear, by the offending toe of man.

Jane is small yet mighty. She is *multum in parvo;* she is the rock of Gibraltar in animate form; she is cosmic obstinacy on four legs. When following out the devices and desires of her own heart, or resisting the devices and desires of yours, she can put a pressure of five hundred tons on the bit. She is further fortified by the possession of legs which have iron rods concealed in them, these iron rods terminating in stout grip-hooks, with which she takes hold on mother earth with an expression that seems to say,—

> "This rock shall fly
> From its firm base
> As soon as I."

When I start out in the afternoon, I am frequently asked where I am going. I always answer that I have not made up my mind, though what I really mean to say is that Jane

has not made up her mind. She never makes up her mind until after I have made up mine, lest by some unhappy accident she might choose the very excursion that I desire myself.

For example, I wish to visit the far-famed St. Bridget's Well, and my desire to see it is a perfectly laudable one. In strict justice, it is really no concern of Jane whether my wishes are laudable or not; but it only makes the case more flagrant when she interferes with the reasonable plans of a reasonable being. Never since the day we first met have I harboured a thought that I wished to conceal from Jane (would that she could say as much!); nevertheless she treats me as if I were a monster of caprice. As I said before, I wish to visit St. Bridget's Well, but Jane absolutely refuses to take me there. After we pass Belvern churchyard we approach two roads: the one to the right leads to the Holy Well; the one to the left leads to Shady Dell Farm, where Jane lived when she was a girl. At the critical moment I pull the right rein with all my force. In vain: Jane is always overcome by sentiment when she sees that left-hand road. She bears to the left like a whirlwind, and nothing can stop her mad career until she is again amid the scenes so dear to her recollection, the beloved pastures where the mother still lives at whose feet she brayed in early youth!

Now this is all very pretty and touching. Her action has, in truth, its springs in a most commendable sentiment that I should be the last to underrate. Shady Dell Farm is interesting, too, for once, if one can swallow one's wrath and dudgeon at being taken there against one's will; and one feels that Jane's parents and Jane's early surroundings must be worth a single visit, if they could produce a donkey of such unusual capacity. Still, she must know, if she knows anything, that a person does not come from America and pay one and fourpence the hour (or there-

abouts) merely in order to visit the home of her girlhood, which is neither mentioned in Baedeker nor set down in the local guide-books as a feature of interest.

Whether, in addition to her affection for Shady Dell Farm, she has an objection to St. Bridget's Well, and thus is strengthened by a double motive, I do not know. She may consider it a relic of popish superstition; she may be a Protestant donkey; she is a Dissenter,—there's no doubt about that.

But, you ask, have you tried various methods of bringing her to terms and gaining your own desires? Certainly. I have coaxed, beaten, prodded, prayed. I have tried leading her past the Shady Dell turn; she walks all over my feet, and then starts for home, I running behind until I can catch up with her. I have offered her one and tenpence the hour; she remained firm. One morning I had a happy inspiration; I determined on conquering Jane by a subterfuge. I said to myself: "I am going to start for St. Bridget's Well, as usual; several yards before we reach the two roads, I shall begin pulling, not the right, but the left rein. Jane will lift her ears suddenly and say to herself: 'What! has this girl fallen in love with my birthplace at last, and does she now prefer it to St. Bridget's Well? Then she shall not have it!' Whereupon Jane will start madly down the right-hand road for the first time, I pulling steadily at the left rein to keep up appearances, and I shall at last realize my wishes."

This was my inspiration. Would you believe that it failed utterly? It should have succeeded and would with an ordinary donkey, but Jane saw through it. She obeyed my pull on the left rein, and went to Shady Dell Farm as usual.

I often wish that for one brief moment I might remove the lid of Jane's brain and examine her mental processes. She would not exasperate me so deeply if I could be cer-

tain of her springs of action. Is she old, is she rheumatic, is she lazy, is she hungry? Sometimes I think she means well, and is only ignorant and dull; but this hypothesis grows less and less tenable as I know her better. Sometimes I conclude that she does not understand me; the difference in nationality may trouble her. Yet I cannot bring myself to drive any other donkey; I am always hoping to impress myself on her imagination, and conquer her will through her fancy. Meanwhile, I like to feel myself in the grasp of a nature stronger than my own, and so I hold to Jane, and buy a photograph of St. Bridget's Well!

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

[From *A Cathedral Courtship and Penelope's English Experiences.*]
By permission of Messrs. Gay & Bird.]

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE DEATH POTION.

IN ITALY, 15—.

One drop of this, and she will not know
If she be foul or fair;
One drop, and I may bind him again
With a thread of my golden hair.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

I would that those folk across the street,
In old St. Simon's there,
Would hush their noise: for they sing so sweet
They make this rare drop seem less rare.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

It is May; my plum-trees five
Down in the court below
Look like five little chorister boys
Tiptoe to chant, so white they blow.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

And a butterfly like a violet
Flits through the sun and lights on the sill
Close to my hand. Are the bees about,
Or is it the wind comes down the hill?
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

But what have *I* to do with the May,
Or any other weather?
Or with five white plum-trees? Hate and I,
And I and Hell, be yoked together.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

(One drop is sure to kill.) When she dies,
They will put the cross on her breast,
And get the golden candlesticks out
For her head and feet, and call her blest.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

But she is a thief! Do ye hear me in Heaven?
Her soul shall *not* come in
To those white souls. She is pitch, not snow.
Saint Simon, Saint Simon, is Theft not sin?
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

For he was mine, and I was his;
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)
Though we had shame, yet had we bliss.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

I fell, but for love, love, love;
And for love, love, love, I swear!
I, for this man and my love,
Would have wiped his feet with my hair!
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

This robber came; she lay in wait;
She sprang upon him unaware;
He thinks to wed her with a ring
To-morrow in St. Simon's there.
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

One drop? *And she shall have it then*
In a sup of her lover's wine;
So—old things will come back again,
And I be his, and he be mine!
(*Hear, Lord Jesus!*)

Lizette W. Reese.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.*

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last:
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all work'd on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

* "The heroine and the incident are alike fictitious; but what a wide currency the story obtained! Martin ascertained that it was originally a little romance, written by a French governess for the use of her pupils, which found its way into the Paris papers, thence to the Jersey *Times*, thence to the London *Times* (Dec. 12, 1857), and afterwards appeared in many English and American papers, and is to this day quoted as authentic."—*The Land of the Veda*, by The Rev. W. Butler, D.D.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of wood-bine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death:
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'—
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men:
And they started, for they were there to die
Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life: and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all:—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—"That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them, noo,—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
A shrilling ceaseless sound:
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played "*Auld Lang Syne:*"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd:
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes played "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Robert Traill Spence Lowell.

AUNT HITTY'S GOSSIP.

The Supper Table.

Aunt Hitty, otherwise Mrs. Silas Tarbox, was as cheery and loquacious a person as you could find in a Sabbath day's journey. She was armed with a substantial amount of knowledge at almost every conceivable point; but if an unexpected emergency ever did arise, her imagination was equal to the strain put upon it and rose superior to the occasion. She knew every biography and every "ought-to-be-ography" in the county, and could tell you the branches of every genealogical tree in the village.

"I hope I shall relish my vittles to-night," said Aunt Hitty, as she poured her tea into her saucer, and set the cup in her little blue "cup-plate;" "but I've had the neuralgy so in my face that it 's be'n more 'n ten days sence I 've be'n able to carry a knife to my mouth. . . . Your meat vittles is always so tasty, Miss Cummins. I was sayin' to Mis' Sawyer last week I think she lets her beef hang too long. It's dretful tender, but I don't b'lieve it's hullsome. For my part, as I've many a time said to Si, I

like meat with some chaw to it. . . . . Mis' Sawyer don't put half enough vittles on her table. She thinks it scares folks; it don't me a mite,—it makes me 's hungry as a wolf. When I set a table for comp'ny I pile on a hull lot, 'n' I find it kind o' discourages 'em. . . . . Mis' Southwick's hevin' a reg'lar brash o' house-cleanin'. She's too p'ison neat for any earthly use, that woman is. She's fixed clam-shell borders roun' all her garding beds, an' got enough left for a pile in one corner, where she's goin' to set her oleander kag. Then she's bought a haircloth chair and got a new three-ply carpet in her parlor, 'n' put the old one in the spare-room 'n' the back entry. Her daughter 's down here from New Haven. She's married into one of the first families o' Connecticut, Lobelia has, 'n' she puts on a good many airs. She's rigged out her mother's parlor with lace curtains 'n' one thing 'n' 'other, 'n' wants it called the drawin'-room. Did ye ever hear tell such foolishness? 'Drawin'-room!' s' I to Si; 'what's it goin' to draw? Nothin' but flies, I guess likely!' . . . Mis' Pennell's got a new girl to help round the house,—one o' them pindlin' light-complected Smith girls, from the Swamp,—look 's if they was nussed on bonny-clabber. She's so hombly I sh'd think 't would make her back ache to carry her head round. She ain't very smart, neither. Her mother sent word she'd pick up 'n' do better when she got her growth. That made Mis' Pennell hoppin' mad. She said she did n't cal'late to pay a girl three shillin's a week for growin'. Mis' Pennell 's be'n feelin' consid'able slim, or she would n't 'a' hired help; it's just like pullin' teeth for Deacon Pennell to pay out money for anything like that. He watches every mouthful the girl puts into her mouth, 'n' it's made him 'bout down sick to see her fleshin' up on his vittles. . . . . They say he has her put the mornin' coffee-groun's to dry on the winder-sill, 'n' then has 'em scalt over for dinner; but, there! I don' know 's there's

a mite o' truth in it, so I won't repeat it. They went to him to git a subscription for the new hearse the other day. Land sakes! we need one bad enough. I thought for sure, at the last funeral we had, that they 'd never git Mis' Strout to the graveyard safe and sound. I kep' a-thinkin' all the way how she 'd 'a' took on, if she 'd be'n alive. She was the most timersome woman 't ever was. She was a Thomson, 'n' all the Thomsons was scairt at their own shadders. Ivory Strout rid right behind the hearse, 'n' he says his heart was in his mouth durin' the hull time for fear 't would break down. He didn't git much comfort out the occasion, I guess! Wa'n't he mad he hed to ride in the same buggy with his mother-in-law! The minister planned it all out, 'n' wrote down the order o' the mourners, 'n' passeled him out with old Mis' Thomson. I was stan'in' close by, 'n' I heard him say he s'posed he could go that way if he must, but 't would spile the hull blamed thing for him! . . . Well, as I was sayin', the *se*leckmen went to Deacon Pennell to get a contribution towards buyin' the new hearse; an' do you know, he would n't give 'em a dollar? He told 'em he gave five dollars towards the other one, twenty years ago, 'n' had n't never got a cent's worth o' use out of it. That's Deacon Pennell all over! As Si says, if the grace o' God wa'n't given to all of us without money 'n' without price, you would n't never hev ketched Deacon Pennell experiencin' religion! It 's got to be a free gospel 't would convict him o' sin, that's certain! . . . . They say Seth Thatcher's married out in Iowy. His mother 's tickled 'most to death. She heerd he was settin' up with a girl out there, 'n' she was scairt to death for fear he 'd get served as Lemuel 'n' Cyrus was. The Thatcher boys never hed any luck gettin' married, 'n' they always took disappointments in love turrible hard. You know Cyrus set in that front winder o' Mis' Thatcher's, 'n' rocked back 'n' forth for ten year, till he wore out five

cane-bottomed cheers, 'n' then rocked clean through, down cellar, all on account o' Crany Ann Sweat. Well, I hope she got her comeuppance in another world,—she never did in this; she married well 'n' lived in Boston. . . . Mis' Thatcher hopes Seth 'll come home to live. She's dretful lonesome in that big house, all alone. She 'd oughter have somebody for a company-keeper. She can't see nothin' but trees 'n' cows from her winders. . . . Beats all, the places they used to put houses. . . . Either they 'd get 'em right under foot so 't you 'd most tread on 'em when you walked along the road, or else they 'd set 'em clean back in a lane, where the women folks could n't see face o' clay week in 'n' week out. . . .

"Joel Whitten's widder 's just drawed his pension along o' his bein' in the war o' 1812. . . . It 's took 'em all these years to fix it. . . . Massy sakes! don't some folks have their luck buttered in this world? . . . She was his fourth wife, 'n' she never lived with him but thirteen days 'fore he up 'n' died. . . . It doos seem 's if the guv'ment might look after things a little mite closer. . . . Talk about Joel Whitten's bein' in the war o' 1812! Everybody knows Joel Whitten would n't have fit a skeeter! He never got any further 'n Scratch Corner, any way, 'n' there he clim a tree or hid behind a hencoop somewheres till the regiment got out o' sight. . . . Yes: one, two, three, four,—Huldy was his fourth wife. His first was a Hogg, from Hoggses Mills. The second was Dorcas Doolittle, aunt to Jabe Slocum; she did n't know enough to make soap, Dorcas did n't. . . . Then there was Delia Weeks, from the lower corner. . . . She did n't live long. . . . There was somethin' wrong with Delia. . . . She was one o' the thin-blooded, white-livered kind. . . . You could n't get her warm, no matter how hard you tried. . . . She 'd set over a roarin' fire in the cook-stove even in the prickliest o' the dog days. . . . The mill-folks used to say the Whittens

burnt more cut-roun's 'n' stickens 'n any three fam'lies in the village. . . . Well, after Delia died, then come Huldy's turn, 'n' it 's she, after all, that's drawed the pension. . . . Huldy took Joel's death consid'able hard, but I guess she 'll perk up, now she 's come int' this money. . . . She's awful leaky-minded, Huldy is, but she's got tender feelin's. . . . One day she happened in at noon-time, 'n' set down to the table with Si 'n' I. . . . All of a suddent she bust right out cryin' when Si was offerin' her a piece o' tripe, 'n' then it come out that she could n't never bear the sight o' tripe, it reminded her so of Joel! It seems tripe was a favorite dish o' Joel's. All his wives cooked it firstrate. . . . Jabe Slocum seems to set consid'able store by them children, don't he? . . . I guess he'll never ketch up with his work, now he's got them hangin' to his heels. . . . He doos beat all for slowness! Slocum 's a good name for him, that's certain. An' 's if that wa'n't enough, his mother was a Stillwell, 'n' her mother was a Doolittle! . . . The Doolittles was the slowest fam'ly in Lincoln County. (Thank you, I 'm well helped, Samanthy.) Old Cyrus Doolittle was slower 'n a toad funeral. He was a carpenter by trade, 'n' he was twenty-five years buildin' his house; 'n' it warn't no great, either. . . . The stagin' was up ten or fifteen years, 'n' he shingled it four or five times before he got roun', for one patch o' shingles used to wear out 'fore he got the next patch on. He 'n' Mis' Doolittle lived in two rooms in the L. There was elegant banisters, but no stairs to 'em, 'n' no entry floors. There was a tip-top cellar, but there wa'n't no way o' gittin' down to it, 'n' there wa'n't no conductors to the cisterns. There was only one door panel painted in the parlor. Land sakes! the neighbours used to happen in 'bout every week for years 'n' years, hopin' he'd get another one finished up, but he never did,—not to my knowledge. . . . Why, it's the gospel truth that when Mis' Doolittle died he had to have her embalmed, so 't he could git the front door hung for the

fun'ral! (No more tea, I thank you; my cup ain't out.) . . . Speakin' o' slow folks, Elder Banks tells an awful good story 'bout Jabe Slocum. . . . There 's another man down to Edgewood, Aaron Peek by name, that 's 'bout as lazy as Jabe. An' one day, when the loafers roun' the store was talkin' 'bout 'em, all of a suddent they see the two of 'em startin' to come down Marm Berry's hill, right in plain sight of the store. . . . Well, one o' the Edgewood boys bate one o' the Pleasant River boys that they could tell which one of 'em was the laziest by the way they came down that hill. . . . So they all watched, 'n' bime by, when Jabe was most down to the bottom of the hill, they was struck all of a heap to see him break into a kind of a jog trot 'n' run down the balance o' the way. Well, then, they fell to quarrelin'; for o' course the Pleasant River folks said Aaron Peek was the laziest, 'n' the Edgewood boys declared he hed n't got no such record for laziness 's Jabe Slocum hed; an' when they was explainin' of it, one way 'n' 'nother, Elder Banks come along, 'n' they asked him to be the judge. When he heerd tell how 't was, he said he agreed with the Edgewood folks that Jabe was lazier 'n Aaron. 'Well, I snum, I don't see how you make that out,' says the Pleasant River boys; 'for Aaron walked down, 'n' Jabe run a piece o' the way.' 'If Jabe Slocum run,' says the elder, as impressive as if he was preachin',— 'if Jabe Slocum ever run, then 't was because he was *too doggoned lazy to hold back!*' an' that settled it! . . . (No, I could n't eat another mossel, Miss Cummins; I've made out a splendid supper.) . . . You can't git such pie 'n' doughnuts anywhere else in the village, 'n' what I say I mean. . . . Do you make your riz doughnuts with emptin's? I want to know! Si says there 's more faculty in cookin' flour food than there is in meat-victuals, 'n' I guess he's 'bout right."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

[From *Timothy's Quest.* By permission of Messrs. Gay and Bird.]

MY SHIPS.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown
For if the others all went down
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honors, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm! O winds blow free—
Blow all my ships safe home to me.
But if thou sendest some a-wrack
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all, that skim the sea,
But bring my love ship home to me.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[From *Maurine*. (W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.) By permission of the Authoress.]

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried with impulse strong,—
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing,
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;

And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart
of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of
wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbour of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of
mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the
caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump," she loved me—that old sweet-
heart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand.
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to:

When we should live together in a cozy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,

Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine:

When I should be her lover for ever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

* * * * *

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

James Whitcomb Riley.

[From *Sweet-Knot and Calamus.* The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.]

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume—
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me;
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!)—

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
  And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
  In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there, and he raised my head—
  While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside a little way,
  I might surely then have passed him;
For he knew I never could wish to stay,
And should not have heard what he had to say
  Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
  And the searching night-wind found us:
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh! the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
  That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
  And the sky with stars was filling:
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
  And he made me hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh! the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure the wind—precious rover—
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
And that no being will ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover,
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Horace Greeley.

A WALKING TOUR.

We were satisfied that we could walk to Oppenau in one day, now that we were in practice, so we set out next morning after breakfast determined to do it.

Now the true charm of pedestrianism does not lie in the walking, or in the scenery, but in the talking. And what a motley variety of subjects a couple of people will casually rake over in the course of a day's tramp! We discussed everything we knew, during the first fifteen or twenty minutes, that morning, and then branched out into the glad, free boundless realm of the things we were not certain about.

Harris said that if the best writer in the world once got the slovenly habit of doubling up his 'have's' he could never get rid of it while he lived. That is to say, if a man gets the habit of saying, 'I should have liked to have known more about it,' instead of saying simply and sen-

sibly, 'I should have liked to know more about it,' that man's disease is incurable. Harris said that this sort of lapse is to be found in every copy of every newspaper that has ever been printed in English, and in almost all of our books. He said he had observed it in Kirkham's grammar and in Macaulay. Harris believed that milk-teeth are commoner in men's mouths than those 'doubled-up have's.'*

That changed the subject to dentistry. I said I believed the average man dreaded tooth-pulling more than amputation, and that he would yell quicker under the former operation than he would under the latter. The philosopher Harris said that the average man would not yell in either case if he had an audience. Then he continued:

'When our brigade first went into camp on the Potomac we used to be brought up standing, occasionally, by an ear-splitting howl of anguish. That meant that a soldier was getting a tooth pulled in a tent. But the surgeons soon changed that; they instituted open-air dentistry. There never was a howl afterwards—that is, from the man who was having the tooth pulled. At the daily dental hour there would always be about 500 soldiers gathered together in the neighbourhood of that dental chair waiting to see the performance—and help; and the moment the surgeon took a grip on the candidate's tooth, and began to lift, every one of those 500 rascals would clap his hand to his jaw and begin to hop around on one leg and howl with all the lungs he had! It was enough to raise your hair to hear that variegated and enormous unanimous caterwaul burst out! With so big and so derisive an audience as that, a sufferer wouldn't emit a sound though you pulled

* I do not know that there have not been moments in the course of the present session when I should have been very glad to have accepted the proposal of my noble friend, and to have exchanged parts in some of our evenings of work.—[From a speech of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, August, 1879.]

his head off. The surgeons said that pretty often a patient was compelled to laugh, in the midst of his pangs, but that they had never caught one crying out, after the open-air exhibition was instituted.'

Dental surgeons suggested doctors, doctors suggested death, death suggested skeletons—and so, by a logical process, the conversation melted out of one of these subjects and into the next, until the topic of skeletons raised up Nicodemus Dodge out of the deep grave in my memory where he had lain buried and forgotten for twenty-five years. When I was a boy in a printing office in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, two-headed, jeans-clad, countrified cub of about sixteen lounged in one day, and without removing his hands from the depths of his trousers pockets, or taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat, whose broken brim hung limp and ragged about his eyes and ears like a bug-eaten cabbage leaf, stared indifferently around, then leaned his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low and said with composure—

'Whar's the boss?'

'I am the boss,' said the editor, following this curious bit of architecture wonderingly along up to its clock-face with his eye.

'Don't want anybody fur to learn the business, 't aint likely?'

'Well, I don't know. Would you like to learn it?'

'Pap's so po' he cain't run me no mo', so want to git a show somers if I kin, 'tain't no diffunce what—I'm strong and hearty, and I don't turn my back on no kind of work, hard nur soft.'

'Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?'

'Well, I don't re'ly k'yer a durn what I *do* learn, so's I

git a chance fur to make my way. I'd jist as soon learn print'n 's anything.'

'Can you read?'

'Yes—middlin'.'

'Write?'

'Well, I've seed people could lay over me thar.'

'Cipher?'

'Not good enough to keep store, I don't reckon, but up as fur as twelve-times-twelve I ain't no slouch. 'Tother side of that is what gits me.'

'Where is your home?'

'I'm f'm old Shelby.'

'What's your father's religious denomination?'

'Him? O, he's a blacksmith.'

'No, no—I don't mean his trade. What's his *religious* denomination?'

'*O*—I didn't understand you befo'. He's a Freemason.'

'No—no, you don't get my meaning yet. What I mean is, does he belong to any *church?*'

'*Now* you're talkin'! Couldn't make out what you was a tryin' to get through yo' head no way. B'long to a *church!* Why, boss, he's ben the pizenest kind of a Free-will Babtis' for forty year. They ain't no pizener ones 'n' what *he* is. Mighty good man, pap is. Everybody says that. If they said any diffrunt they wouldn't say it whar *I* wuz—not *much* they wouldn't.'

'What is your own religion?'

'Well, boss, you've kind o' got me thar—and yit you hain't got me so mighty much, nuther. I think 't if a feller he'ps another feller when he's in trouble, and don't cuss, and don't do no mean things, nur noth'n' he ain't no business to do, and don't spell the Savior's name with a little g, he ain't runnin' no resks—he's about as saift as if he b'longed to a church.'

'But suppose he did spell it with a little g—what then?'

'Well, if he done it a-purpose, I reckon he wouldn't stand no chance—he *oughtn't* to have no chance, anyway, I'm most rotten certain 'bout that.'

'What is your name?'

'Nicodemus Dodge.'

'I think maybe you'll do, Nicodemus. We'll give you a trial, anyway.'

'All right.'

'When would you like to begin?'

'Now.'

So within ten minutes after we had first glimpsed this nondescript he was one of us, and with his coat off and hard at it.

Beyond that end of our establishment which was furthest from the street was a deserted garden, pathless, and thickly grown with the bloomy and villanous 'jimpson' weed and its common friend the stately sunflower. In the midst of this mournful spot was a decayed and aged little 'frame' house, with but one room, one window, and no ceiling—it had been a smoke-house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghostly den as a bedchamber.

The village smarties recognised a treasure in Nicodemus, right away—a butt to play jokes on. It was easy to see that he was inconceivably green and confiding. George Jones had the glory of perpetrating the first joke on him; he gave him a cigar with a fire-cracker in it and winked to the crowd to come; the thing exploded presently and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus's eyebrows and eyelashes. He simply said—

'I consider them kind of seeg'yars dangersome'—and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening Nicodemus waylaid George and poured a bucket of ice-water over him.

One day, while Nicodemus was in swimming, Tom

McElroy 'tied' his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's, by way of retaliation.

A third joke was played upon Nicodemus, a day or two later—he walked up the middle aisle of the village church, Sunday night, with a staring handbill pinned between his shoulders. The joker spent the remainder of the night, after church, in the cellar of a deserted house, and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if any noise was made some rough treatment would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of soft mud.

But I wander from my point. It was the subject of skeletons that brought this boy back to my recollection. Before a very long time had elapsed, the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton from 'old Shelby.' Experimenters grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue. There was delight and applause when he proposed to scare Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity, Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard—a grisly piece of property which he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction, for fifty dollars, under great competition, when Jimmy lay very sick in the tan-yard a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whisky, and had considerably hurried up the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus's bed!

This was done—about half-past ten in the evening. About Nicodemus's usual bedtime—midnight—the village jokers came creeping stealthily through the jimpson weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den. They reached the window and peeped in. There sat the long-legged

pauper, on his bed, in a very short shirt, and nothing more; he was dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of 'Camptown Races' out of a paper-overlaid comb which he was pressing against his mouth; by him lay a new jewsharp, a new top, a solid india-rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of 'store' candy and a well-gnawed slab of gingerbread as big and as thick as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skeleton to a travelling quack for three dollars and was enjoying the result!

On we walked, and we accomplished our undertaking. At half-past eight in the evening we stepped into Oppenau, just eleven hours and a half out from Allerheiligen—146 miles.

S. L. Clemens, "*Mark Twain.*"

MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry W. Longfellow.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

Mine cracious! mine cracious! shust look here and see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can be!
Der beoples all dink dot no prains I haf got!
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine;
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I tells you vas queer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off peer;
Mit a barefooted head, und nose but a schpeck;
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck;
Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
To gif sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise.
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English too;
Says "Mama" and "Papa," und sometimes "Ah, goo!"
You don'd find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas quite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor ofer, und draws dings aboudt,
Und poots eferyding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gives mine Katrina von derrible sckare.
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vos someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell,
To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
While der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes;
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oup at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas going to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den:
Dey vill vear a vhite short-vront inshtead of a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oup at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell, vell, ven I'm feeble, und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine!

Charles F. Adams.

THE LITTLE COAT.

HERE's his ragged "roundabout" . . .
Turn the pockets inside out:
See; his pen-knife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple-juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string,
Is his deadly "devil-sling,"
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets, and a box of caps,—
Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness—
E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible-verses said—
Such as this his mem'ry kept—
"Jesus wept."

Here's a fishing hook-and-line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle-worms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here—a soiled, yet dainty note,
That some little sweetheart wrote,
Dotting—"Vine grows round the stump,"
And—"My sweetest sugar lump!"
Wrapped in this—a padlock key
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!
And some powder in a quill
Corked up with a liver pill
And a spongy little chunk
Of "punk."

Here's the little coat—but O!
Where is he we've censured so!
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! come back, and never fear.—
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead:
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more—but, absent, thus
Beckon us.

James Whitcomb Riley.

[From *Rhymes of Childhood.* (The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)]

ONE OF US TWO.

The day will dawn, when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb.
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometime face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain.
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance,
Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token,
That speaks of these love-crowned, delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
Oh, God! oh, God! have pity on that one.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[From *Poems of Pleasure* (W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago). By permission of the Authoress.

A REHEARSAL.

A ROW of seats was then formed directly through the middle of the kitchen. Of course there were not quite chairs enough for ten, since the family had rarely wanted to sit down all at once, somebody always being out, or in bed, but the wood-box and the coal-hod finished out the line nicely. The children took their places according to age, Sarah Maud at the head and Larry on the coal-hod, and Mrs. Ruggles seated herself in front, surveying them proudly as she wiped the sweat of honest toil from her brow.

"Well," she exclaimed, "if I do say so as should n't, I never see a cleaner, more stylish mess o' childern in my life! I do wish Ruggles could look at ye for a minute!—Larry Ruggles, how many times have I got ter tell yer not ter keep pullin' at yer sash? Have n't I told yer if it comes ontied, yer waist 'n' skirt 'll part comp'ny in the

middle, 'n' then where 'll yer be?—Now look me in the eye, all of yer! I 've of'en told yer what kind of a family the McGrills was. I've got reason to be proud, goodness knows! Your Uncle is on the *po*lice force o' New York city; you can take up the paper most any day an' see his name printed out—James McGrill,—'n' I can't have my children fetched up common, like some folks'; when they go out they 've got to have close, and learn to act decent! Now I want ter see how yer goin' to behave when yer git to the great house to-night for the Christmas feast. Let's start in at the beginnin' 'n' act out the whole business. Pile into the bedroom, there, every last one of ye, 'n' show me how yer goin' to go int' the parlor. This 'll be the parlor, 'n' I'll be Mis' Bird."

The youngsters hustled into the next room in high glee, and Mrs. Ruggles drew herself up in the chair with an infinitely haughty and purse-proud expression that much better suited a descendant of the McGrills than modest Mrs. Bird.

The bedroom was small, and there presently ensued such a clatter that you would have thought a herd of wild cattle had broken loose. The door opened, and they straggled in, all the little ones giggling, with Sarah Maud at the head, looking as if she had been caught in the act of stealing sheep; while Larry, being last in line, seemed to think the door a sort of gate of heaven which would be shut in his face if he did n't get there in time; accordingly he struggled ahead of his elders and disgraced himself by tumbling in head foremost.

Mrs. Ruggles looked severe. "There, I knew yer 'd do it in some sech fool way! Now go in there and try it over again, every last one o' ye, 'n' if Larry can't come in on two legs he can stay ter home,—d' yer hear?"

The matter began to assume a graver aspect; the little Ruggleses stopped giggling and backed into the bedroom,

issuing presently with lock step, Indian file, a scared and hunted expression in every countenance.

"No, no, no!" cried Mrs. Ruggles, in despair. "That's worse yet; yer look for all the world like a gang o' pris'ners! There ain't no style ter that: spread out more, can't yer, 'n' act kind o' careless like—nobody 's goin' ter kill ye!" The third time brought deserved success, and the pupils took their seats in the row. "Now, yer know," said Mrs. Ruggles impressively, "there ain't enough decent hats to go round, 'n' if there was I don' know 's I'd let yer wear 'em, for the boys would never think to take 'em off when they got inside—but anyhow, there ain't enough good ones. Now, look me in the eye. You need n't wear no hats, none of yer, 'n' when yer git int' the parlor, 'n' they ask yer ter lay off yer hats, Sarah Maud must speak up 'n' say it was sech a pleasant evenin' 'n' sech a short walk that yer left yer hats to home to save trouble. Now, can yer remember?"

All the little Ruggleses shouted, "Yes, marm!" in chorus.

"What have *you* got ter do with it?" demanded their mother; "did I tell *you* to say it? Warn't I talkin' ter Sarah Maud?"

The little Ruggleses hung their diminished heads. "Yes, marm," they piped, more feebly.

"Now git up, all of ye, an' try it.—Speak up, Sarah Maud."

Sarah Maud's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Quick!"

"Ma thought—it was—sech a pleasant hat that we 'd —we 'd better leave our short walk to home," recited Sarah Maud, in an agony of mental effort.

This was too much for the boys. An earthquake of suppressed giggles swept all along the line.

"Oh, whatever shall I do with yer?" moaned the

unhappy mother; "I s'pose I 've got to learn it to yer!" —which she did, word for word, until Sarah Maud thought she could stand on her head and say it backwards.

"Now Cornelius, what are *you* goin' ter say ter make yerself good comp'ny?"

"Me? Dunno!" said Cornelius, turning pale.

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word ter pay for yer vittles, air ye? Ask Mis' Bird how she 's feelin' this evenin', or if Mr. Bird 's hevin' a busy season, or how this kind o' weather agrees with him, or somethin' like that.—Now we 'll make b'lieve we 've got ter the dinner—that won't be so hard, 'cause yer 'll have somethin' to do—it 's awful bothersome to stan' round an' act stylish.—If they have napkins, Sarah Maud down to Peory may put 'em in their laps, 'n' the rest of ye can tuck 'em in yer necks. Don't eat with yer fingers—don't grab no vittles off one 'nother's plates; don't reach out for nothin', but wait till yer asked, 'n' if you never *git* asked don't git up and grab it.—Don't spill nothin' on the tablecloth, or like 's not Mis' Bird 'll send yer away from the table—'n' I hope she will if yer do! (Susan! keep your handkerchief in your lap where Peory can borry it if she needs it, 'n' I hope she 'll know when she does need it, though I don't expect it.) Now we'll try a few things ter see how they 'll go! Mr. Clement, do you eat cramb'ry sarse?"

"Bet yer life!" cried Clem, who in the excitement of the moment had not taken in the idea exactly, and had mistaken this for an ordinary bosom-of-the-family question.

"Clement McGrill Ruggles, do you mean to tell me that you 'd say that to a dinner-party? I 'll give ye one more chance. Mr. Clement, will you take some of the cramb'ry?"

"Yes marm, thank ye kindly, if you happen ter have any handy."

"Very good, indeed! But they won't give yer two tries to-night,—yer just remember that!—Miss Peory, do you speak for white or dark meat?"

"I ain't perticler as ter color,—anything that nobody else wants, will suit me," answered Peory, with her best air.

"First-rate! nobody could speak more genteel than that. Miss Kitty, will you have hard or soft sarse with your pudden?"

"Hard or soft? Oh! A little of both, if you please, an' I 'm much obliged," said Kitty, bowing with decided ease and grace; at which all the other Ruggleses pointed the finger of shame at her, and Peter *grunted* expressively, that their meaning might not be mistaken.

"You just stop your gruntin', Peter Ruggles; that warn't greedy, that was all right. I wish I could git it inter your heads that it ain't so much what yer say, as the way you say it. Eily, you an' Larry 's too little to train, so you just look at the rest, an' do 's they do, 'n' the Lord have mercy on ye 'n' help ye to act decent!"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

[From *The Birds' Christmas Carol.* By permission of Messrs. Gay & Bird.]

THE DEAD SHIP.

A KELTIC LEGEND.

THE ship came sailing, sailing,
Into our old town—
My love combed out her golden hair;
It fell to the hem of her gown.
Oh, my heart, break!

No master and no crew was hers,
A ship of the dead was she,
And sailing, sailing, sailing—
The folk ran out to see.
Oh, my heart, break!

At first they said nor yea, nor nay;
Then some began to weep;
And some did count their little lads,
As a shepherd counts his sheep.
Oh, my heart, break!

Oh, sailing, sailing, sailing—
"Whom will it be?" said they;
"She never sails to this our town
But one doth go away."
Oh, my heart, break!

"Yea, one will go from this our town
And come back nevermore;
Whate'er His will, Lord God is good;"
Thus I at my love's door.
Oh, my heart, break!

Thereat I turned into the house
And climbed up my love's stair,
And called her softly—through the dusk
I saw her golden hair.
Oh, my heart, break!

Who went away from our old town
And came back nevermore?
It was my love; she lay there dead
Upon the chamber floor.
Oh, my heart, break!

Lizette W. Reese.

THE NORMAN BARON.

"Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image."—THIERRY: *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.
In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;
And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.
And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free"
And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.
All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.
And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

Henry W. Longfellow.

A LIFE-LESSON.

THERE! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

James Whitcomb Riley.

[From *Rhymes of Childhood*. (The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)]

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR.*

The old man entered his dwelling, leaving his comrades standing in the pouring rain, and after a few minutes the latch clicked, the door slowly opened, and a voice said, "Come in out o' the wet."

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor of his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give. It was the face of a small boy that looked up at theirs,—a face that might have been pretty and even refined but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without. He had a blanket around his shoulders and had evidently just risen from his bed. "Come in," he repeated, "and don't make no noise. The Old Man's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a kitchen, from which the Old Man's voice came in deprecating accents. "Let me be," he added, querulously, to Dick Bullen, who had caught him up, blanket and all, and was affecting to toss him into the fire, "let go o' me, you old fool, d' ye hear?"

Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered Johnny to the

* Simpson's Bar, a small mountain settlement consisting of a few miners and their families, had recently fallen on bad times. Being Christmas Eve, in spite of very deplorable weather, most of the men congregate at Thompson's store for the purpose of a little diversion. With but scanty means, the usual glass had in some instances to be relinquished, and the party, including Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader at Simpson's Bar, readily accept the invitation, given to them by Joe Dimmick, known as the "Old Man," to finish the evening at his house. Deserted by his first wife, when their child, Johnny, was only three years of age, he is married for the second time to a woman of a somewhat aggressive turn. Johnny, the fragile little son, lies sick in bed, at the time our reading opens with the arrival of the party at the door of Joe Dimmick's cabin on the mountain-side.

ground, while the men, entering quietly, ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the centre of the room.

Having set the table by way of making the visitors appear welcome, Johnny stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed. He stood there a moment looking at the company, his bare feet peeping from the blanket, and nodded.

"Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick.

"Yes, I are," responded Johnny, decidedly.

"Why, wot's up, old fellow?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"I've got a fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bedclothes,—"And biles!"

A moment later and the Old Man reappeared.

"The old woman thought she'd just run over to Mrs. McFadden's for a sociable call," he explained, with jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted. "Hush," said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet: "O dad!"

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared. "His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'." He lifted the demijohn of whiskey from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, "I reckon that's enough; he don't need much. You hold

on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back; " and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whiskey. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible :—

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny :

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer's Chrismiss—ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little furder down. Wot's Chrismiss, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

"Oh, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again :

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrismiss, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrismiss and gives things to children—boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes! That's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to—thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, didn't she, jest to aggrawate me and you? Don't rub thar. . . . Why, dad!"

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct. Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on, "Don't you take on now, fur I'm gettin' all right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through.

His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins and a lean buckskin purse on the table. "Bettin' on suthin,—some little game or 'nother. They're all right," he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

"I'd like to take a hand and win some money," said Johnny, reflectively, after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of money, etc., etc.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't. And whether you strike it and I win it, it's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty cur'o's about Chrismiss,—ain't it? Why do they call it Chrismiss?"

Perhaps for some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I've heerd o' *him* before. Thar, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go asleep." To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket and, grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon on a little *pasear*. They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man?" he added with a forced laugh; "do you think I'm drunk?"

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued, as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be! I'm going in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "Good night" to his host, and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it; it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it *was* small, weak, and emaciated, he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him—asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. "Are you ready!" said Staples. "Ready," said Dick; "what's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it?—it's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon." "I reckon," returned Dick, shortly. "Whar's the mare?" "Bill and Jack's holdin'

her at the crossin'." "Let 'em hold on a minit longer," said Dick.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first hold of her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup *quick*. Ready!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rock cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

* * * * *

It was one o'clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practised all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill, and in another instant she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits.

At half-past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds,

and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flag-staff, and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *riata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

After Jovita had been handed over to the drowsy ostler, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses; but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small waterproof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. He called for his horse, sprang to the saddle, and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires, and the flag-staff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance. Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded this second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know you, you d—d thief. Let me pass or—— "

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her

bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly by his side.

Forgetting his pain, he shifted the reins to his left hand, and dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek.

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognise his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling drift-wood.

* * * * * *

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened

it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No—but, Dick?——"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whiskey *quick!*" The old man flew and returned with—an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick!"

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water; and on the third—ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully. . . . "But it's the best we could do. . . . Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man—" The Old Man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh—"tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

Bret Harte.

HERMIT'S HARROW.

The lights flared and flashed as she entered the hall,
She bowed to the almoner and seneschal,
She smiled at her dames and her pages withal,
But her eyes never turned to me.
Fair as twin lilies her hands
Holding the Queen's rosary,
And the light,
Not so bright
As her glorious hair,
Sought her head and dwelt there.
I chaunted my mad minstrelsy,
Caught from the wind as it cried to the sea:
Wild was the wind and it whitened the sea.
(*Jesus, our Saviour, have mercy on me!*)
I sang while the tempest drove in through the door,
While the hinds drained the wine-cups and shouted for more,—
And my song was of ships on a desolate shore.

* * * * * *

(*Whence is this night-wrack and where is the day?*
Stainless Maid Marie, Thy pardon I pray.)

I grasped a rich flagon
And knelt before her,
Where she sat with her maids
In an odour of myrrh.

"Drink!" I cried, "here is the end of all craving;
Here is the balm of hot rancour and raving;
Here in this bowl is life's sweetness and saving!"
(*Oh, the wind it came sighing up from the grey sea!*)
The roar of waves lashing the sands,
The shrieks of the fiend of the flood;—
And the red wine splashed over my hands

With the wetness and glare of new blood.
Then, *then* she smiled and she drank of the wine;
I played and I sang, for revenge is no crime:
Black was the poison enclosed in the bowl:
Jesu! have pity on my blacker soul.
Fair was she!

Vincent O'Sullivan.

[From *The Poems* of Vincent O'Sullivan. By permission of the Author, and of Mr. Elkin Mathews.]

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

Henry W. Longfellow.

RE-CHRISTENING THE COTTAGE.

Mrs. Bobby, my landlady, bought her place only a few months ago, for she lived in Cheltenham before Mr. Bobby died. The last incumbent had probably been of Welsh extraction, for the cottage had been named "Dan-y-Cefn." Mrs. Bobby declared, however, that she wouldn't have a heathenish name posted on her house, and expect her friends to pronounce it when she couldn't pronounce it herself. She seemed grieved when at first I could not see the absolute necessity of naming the cottage at all, telling her that in America we named only grand places. She was struck dumb with amazement at this piece of informa-

tion, and failed to conceive of the confusion that must ensue in villages where streets were scarcely named or houses numbered. I confess it had never occurred to me that our manner of doing was highly inconvenient, if not impossible, and I approached the subject of the name with more interest and more modesty.

"Well, Mrs. Bobby," I began, "it is to be Cottage; we've decided that, have we not? It is to be Cottage, not House, Lodge, Mansion, or Villa. We cannot name it after any flower that blows, because they are all taken. Have all the trees been used?"

"Thank you, miss, yes, miss, all but h'ash tree, and we 'ave no h'ash."

"Very good, we must follow another plan. Family names seem to be chosen, such as Gower House, Marston Villa, and the like. 'Bobby Cottage' is not pretty. What was your maiden name, Mrs. Bobby?"

"Buggins, thank you, miss, 'Elizabeth Buggins, Licensed to sell Poultry,' was my name and title when I met Mr. Bobby."

"I'm sorry, but 'Buggins Cottage' is still more impossible than 'Bobby Cottage.' Now here's another idea: Where were you born, Mrs. Bobby?"

"In Snitterfield, thank you, miss."

"Dear, dear! how unserviceable!"

"Thank you, miss."

"Where was Mr. Bobby born?"

"He never mentioned, miss."

(Mr. Bobby must have been inexpansive, for they were married twenty years.)

"There is always Victoria or Albert," I said tentatively, as I wiped my brushes.

"Yes, miss, but with all respect to Her Majesty, them names give me a turn when I see them on the gates, I am that sick of them."

"True. Can we call it anything that will suggest its situation? Is there a Hill Crest?"

"Yes, miss, there is 'Ill Crest, 'Ill Top, 'Ill View, 'Ill Side, 'Ill End, H'under 'Ill, 'Ill Bank, and 'Ill Terrace."

"I should think that would do for Hill."

"Thank you, miss. 'Ow would 'The 'Edge' do, miss?"

"But we have no hedge." (She shall not have anything with an *h* in it, if I can help it.)

"No, miss, but I thought I might set out a bit, if worst come to worst."

"And wait three or four years before people would know why the cottage was named? Oh, no, Mrs. Bobby."

"Thank you, miss."

"We might have something quite out of the common, like 'Providence Cottage,' down the bank. I don't know why Mrs. Jones calls it Providence Cottage, unless she thinks it's a providence that she has one at all; or because, as it's right on the edge of the hill, she thinks it's a providence that it hasn't blown off. How would you like 'Peace' or 'Rest' Cottage?"

"Begging your pardon, miss, it's neither peace nor rest I gets in it these days, with a twenty-five pound debt 'anging over me, and three children to feed and clothe."

"I fear we are not very clever, Mrs. Bobby, or we should hit upon the right thing with less trouble. I know what I will do: I will go down in the road and look at the place for a long time from the outside, and try to think what it suggests to me."

"Thank you, miss; and I'm sure I'm grateful for all the trouble you are taking with my small affairs."

Down I went, and leaned over the wicket gate, gazing at the unnamed cottage. The bricked pathway was scrubbed as clean as a penny, and the stone step and the floor of the little kitchen as well. The garden was a maze of fragrant bloom, with never a weed in sight. The

fowl cackled cheerily still, adding insult to injury, the pet sheep munched grass contentedly, and the canaries sang in their cages under the vines. Mrs. Bobby settled herself on the porch with a pan of peas in her neat gingham lap, and all at once I cried:

"'Comfort Cottage!' It is the very essence of comfort, Mrs. Bobby, even if there is not absolute peace or rest. Let me paint the sign-board for you this very day."

Mrs. Bobby was most complacent over the name. She had the greatest confidence in my judgment, and the characterization pleased her housewifely pride, so much so that she flushed with pleasure as she said that if she 'ad 'er 'ealth she thought she could keep the place looking so that the passers-by would easily h'understand the name.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

[From *A Cathedral Courtship and Penelope's English Experiences.* By permission of Messrs. Gay and Bird.]

THE LOST GALLEON.

In sixteen hundred and forty-one,
The regular yearly galleon,
Laden with odorous gums and spice,
India cottons and India rice,
And the richest silks of far Cathay,
Was due at Acapulco Bay.
Due she was, and over-due,—
Galleon, merchandise, and crew,
Creeping along through rain and shine,
Through the tropics, under the line.
The trains were waiting outside the walls,
The wives of sailors thronged the town,
The traders sat by their empty stalls,
And the Viceroy himself came down;

The bells in the tower were all a-trip,
Te Deums were on each Father's lip,
The limes were ripening in the sun
For the sick of the coming galleon.

All in vain. Weeks passed away,
And yet no galleon saw the bay:
India goods advanced in price;
The Governor missed his favourite spice;
The Señoritas mourned for sandal
And the famous cottons of Coromandel;
And some for an absent lover lost,
And one for a husband,—Donna Julia,
Wife of the captain tempest-tossed,
In circumstances so peculiar:
Even the Fathers, unawares,
Grumbled a little at their prayers;
And all along the coast that year
Votive candles were scarce and dear.

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again;
And these same truths, as far as I know,
Obtained on the coast of Mexico
More than two hundred years ago,
In sixteen hundred and fifty-one,—
Ten years after the deed was done,—
And folks had forgotten the galleon:
The divers plunged in the gulf for pearls,
White as the teeth of the Indian girls;
The traders sat by their full bazaars;
The mules with many a weary load,
And oxen, dragging their creaking cars,
Came and went on the mountain road.

Where was the galleon all this while?
Wrecked on some lonely coral isle,
Burnt by the roving sea-marauders,
Or sailing north under secret orders?
Had she found the Anian passage famed,
By lying Moldonado claimed,
And sailed through the sixty-fifth degree
Direct to the North Atlantic Sea?
Or had she found the "River of Kings,"
Of which De Fonte told such strange things?
In sixteen forty! Never a sign,
East or west or under the line,
They saw of the missing galleon;
Never a sail or plank or chip
They found of the long-lost treasure ship,
Or enough to build a tale upon.
But when she was lost, and where and how,
Are the facts we're coming to just now.

Take, if you please, the chart of that day,
Published at Madrid,—*por el Rey;*
Look for a spot in the old South Sea,
The hundred and eightieth degree
Longitude west of Madrid: there,
Under the equatorial glare,
Just where the east and west are one,
You'll find the missing galleon,—
You'll find the "San Gregorio," yet
Riding the seas, with sails all set,
Fresh as upon the very day
She sailed from Acapulco Bay.

How did she get there? What strange spell
Kept her two hundred years so well,
Free from decay and mortal taint?
What but the prayers of a patron saint!

A hundred leagues from Manilla town,
The "San Gregorio's" helm came down;
Round she went on her heel, and not
A cable's length from a galliot
That rocked on the waters just abreast
Of the galleon's course, which was west-sou-west.
Then said the galleon's commandante,
General Pedro Sobriente
(That was his rank on land and main,
A regular custom of Old Spain),
"My pilot is dead of scurvy: may
I ask the longitude, time, and day?"
The first two given and compared;
The third,—the commandante stared!
"The *first* of June? I make it second."
Said the stranger, "Then you've wrongly reckoned;
I make it *first:* as you came this way,
You should have lost, d'ye see, a day;
Lost a day, as plainly see,
On the hundred and eightieth degree."
"Lost a day?" "Yes; if not rude,
When did you make east longitude?"
"On the ninth of May,—our patron's day."
"On the ninth?—*you had no ninth of May!*
Eighth and tenth was there; but stay"—
Too late; for the galleon bore away.

Lost was the day they should have kept,
Lost unheeded and lost unwept;
Lost in a way that made search vain,
Lost in a trackless and boundless main;
Lost like the day of Job's awful curse,
In his third chapter, third and fourth verse;
Wrecked was their patron's only day,—
What would the holy Fathers say?

Said the Fray Antonio Estavan,
The galleon's chaplain,—a learned man,—
"Nothing is lost that you can regain;
And the way to look for a thing is plain,
To go where you lost it, back again.
Back with your galleon till you see
The hundred and eightieth degree.
Wait till the rolling year goes round,
And there will the missing day be found;
For you'll find—if computation's true—
That sailing *East* will give to you
Not only one ninth of May, but two,—
One for the good saint's present cheer,
And one for the day we lost last year."

Back to the spot sailed the galleon;
Where, for a twelvemonth, off and on
The hundred and eightieth degree
She rose and fell on a tropic sea.
But lo! when it came to the ninth of May,
All of a sudden becalmed she lay
One degree from that fatal spot,
Without the power to move a knot;
And of course the moment she lost her way,
Gone was her chance to save that day.

To cut a lengthening story short,
She never saved it. Made the sport
Of evil spirits and baffling wind,
She was always before or just behind,
One day too soon, or one day too late,
And the sun, meanwhile, would never wait.
She had two Eighths, as she idly lay,
Two Tenths, but never a *Ninth* of May;

And there she rides through two hundred years
Of dreary penance and anxious fears;
Yet, through the grace of the saint she served,
Captain and crew are still preserved.

By a computation that still holds good,
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,
The "San Gregorio" will cross that line
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine:
Just three hundred years to a day
From the time she lost the ninth of May.
And the folk in Acapulco town,
Over the waters looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting sun
The sails of the missing galleon,
And the royal standard of Philip Rey,
The gleaming mast and the glistening spar,
As she nears the surf of the outer bar.
A *Te Deum* sung on her crowded deck,
An odour of spice along the shore,
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck,—
And the yearly galleon sails no more
In or out of the olden bay;
For the blessed patron has found his day.

Such is the legend. Hear this truth:
  Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
  Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint:
Each lost day has its patron saint!

Bret Harte.

UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
I have said the mystic rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

[From *The Poems* of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. By permission of Messrs. Gay and Bird.]

*** The Works of American Authors, from which most of the foregoing pieces have been selected, can be obtained of Messrs. Gay & Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Additional Selections.

(BY SPECIAL DESIRE.)

A BALLAD OF HELL.*

'A LETTER from my love to-day!
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!'
She struck a happy tear away,
And broke the crimson seal.

'My love, there is no help on earth,
No help in heaven; the dead-man's bell
Must toll our wedding; our first hearth
Must be the well-paved floor of hell.'

The colour died from out her face,
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone;
She cast dread looks about the place,
Then clenched her teeth and read right on.

'I may not pass the prison door;
Here must I rot from day to day,
Unless I wed whom I abhor,
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

* The student should read this along with *A Ballad of Heaven*, *A Ballad of the Making of a Poet*, and *A Ballad of the Exodus from Houndsditch*.

'At midnight with my dagger keen,
I'll take my life; it must be so.
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen.
For weal and woe.'

She laughed although her face was wan,
She girded on her golden belt,
She took her jewelled ivory fan,
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, 'And am I mad?' she said:
She broke her fan, her belt untied;
With leather girt herself instead,
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.
She never flinched; she faced her doom:
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,
And stooping crept by hedge and tree;
Her rosebush flung a snare of scent,
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space;
She tore the sward in her distress;
The dewy grass refreshed her face;
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
Once when the moon came out and stood
To watch; the naked road she crossed,
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak;
A live thing shrieked; she made no stay!
She hurried to the trysting oak—
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast,
And drove her dagger home and fell,
And lay like one that takes her rest,
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
And near the centre took her post;
From all sides to her ears there came
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
'I am young Malespina's bride;
Has he come hither yet?'

'My poppet, welcome to your bed.'
'Is Malespina here?'
'Not he! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear!'

'You lie, he died with me to-night.'
'Not he! it was a plot.' 'You lie.'
'My dear, I never lie outright.'
'We died at midnight he and I.'

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,
Took root in hell's midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell;
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink:
She shook him off; she cried, 'Away!'
'My dear, you have gone mad, I think.'
'I was betrayed: I will not stay.'

Across the weltering deep she ran;
A stranger thing was never seen:
The damned stood silent to a man;
They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair;
And flowers sprang up about her feet;
She entered heaven; she climbed the stair;
And knelt down at the mercy seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.

John Davidson.

[From *Ballads and Songs* (John Lane). By permission of the Author.]

FLIGHT.

O MEMORY! that which I gave thee
To guard in thy garner yestreen—
Little deeming thou e'er couldst behave thee
Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost it for ever, my splendid
Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
My hair when the notion occurred:
I know that I felt myself blushing
As I thought, "How supremely absurd!
"How they'll hammer on floor and on table
"As its drollery dawns on them—how
"They will quote it"—I wish I were able
To quote it just now.

I had thought to lead up conversation
To the subject—it's easily done—
Then let off, as an airy creation
Of the moment, that masterly pun.
Let it off, with a flash like a rocket's;
In the midst of a dazzled conclave,
Where I sat, with my hands in my pockets,
The only one grave.

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,
And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws
As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles,
His mode of expressing applause:
While Jean Bottleby—queenly Miss Janet—
Drew her handkerchief hastily out,
In fits at my slyness—what can it
Have all been about?

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest
Combination of pathos and fun:
But I've got no idea—the faintest—
Of what was the actual pun.
I think it was somehow connected
With something I'd recently read—
Or heard—or perhaps recollected
On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The *Standard:*
"Double Bigamy;" "Speech of the Mayor."
And later—eh? yes! I meandered
Through some chapters of Vanity Fair.
How it fuses the grave with the festive!
Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine—
So playfully, subtly suggestive—
As that joke of mine.

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder?"
No, I don't part my hair with my brush.
Was the point of it "hair?" Now I wonder!
Stop a bit—I shall think of—hush!
There's *hare*, a wild animal—Stuff!
It was something a deal more recondite:
Of that I am certain enough;
And of nothing beyond it.

Hair—*locks!* There are probably many
Good things to be said about those.
Give me time—that's the best guess of any—
"Lock" has several meanings, one knows.
Iron locks—*iron-gray locks*—a "deadlock"—
That would set up an everyday wit:
Then of course there's the obvious "wedlock;"
But that wasn't it.

No! mine was a joke for the ages;
Full of intricate meaning and pith;
A feast for your scholars and sages—
How it would have rejoiced Sidney Smith!
'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal;
And, singling him out from the herd,
Fling wide immortality's portal—
But what was the word?

Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavour.
As the flight of a bird of the air
Is the flight of a joke—you will never
See the same one again, you may swear.
'Twas my firstborn, and O how I prized it!
My darling, my treasure, my own!
This brain and none other devised it—
And now it has flown.

C. S. Calverley.

[From *Fly Leaves* (George Bell & Sons). By permission of Mrs. Ellen Calverley.]

THE BRIDGE OF STRAUBING.*

"He said, 'I will return ere dark;'
He told me not to fear:
The dark has come, the stars are out,
But Albert is not here.

* In one of the three chapels planted round the churchyard of St. Peter's Church, outside of the walls of the town of Straubing, a tombstone is pointed out as that which covers the grave of the unfortunate Agnes Bernauer. Though the daughter of a humble citizen of Augsberg, this fair damsel by her beauty and virtue gained the heart of Albert, son of Duke Ernest of Bavaria. Albert was

Behind the open lattice, where
We twain have sat, I wait,
That I may rush to meet him, when
His hand is on the gate.
How fair the days have dawn'd for me
Since that sweet Easter-tide,
When love amidst its flowers came
And claimed me as a bride!

"O sweet half-year of cloudless skies!
O fields and happy flowers!
O sunny morns! O golden nights!
O laughter-laden hours!
A step—he comes! Alas! 'tis gone
It passes by the gate;
Some weary peasant trudging home—
Lie still, poor heart, and wait!

"How weirdly loom the poplars tall!
The passion-flowers o'erhead
Are trembling, yet I feel no wind;
And now a bloom falls dead.

privately married to her, but, unfortunately for the happiness of the youthful couple, their secret reached the ears of the Duke, who had planned for his son a more exalted match. The father, taking advantage of his son's absence, caused Agnes to be seized, condemned to death upon false accusations, and cast from the Bridge of Straubing into the Danube.

Having succeeded in freeing herself from her bonds, the poor victim, shrieking for help and mercy, endeavoured to reach the bank, and had nearly effected a landing, when a miscreant caught her by her long hair, and dragging her back into the stream, held her under water until the tragedy was completed.

The fury and despair of Albert on hearing of her shameful death were boundless. He fled, and in open rebellion joined the army of Louis the Bearded, his father's bitterest foe, and with him invaded his native land to take vengeance on the murderers of his bride.

The chronicler adds that this deadly and unnatural feud lasted for many years.

The farthest darkness seems to take
Strange shapes that cheat the eye;
The very silence throbs with sounds—
I listen, and they die.
He said, 'I will return ere dark;'
He told me not to fear.
The dark has come, the stars are out,
But Albert is not here.

"Why comes he not? I know he seeks
The Duke, his haughty sire,
Duke Ernest, stern, they say, and proud,
Of fierce and vengeful ire;
And he will tell of all our love,
How he woo'd and won his bride,
And I shall ride in cloth-of-gold,
A lady by his side;
For ere he left he kiss'd me thrice,
And press'd me to his heart—
'Sweet Agnes, till our days be done
No power shall make us part;
And by my knightly faith I swear
That thou shalt take thy stand
Before the world, my wedded wife,
The proudest in the land!'
These were his words, his last loved words—
Why is my heart not light?
Why sits a fear of coming woe
Upon my soul to-night?
The air seems stirr'd with viewless wings,
My senses creep with dread;
Is it the pulsing of my heart,
Or did I hear his tread?
He said 'I will return ere dark;'
He told me not to fear:

The dark has come, the moon is up,
But Albert is not here.

"He comes! he comes! my own! my life!
Fly, laggard love, be fleet!
But hark! What means this sound of tongues,
This noise of many feet?
Why comes he not alone to-night?"
But ere her words had died,
Three armèd men of savage mien
Rush'd in and seized the bride.
"Unhand me!—Hold! what want you here?
Can it be gold you seek?"
Amazed at such rare loveliness,
Those rough men could not speak,
But each fell back, and silent gazed
On face and ruffled brow!—
Duke Ernest, Lord of all the land,
Enters the chamber now.
"Oh, where is Albert?—speak, my Lord,—
My Albert, brave and true?"
"Peace," said the Duke, "that knight is lost
For evermore to you."
"Nay, nay, my Lord, recall your words,
Pray God it may not be!
For I am all the world to him,
And he is all to me."

She sank down in a suppliant curve,
So innocent, so sweet;
She look'd up in his frowning face,
She clung about his feet:
"You will not part us, gentle Duke,
No! no! 'twere death in life!
He is my husband, leal and true,
And I am his true wife."

Duke Ernest forth a casket drew
Which holy relics hid from view,
And said, "Know I full sure
That thou art not Lord Albert's wife;
Now swear on these for very life
He is thy paramour.
Nay, start not! frown not! thou canst make
Of me a foe or friend;
Deny this rite, this marriage-bond,
So shall mischances end;
These men will bear thee far away
Safe to a distant land,
With dainty robes, and costly gems,
And gold at thy command;
The fragrant dish, the silken couch,
The red juice of the vine,
And all that makes life full of life,
I promise shall be thine.
Upon these sacred relics swear
Thou art not wedded wife;
But dare refuse—this scroll condemns:
To-night I take thy life."

She started proudly to her feet,
She spake with flashing eye,
"That I am Albert's wedded wife
I never will deny.
Though life to me is dear and sweet,
And death a gloomy shore,
Though I love life so well," she said,
"I love my honour more."

The old knight clench'd his mailèd hand,
He stamped his foot in scorn:

"Prat'st thou of honour thus, forsooth?
Thou, a poor peasant born?
Thou art a witch; by hellish arts
Hast thou beguiled my son."
"Now, by the Holy Cross," said she,
"No witch-deed have I done;
He sought me for my own poor self,
Though high in rank was he
He woo'd and won my virgin heart,
And then he wedded me.
Yes, wedded me! in Holy Church
Was breathed the mystic vow;
And though I was a peasant born,
I am his equal now!"

A coarse curse, like an adder, hiss'd
From fierce lips parch'd and white:
"The eagle mates not with the crow;
The crow shall die to-night."
He gave a sign his creatures knew;
Obeying it full soon,
They drag her, fair as sculptured saint,
Beneath the peering moon.
Along the dusty road they trail
Her dark dishevell'd hair—
Would that brave Albert, sword in hand,
Could meet those ruffians there!
They reach old Straubing's fatal bridge—
Ah! deed of dire disgrace—
The sad moon hides behind a cloud
Her pale affrighted face;
The Danube roars, the deep wind wails,
The night-birds loudly scream;
One long, lorn, terror-laden cry—
They've thrown her in the stream.

The clouds clear off, and silvery beams
A halo round her throw,
Illume each stone upon the bridge,
Each broken wave below.
See! see! she breasts the angry flood,
She struggles with the tide,
She nears the bank—by all the Saints
She'll reach the further side!

Oh, haste thee! haste thee, gallant knight!
And give a helping hand;
Yea! leap into the swollen stream,
And draw her safe to land.
He grasps her flowing hair—and now—
O God! that there should be
In all the world so black a heart,
So base a wretch as he!
He holds her head *beneath* the surge—
A struggle—all is o'er—
And she, so lovely and so true,
Is still for evermore.

A great light on the waters fell,
Sweet whispers floated by,
And melting strains of far-off song
Were wafted from the sky;
And then a wreath of mist arose
From the spot where Agnes sank;
Duke Ernest saw it seek the stars,
Then, shuddering, left the bank.

Fair Agnes—many a bard has sung
Her beauty and her bale,
And many a fair Bavarian maid
Has wept to hear her tale;

Wept too for Albert, hapless knight,
  Who, hastening to her side,
Met on the bridge her murdered corse,
  Just rescued from the tide.
He took her cold, cold hand in his,
  And there with passionate breath
He swore, upon her silent heart,
  He would avenge her death.

* * * * *

Long years have passed in Straubing town
  By Danube's turbid wave;
They still show, near its ancient church,
  Her venerated grave.
And history tells how civil war
  Raged like a roaring flood;
How son 'gainst sire waged deadly strife,
  And dyed the land with blood;
And how the old Duke mourn'd his heir,
  As the ghastly years went by,
While in his lurid soul was nursed
  The worm that would not die.

W. Wilsey Martin.

[From *By Solent and Danube.* By permission of the Author.]

MR. SILAS WEGG.*

One morning, Silas Wegg, while tending his stall at the corner of the street, saw a broad, round-shouldered, one-

* Silas Wegg, a ballad-monger and stall-keeper, took his stand at the corner of a street near Cavendish Square. The author thus describes him: "He was a knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved

sided old fellow in mourning, coming comically ambling towards him, dressed in a pea overcoat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself, he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager, childishly-inquiring grey eyes, under his ragged eyebrows, and broad-brimmed hat. A very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

"Here you are again," mused Mr. Wegg. "And what are you now? Are you in the Funns, or where are you? Have you lately come to settle in this neighbourhood, or do you own to another neighbourhood? Are you in independent circumstances, or is it wasting the motions of a bow on you? Come! I'll speculate! I'll invest a bow in you."

The salute was acknowledged with:

"Morning, sir! Morning! Morning!"

out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle. When he laughed, certain jerks occurred in it, and the rattle sprung. Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer, that he might be expected—if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months." Nicodemus Boffin, called sometimes *Noddy* and sometimes *The Golden Dustman*, is a confidential servant of Mr. Harmon the elder, at whose death, under circumstances explained in the story, he succeeds to a large fortune of £100,000. Boffin is a man of simple but honest character, always guided by a sense of duty to do what he thought was right. Being, however, a quite uneducated and unpolished man, he is attracted by Wegg's supposed learning and induced to turn his casual meeting with him into a friendship. Wegg proves in the end to be a thorough-going scamp. Not content with the kindness he receives from his patron, he pries into Boffin's affairs and attempts to use the information thus obtained to enrich himself at Boffin's expense. Being checkmated at all points the avaricious rascal returns crestfallen to his old occupation of a stall-keeper at the corner of a windy street. Our reading opens with the first meeting between Wegg and Boffin, which takes place soon after the latter comes into possession of his newly acquired wealth.

("Calls me Sir!" said Mr. Wegg to himself. "*He* won't answer. A bow gone!")

"Morning, morning, morning!"

"Appears to be rather a 'arty old cock, too," said Mr. Wegg, as before. "Good-morning to *you*, sir."

"Do you remember me, then?" asked his new acquaintance, stopping in his amble, one-sided, before the stall, and speaking in a pouncing way, though with great good-humour.

"I have noticed you go past here, sir, several times in the course of the last week or so."

"How did you get your wooden leg?"

Mr. Wegg replied (tartly to this personal inquiry), "In an accident."

"Do you like it?"

"Well! I haven't got to keep it warm," Mr. Wegg made answer, in a sort of desperation occasioned by the singularity of the question.

"He hasn't," repeated the other to his knotted stick, as he gave it a hug: "he hasn't got—ha!—ha!—to keep it warm! Did you ever hear of the name of Boffin?"

"No," said Mr. Wegg, who was growing restive under this examination. "I never did hear of the name of Boffin."

"Do you like it?"

"Why no," retorted Mr. Wegg, again approaching desperation; "I can't say I do."

"Why don't you like it?"

"I don't know why I don't," retorted Mr. Wegg, approaching frenzy, "but I don't at all."

"Now, I'll tell you something that'll make you sorry for that," said the stranger smiling. "My name's Boffin."

"I can't help it!" returned Mr. Wegg. Implying in his manner the offensive addition, "and if I could I wouldn't."

"But there's another chance for you," said Mr. Boffin, smiling still. "Do you like the name of Nicodemus? Think it over. Nick, or Noddy."

"It is not, sir," Mr. Wegg rejoined, as he sat down on his stool, with an air of gentle resignation, combined with melancholy candour; "it is not a name as I could wish any one that I had a respect for, to call *me* by; but there may be persons that would not view it with the same objections.—I don't know why," Mr. Wegg added, anticipating another question.

"Noddy Boffin," said that gentleman. "Noddy. That's my name. Noddy—or Nick—Boffin. What's your name?"

"Silas Wegg.—I don't," said Mr. Wegg, bestirring himself to take the same precaution as before, "I don't know why Silas, and I don't know why Wegg."

"Now, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, hugging his stick closer, "I want to make a sort of offer to you. I thought to myself, 'Here's a man with a wooden leg—a literary man with——'"

"N—not exactly so, sir," said Mr. Wegg.

"Why, you know every one of these songs by name and by tune, and if you want to read or to sing any one on 'em off straight, you've only to whip on your spectacles and do it!" cried Mr. Boffin. "I see you at it!"

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Wegg, with a conscious inclination of the head; "we'll say literary, then."

"'A literary man—*with* a wooden leg—and all Print is open to him!' That's what I thought to myself, that morning," pursued Mr. Boffin, leaning forward to describe, uncramped by the clothes-horse, as large an arc as his right arm could make; "'all Print is open to him!' And it is, ain't it?"

"Why, truly, sir," Mr. Wegg admitted with modesty; "I believe you couldn't show me the piece of English print, that I wouldn't be equal to collaring and throwing."

"On the spot?" said Mr. Boffin.

"On the spot."

"I know'd it! Then consider this. Here am I, a man without a wooden leg, and yet all print is shut to me."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Wegg returned with increasing self-complacency. "Education neglected?"

"Neg—lected!" repeated Boffin, with emphasis. "That ain't no word for it. I don't mean to say but what if you showed me a B, I could so far give you change for it, as to answer Boffin."

"Come, come, sir," said Mr. Wegg, throwing in a little encouragement, "that's something, too."

"It's something," answered Mr. Boffin, "but I'll take my oath it ain't much."

"Perhaps it's not as much as could be wished by an inquiring mind, sir," Mr. Wegg admitted.

"Now, look here. I'm retired from business. Me and Mrs. Boffin—Henerietty Boffin—which her father's name was Henery, and her mother's name was Hetty, and so you get it—we live on a compittance, under the will of a diseased governor."

"Gentleman dead, sir?"

"Man alive, don't I tell you? A diseased governor? Now, it's too late for me to begin shovelling and sifting at alphabeds and grammar-books. I'm getting to be a old bird, and I want to take it easy. But I want some reading—some fine bold reading, some splendid book in a gorging Lord-Mayor's-Show of wollumes" (probably meaning gorgeous, but misled by association of ideas); "as'll reach right down your pint of view, and take time to go by you. How can I get that reading, Wegg? By," tapping him on the breast with the head of his thick stick, "paying a man truly qualified to do it, so much an hour (say twopence) to come and do it."

"Hem! Flattered, sir, I am sure," said Wegg,

beginning to regard himself in quite a new light. "Hem! This is the offer you mentioned, sir?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I am considering of it, Mr. Boffin."

"Half a crown," said Wegg, meditating. "Yes. (It ain't much, sir.) Half a crown."

"Per week, you know."

"Per week. Yes. As to the amount of strain upon the intellect now. Was you thinking at all of poetry?" Mr. Wegg inquired musing.

"Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked.

"It would come dearer," Mr. Wegg returned. "For when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on the mind."

"To tell you the truth, Wegg," said Boffin, "I wasn't thinking of poetry, except in so far as this:—If you was to happen now and then to feel yourself in the mind to tip me and Mrs. Boffin one of your ballads, why then we should drop into poetry."

"I follow you, sir," said Wegg. "But not being a regular musical professional, I should be loath to engage myself for that; and therefore when I dropped into poetry, I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

At this, Mr. Boffin's eyes sparkled, and he shook Silas earnestly by the hand: protesting that it was more than he could have asked, and that he took it very kindly indeed.

"What do you think of the terms, Wegg?" Mr. Boffin then demanded, with unconcealed anxiety.

"Mr. Boffin, I never bargain."

"So I should have thought of you!" said Mr. Boffin, admiringly.

"No, sir. I never did 'aggle and I never will 'aggle. Consequently I meet you at once, free and fair, with—Done, for double the money!"

Mr. Boffin seemed a little unprepared for this conclusion, but assented, with the remark, "You know better what it ought to be than I do, Wegg," and again shook hands with him upon it.

"Could you begin to-night, Wegg?" he then demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wegg, careful to leave all the eagerness to him. "I see no difficulty if you wish it. You are provided with the needful implement—a book, sir?"

"Bought him at a sale," said Mr. Boffin. "Eight wollumes. Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every wollume, to keep the place where you leave off. Do you know him?"

"The book's name, sir?" inquired Silas.

"I thought you might have know'd him without it," said Mr. Boffin, slightly disappointed. "His name is Decline-and-Fall-Off-The-Rooshan-Empire." (Mr. Boffin went over these stones slowly and with much caution.)

"Ay indeed!" said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head with an air of friendly recognition.

"You know him, Wegg?"

"I haven't been not to say right slap through him, very lately," Mr. Wegg made answer, "having been otherways employed, Mr. Boffin. But know him? Old familiar declining and falling off the Rooshan? Rather, sir! Ever since I was not so high as your stick. Ever since my eldest brother left our cottage to enlist into the army. On which occasion, as the ballad that was made about it describes:

"Beside that cottage door, Mr. Boffin,
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf, Sir,
Which (my eldest brother noticed) fluttered in the breeze.
She breathed a prayer for him, Mr. Boffin;
A prayer he could not hear.
And my eldest brother lean'd upon his sword, Mr. Boffin,
And wiped away a tear."

Much impressed by this family circumstance, and also by the friendly disposition of Mr. Wegg, as exemplified in his so soon dropping into poetry, Mr. Boffin again shook hands with that ligneous sharper, and besought him to name his hour. Mr. Wegg named eight.

At night Mr. Wegg stumped towards "The Bower"—the house of his new acquaintance—and reached it at the appointed time.

Pushing the gate, which stood ajar, Wegg looked into an enclosed space where certain tall dark mounds rose high against the sky, and where the pathway to the Bower was indicated, as the moonlight showed, between two lines of broken crockery set in ashes. A white figure advancing along this path, proved to be nothing more ghostly than Mr. Boffin, easily attired for the pursuit of knowledge, in an undress garment of short white smock-frock. Having received his literary friend with great cordiality, he conducted him to the interior of the Bower and there presented him to Mrs. Boffin:—a stout lady of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, dressed (to Mr. Wegg's consternation) in a low evening dress of sable satin, and a large black velvet hat and feathers.

"Mrs. Boffin, Wegg," said Boffin, "is a highflyer at Fashion. And her make is such, that she does it credit. As to myself, I ain't yet as Fash'nable as I may come to be. Henerietty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's a going to decline and fall off the Rooshan Empire."

"And I am sure I hope it'll do you both good," said Mrs. Boffin.

"Now, Mr. Wegg, what'll you read on?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Wegg, as if there were nothing new in his reading at all. "I generally do it on gin and water."

"Keeps the organ moist, does it, Wegg?" asked Mr. Boffin with innocent eagerness.

"N-no, sir," replied Wegg, coolly, "I should hardly describe it so, sir. I should say, mellers it. Mellers it, is the word I should employ, Mr. Boffin."

"Sorry to deprive you of a pipe, Wegg," he said, filling his own, "but you can't do both together. Oh! and another thing I forgot to name! When you come in here of an evening, and look round you, and notice anything on a shelf that happens to catch your fancy, mention it."

Wegg, who had been going to put on his spectacles, immediately laid them down with the sprightly observation:

"You read my thoughts, sir. *Do* my eyes deceive me, or is that object up there a—a pie? It can't be a pie."

"Yes, it's a pie, Wegg," replied Mr. Boffin, with a glance of some little discomfiture at the Decline and Fall.

"*Have* I lost my smell for fruits, or is it a apple pie, sir?" asked Wegg.

"It's a veal and ham pie," said Mr. Boffin.

"Is it, indeed, sir? And it would be hard, sir, to name the pie that is a better pie than a weal and hammer," said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head emotionally.

"Have some, Wegg?"

"Thank you, Mr. Boffin, I think I will, at your invitation. I wouldn't at any other party's, at the present juncture; but at yours, sir!—And meaty jelly too, especially when a little salt, which is the case where there's ham, is mellering to the organ, is very mellering to the organ." Mr. Wegg did not say what organ, but spoke with a cheerful generality.

So the pie was brought down, and the worthy Mr. Boffin exercised his patience until Wegg, in the exercise of his knife and fork, had finished the dish.

And now, Mr. Wegg at length pushed away his plate and put on his spectacles, and Mr. Boffin lighted his pipe and looked with beaming eyes into the opening world

before him, and Mrs. Boffin reclined in a fashionable manner on her sofa: as one who would be part of the audience if she found she could, and would go to sleep if she found she couldn't.

"Hem!" began Wegg. "This, Mr. Boffin and Lady, is the first chapter of the first wollume of the Decline and Fall off——" here he looked hard at the book and stopped.

"What's the matter, Wegg?"

"Why, it comes into my mind, do you know, sir," said Wegg with an air of insinuating frankness (having first again looked hard at the book), "that you made a little mistake this morning, which I had meant to set you right in, only something put it out of my head. I think you said Rooshan Empire, sir?"

"It is Rooshan; ain't it, Wegg?"

"No, sir. Roman. Roman."

"What's the difference, Wegg?"

"The difference, sir?" Mr. Wegg was faltering and in danger of breaking down, when a bright thought flashed upon him. "The difference, sir? There you place me in a difficulty, Mr. Boffin. Suffice it to observe, that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs. Boffin does not honour us with her company. In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we had better drop it."

Mr. Wegg thus came out of his disadvantage with quite a chivalrous air, and not only that, but by dint of repeating with a manly delicacy, "In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we had better drop it!" turned the disadvantage on Boffin, who felt that he had committed himself in a very painful manner.

Then, Mr. Wegg, in a dry unflinching way, entered on his task; going straight across country at everything that came before him; taking all the hard words, biographical and geographical; getting rather shaken by Hadrian, Trajan, and the Antonines; stumbling at Polybius (pro-

nounced Polly Beeious, and supposed by Mr. Boffin to be a Roman virgin, and by Mrs. Boffin to be responsible for that necessity of dropping it); heavily unseated by Titus Antoninus Pius; up again and galloping smoothly with Augustus; finally, getting over the ground well with Commodus; who, under the appellation of Commodious, was held by Mr. Boffin to have been quite unworthy of his English origin, and "not to have acted up to his name" in his government of the Roman people. With the death of this personage, Mr. Wegg terminated his first reading.

Charles Dickens.

[From *Our Mutual Friend.* By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.]

A YEAR'S SPINNING.

He listened at the porch that day
To hear the wheel go on, and on,
And then it stopped—ran back away—
While through the door he brought the sun:
But now my spinning is all done.

He sate beside me with an oath
That love ne'er ended, once begun;
I smiled—believing for us both,
What was the truth for only one:
And now my spinning is all done.

My mother cursed me that I heard
A young man's wooing as I spun.
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word,
For I have, since, a harder known!
And now my spinning is all done.

I thought—O God !—my first-born's cry
Both voices to my ear would drown :
I listened in mine agony—
It was the *silence*, made me groan !
And now my spinning is all done.

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave,
Who cursed me on her death-bed lone,
And my dead baby's—(God it save !)
Who, not to bless me, would not moan :
And now my spinning is all done.

A stone upon my heart and head,
But no name written on the stone !
Sweet neighbours ! whisper low instead :
"This sinner was a loving one—
And now her spinning is all done."

And let the door ajar remain,
In case he should pass by anon ;
And leave the wheel out very plain,
That HE, when passing in the sun,
May *see* the spinning is all done.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

[From *The Poems* of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.]

A LAKELAND STORY.

IN Grasmere's vale, whose nestling, dimpled lake
Laughs to the hills, which seem to wed the sky,
Sweet Alice dwelt—a wild flower of the brake—
That lovelier grew as Spring and Spring went by.

And Reuben loved her, a bold, honest lad,
A comely shepherd of the mountain glen,
And they had pledged their faith with young hearts glad,
And life brimmed o'er with hope and promise then.

And when the village maidens on the green
Danced as the May-day festival came round,
A fairer sight on earth was never seen
When little Alice as their queen was crowned.

And Summer hours, that are the nurse of love,
Gave place to Autumn with her yellowing trees;
And Winter capped with snow the peaks above,
And checked the babbling freshets in the leas.

Anon in Reuben's heart there stirred the strife
Of discontent that would not let him rest,
Desire for other scenes and other life
Beyond those mountain heights with snowy crest

One moonlit eve as by the stile they met,
Adown the meadow near the dimpled mere,
He told her ere next moon would rise and set,
He should have left the vale to her so dear.

She turned with suppliant tenderness to plead,
Then, like a bruised white blossom of the brake,
Fell at his feet. Love was her greatest need
Who clung to love for only love's own sake.

His heart-strings tightened with a sudden pain,
He laid the broken flower upon his breast,
And the rose mantled in her cheek again,
As on her lips one last, long kiss he pressed.

But when the snowdrop time was born again,
Alice was left alone among the hills,
While Reuben, tossed upon the bounding main,
Felt not the weary, caukering pain that kills.

Next Winter broke with raging, driving storms,
Ship after ship went down in flash and roar;
Amidst the heavy seas, like quivering forms,
The vessels writhed as if to rise no more.

No tidings came from Reuben to the vale;
His letters ceased—and Alice, pale with fear,
And tearless suffering, shuddered at the wail,
And the fierce anger of the storm-fiend near.

The old folk sitting in the ingle nook
Read of the wrecks with trembling voice and lip,
While Alice, searching every troubled look,
Guessed but too well the fate of Reuben's ship.

The months wore on—and when the Spring drew near
With loosened rills, and singing, April days,
Alice, the sweetest flower of all the year,
Was slowly fading in the woodland ways.

Upon a Cornish beach one April dawn,
With pallid face upturned, was stretched a form,
Amidst the remnants of a vessel sawn
By all the mighty tumult of the storm.

'Twas Reuben whom the fishermen descried
At early morn, as with their nets they strayed;
They bore him from the seething, treacherous tide,
And by their lowly hearth his body laid.

'Twixt life and death in that old hut he lay,
Raving of Alice and his mountain home,
While still the thunderous surf swept o'er the bay,
And gales blew strong, and waves were white with foam

But when the Summer's dreamy rose-tide came,
And the red glow flushed every woodbine spray,
He sought his native vale—and half with shame—
Was life going on in just the old, home way?

What is that slow procession drawing near
The old lych wicket of the churchyard there?
Why do chill tremors and a nameless fear
Fill him with wild alarm and vague despair?

What strange, resistless impulse bids him peer
Into the crowd that weeps so bitterly?
Why do the old folk gaze on him with fear?
Where, where is Alice? Heaven! Can it be?

With one appeal, with one great agony,
He rushes forward to the flower-strewn bier,
And tears the shroud aside—O God! 'tis she!
Alice, the sweetest flower of all the year.

He calls in helpless grief, with anguished breath,
"Alice, my Alice! Speak! Speak to me now!"
No answer, but the voicelessness of death,
And all the birds are dumb upon the bough.

One mighty sob, that seemed to shake e'en death,
Went up from that exceeding misery,
And everything in Nature held its breath
That Summer noon—in hushed solemnity.

The day died out in purple on the lake,
A warm light brooded over stirless flowers.
They laid her 'mid the blossoms of the brake,
The wild-blooms she had loved in childhood's hours.

The moonlight softly lay upon the lea
That night. Beside her grave he knelt alone,
And cried to God in dire extremity,—
But when the morning came Reuben was gone.

Year after year went by—and many a queen
The lads and lasses crowned with May-day mirth,
And many a dance was danced upon the green,
In the young leafage time when hope has birth.

Full forty years went by, and naught was heard
Of Reuben, and the tale was nigh forgot,
And Spring, and Spring came round with flower and bird
And life seemed little changed in that fair spot.

But one June eve, when all the world was still,
And throstles nestled in the gorgeous gloom,
An old man, weary, travel-stained, and ill,
Came to the vale, and wandered to the tomb.

And when the morning broke o'er many a rose,
Reuben was dead. Upon her grave he lay,
The grave of Alice where the clover grows,—
And all the birds were mute again—that day.

Harriet Kendall.

[From *Synariss and other Poems* (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.)
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SILAS MARNER'S COMFORTERS.

The repulsion Marner had always created in his neighbours was partly dissipated by the new light in which this misfortune * had shown him. Instead of a man who had more cunning than honest folks could come by, and, what was worse, had not the inclination to use that cunning in a neighbourly way, it was now apparent that Silas had not cunning enough to keep his own. He was generally spoken of as a "poor mushed creatur;" and that avoidance of his neighbours, which had before been referred to his ill-will and to a probable addiction to worse company, was now considered mere craziness.

This change to a kindlier feeling was shown in various ways. The odour of Christmas cooking being on the wind, it was the season when superfluous pork and black puddings are suggestive of charity in well-to-do families; and Silas's misfortune had brought him uppermost in the memory of housekeepers like Mrs. Osgood. Mr. Crackenthorp, too, while he admonished Silas that his money had probably been taken from him because he thought too much of it and never came to church, enforced the doctrine by a present of pigs' pettitoes, well calculated to dissipate unfounded prejudices against the clerical character. Neighbours who had nothing but verbal consolation to give showed a disposition not only to greet Silas and discuss his misfortune at some length when they encountered him in the village, but also to take the trouble of calling at his cottage and getting him to repeat all the details on the very spot; and then they would try to cheer him by saying, "Well, Master Marner, you're no worse off nor other poor

* His savings had been stolen by Dunstan Cass, the Squire's second son, and the visit of Mr. Macey and that of Mrs. Winthrop take place soon after the robbery.

folks, after all; and if you was to be crippled, the parish 'ud give you a 'lowance."

I suppose one reason why we are seldom able to comfort our neighbours with our words is that our goodwill gets adulterated, in spite of ourselves, before it can pass our lips. We can send black puddings and pettitoes without giving them a flavour of our own egoism; but language is a stream that is almost sure to smack of a mingled soil. There was a fair proportion of kindness in Raveloe but it was often of a beery and bungling sort, and took the shape least allied to the complimentary and hypocritical.

Mr. Macey, for example, coming one evening expressly to let Silas know that recent events had given him the advantage of standing more favourably in the opinion of a man whose judgment was not formed lightly, opened the conversation by saying, as soon as he had seated himself and adjusted his thumbs—

"Come, Master Marner, why, you've no call to sit a-moaning. You're a deal better off to ha' lost your money, nor to ha' kep' it by foul means. I used to think, when you first come into these parts, as you were no better nor you should be; you were younger a deal than what you are now; but you were allays a staring, white-faced creatur, partly like a bald-faced calf, as I may say. But there's no knowing; it isn't every queer-looksed thing as Old Harry's had the making of—I mean speaking o' toads and such; for they're often harmless, and useful against varmin. And it's pretty much the same wi' you, as fur as I can see. Though as to the yarbs and stuffs to cure the breathing, if you brought that sort o' knowledge from distant parts, you might ha' been a bit freer of it. And if the knowledge wasn't well come by, why, you might ha' made up for it by coming to church reg'lar; for, as for the children as the Wise Woman charmed, I've

been at the christening of 'em again and again, and they took the water just as well. And that's reasonable; for if Old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it? That's my thinking; and I've been clerk o' this parish forty year, and I know, when the parson and me does the cussing of a Ash Wednesday, there's no cussing o' folks as have a mind to be cured without a doctor, let Kimble say what he will. And so, Master Marner, as I was saying—for there's windings i' things as they may carry you to the fur end o' the prayer-book afore you get back to 'em—my advice is, as you keep up your sperrits; for as for thinking you're a deep un, and ha' got more inside you nor 'ull bear daylight, I'm not o' that opinion at all, and so I tell the neighbours. For, says I, you talk o' Master Marner making out a tale—why, it's nonsense, that is: it 'ud take a 'cute man to make a tale like that; and, says I, he looked as scared as a rabbit."

During this discursive address Silas had continued motionless in his previous attitude, leaning his elbows on his knees, and pressing his hands against his head. Mr. Macey, not doubting that he had been listened to, paused in the expectation of some appreciatory reply, but Marner remained silent. He had a sense that the old man meant to be good-natured and neighbourly; but the kindness fell on him as sunshine falls on the wretched—he had no heart to taste it, and felt that it was very far off him.

"Come, Master Marner, have you got nothing to say to that?" said Mr. Macey at last, with a slight accent of impatience.

"Oh," said Marner, slowly, shaking his head between his hands, "I thank you—thank you—kindly."

"Ay, ay, to be sure; I thought you would," said Mr. Macey; "and my advice is—have you got a Sunday suit?"

"No," said Marner.

"I doubted it was so," said Mr. Macey. "Now, let me advise you to get a Sunday suit: there's Tookey, he's a poor creatur, but he's got my tailoring business, and some o' my money in it, and he shall make a suit at a low price, and give you trust, and then you can come to church, and be a bit neighbourly. Why, you've never heared me say 'Amen' since you come into these parts, and I recommend you to lose no time, for it'll be poor work when Tookey has it all to himself, for I mayn't be equil to stand i' the desk at all, come another winter." Here Mr. Macey paused, perhaps expecting some sign of emotion in his hearer; but not observing any, he went on. "And as for the money for the suit o' clothes, why, you get a matter of a pound a-week at your weaving, Master Marner, and you're a young man, eh, for all you look so mushed. Why, you couldn't ha' been five-and-twenty when you come into these parts, eh?"

Silas started a little at the change to a questioning tone, and answered mildly, "I don't know; I can't rightly say —it's a long while since."

After receiving such an answer as this, it is not surprising that Mr. Macey observed, later on in the evening at the Rainbow, that Marner's head was "all of a muddle," and that it was to be doubted if he ever knew when Sunday came round, which showed him a worse heathen than many a dog.

Another of Silas's comforters, besides Mr. Macey, came to him with a mind highly charged on the same topic. This was Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife. The inhabitants of Raveloe were not severely regular in their church-going, and perhaps there was hardly a person in the parish who would not have held that to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with Heaven, and get an undue

advantage over their neighbours—a wish to be better than the "common run," that would have implied a reflection on those who had had godfathers and godmothers as well as themselves, and had an equal right to the burying-service. At the same time, it was understood to be requisite for all who were not household servants, or young men, to take the sacrament at one of the great festivals: Squire Cass himself took it on Christmas-day; while those who were held to be "good-livers" went to church with greater, though still with moderate, frequency.

Mrs. Winthrop was one of these: she was in all respects a woman of scrupulous conscience, so eager for duties that life seemed to offer them too scantily unless she rose at half-past four, though this threw a scarcity of work over the more advanced hours of the morning, which it was a constant problem with her to remove. Yet she had not the vixenish temper which is sometimes supposed to be a necessary condition of such habits: she was a very mild, patient woman, whose nature it was to seek out all the sadder and more serious elements of life, and pasture her mind upon them. She was the person always first thought of in Raveloe when there was illness or death in a family, when leeches were to be applied, or there was a sudden disappointment in a monthly nurse. She was a "comfortable woman"—good-looking, fresh-complexioned, having her lips always slightly screwed, as if she felt herself in a sick-room with the doctor or the clergyman present. But she was never whimpering; no one had seen her shed tears; she was simply grave and inclined to shake her head and sigh, almost imperceptibly, like a funeral mourner who is not a relation. It seemed surprising that Ben Winthrop, who loved his quart-pot and his joke, got along so well with Dolly; but she took her husband's jokes and joviality as patiently as everything else, considering "that men *would* be so," and viewing the stronger

sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks.

This good wholesome woman could hardly fail to have her mind drawn strongly towards Silas Marner, now that he appeared in the light of a sufferer; and one Sunday afternoon she took her little boy Aaron with her, and went to call on Silas, carrying in her hand some small lard-cakes, flat paste-like articles much esteemed in Raveloe. Aaron, an apple-cheeked youngster of seven, with a clean starched frill which looked like a plate for the apples, needed all his adventurous curiosity to embolden him against the possibility that the big-eyed weaver might do him some bodily injury; and his dubiety was much increased when, on arriving at the Stone-pits, they heard the mysterious sound of the loom.

"Ah, it is as I thought," said Mrs. Winthrop, sadly.

They had to knock loudly before Silas heard them; but when he did come to the door he showed no impatience, as he would once have done, at a visit that had been unasked for and unexpected. Formerly, his heart had been as a locked casket with its treasure inside; but now the casket was empty, and the lock was broken. Left groping in darkness, with his prop utterly gone, Silas had inevitably a sense, though a dull and half-despairing one, that if any help came to him it must come from without; and there was a slight stirring of expectation at the sight of his fellow-men, a faint consciousness of dependence on their good-will. He opened the door wide to admit Dolly, but without otherwise returning her greeting than by moving the arm-chair a few inches as a sign that she was to sit down in it. Dolly, as soon as she was seated, removed the white cloth that covered her lard-cakes, and said in her gravest way—

"I'd a baking yisterday, Master Marner, and the lard-

cakes turned out better nor common, and I'd ha' asked you to accept some, if you'd thought well. I don't eat such things myself, for a bit o' bread's what I like from one year's end to the other; but men's stomichs are made so comical, they want a change—they do, I know, God help 'em."

Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly, and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took in his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

"There's letters pricked on 'em," said Dolly. "I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they, Aaron, my dear?"

Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

"O go, that's naughty," said his mother, mildly. "Well, whativer the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world."

"It's I. H. S.," said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peered round the chair again.

"Well, to be sure, you can read 'em off," said Dolly. "Ben's read 'em to me many and many a time, but they slip out o' my mind again; the more's the pity, for they're good letters, else they wouldn't be in the church; and so I prick 'em on all the loaves and all the cakes, though sometimes they won't hold, because o' the rising—for, as I said, if there's any good to be got, we've need of it i' this world—that we have; and I hope they'll bring good

to you, Master Marner, for it's wi' that will I brought you the cakes; and you see the letters have held better nor common."

Silas was as unable to interpret the letters as Dolly, but there was no possibility of misunderstanding the desire to give comfort that made itself heard in her quiet tones. He said, with more feeling than before, "Thank you—thank you kindly." But he laid down the cakes and seated himself absently—drearily unconscious of any distinct benefit towards which the cakes and the letters, or even Dolly's kindness, could tend for him.

"Ah, if there's good anywhere, we've need of it," repeated Dolly, who did not lightly forsake a serviceable phrase. She looked at Silas pityingly as she went on. "But you didn't hear the church-bells this morning, Master Marner? I doubt you didn't know it was Sunday. Living so lone here, you lose your count, I daresay; and then, when your loom makes a noise, you can't hear the bells, more partic'lar now the frost kills the sound."

"Yes, I did; I heard 'em," said Silas, to whom Sunday bells were a mere accident of the day, and not part of its sacredness. There had been no bells in Lantern Yard.

"Dear heart!" said Dolly, pausing before she spoke again. "But what a pity it is you should work of a Sunday, and not clean yourself—if you *didn't* go to church; for if you'd a roasting bit, it might be as you couldn't leave it, being a lone man. But there's the bakehus, if you could make up your mind to spend a twopence on the oven now and then,—not every week, in course—I shouldn't like to do that myself,—you might carry your bit o' dinner there, for it's nothing but right to have a bit o' summat hot of a Sunday, and not to make it as you can't know your dinner from Saturday. But now, upo' Christmas-day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you was

to take your dinner to the bakehus, and go to church, and see the holly and the yew, and hear the anthim, and then take the sacramen', you'd be a deal the better, and you'd know which end you stood on, and you could put your trust ' Them as knows better nor we do, seein' you'd ha' done what it lies on us all to do."

Dolly's exhortation, which was an unusually long effort of speech for her, was uttered in the soothing persuasive tone with which she would have tried to prevail on a sick man to take his medicine, or a basin of gruel for which he had no appetite. Silas had never before been closely urged on the point of his absence from church, which had only been thought of as a part of his general queerness; and he was too direct and simple to evade Dolly's appeal.

"Nay, nay," he said, "I know nothing o' church. I've never been to church."

"No!" said Dolly, in a low tone of wonderment. Then bethinking herself of Silas's advent from an unknown country, she said, "Could it ha' been as they'd no church where you was born?"

"O yes," said Silas, meditatively, sitting in his usual posture of leaning on his knees, and supporting his head. "There was churches—a many—it was a big town. But I knew nothing of 'em—I went to chapel."

Dolly was much puzzled at this new word, but she was rather afraid of going further, lest "chapel" might mean some haunt of wickedness. After a little thought, she said—

"Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good

words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we'n done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n."

Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity. He remained silent, not feeling inclined to assent to the part of Dolly's speech which he fully understood—her recommendation that he should go to church. Indeed, Silas was so unaccustomed to talk beyond the brief questions and answers necessary for the transaction of his simple business, that words did not easily come to him without the urgency of a distinct purpose.

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of goodwill by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"O, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; "why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He's wonderful hearty," she went on, with a little sigh—"that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must."

She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a "pictur of a child." But

Marner, on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

"And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think," Dolly went on; "he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come."

Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

"O, that's naughty," said Dolly, gently. "Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done."

Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the "carril," he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer,—

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-day."

Dolly listened with a devout look, glancing at Marner in some confidence that this strain would help to allure him to church.

"That's Christmas music," she said, when Aaron had ended and had secured his piece of cake again. "There's

no other music equil to the Christmas music—'Hark the erol angils sing.' And you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place a'ready —for I wouldn't speak ill o' this world, seeing as Them put us in it as knows best—but what wi' the drink, and the quarrelling, and the bad illnesses, and the hard dying, as I've seen times and times, one's thankful to hear of a better. The boy sings pretty, don't he, Master Marner?"

"Yes," said Silas, absently, "very pretty."

The Christmas carol, with its hammer-like rhythm, had fallen on his ears as strange music, quite unlike a hymn, and could have none of the effect Dolly contemplated. But he wanted to show her that he was grateful, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake.

"O, no, thank you, Master Marner," said Dolly, holding down Aaron's willing hands. "We must be going home now. And so I wish you good-bye, Master Marner; and if you ever feel anyways bad in your inside, as you can't fend for yourself, I'll come and clean up for you, and get you a bit o' victual, and willing. But I beg and pray of you to leave off weaving of a Sunday, for it's bad for soul and body—and the money as comes i' that way 'ull be a bad bed to lie down on at the last, if it doesn't fly away, nobody knows where, like the white frost. And you'll excuse me being that free with you, Master Marner, for I wish you well—I do. Make your bow, Aaron."

Silas said "Good-bye, and thank you kindly," as he opened the door for Dolly, but he couldn't help feeling relieved when she was gone—relieved that he might weave again and moan at his ease. Her simple view of life and its comforts, by which she had tried to cheer him, was only like a report of unknown objects, which his imagination could not fashion. The fountains of human love and of

faith in a divine love had not yet been unlocked, and his soul was still the shrunken rivulet, with only this difference, that its little groove of sand was blocked up, and it wandered confusedly against dark obstruction.

And so, notwithstanding the honest persuasions of Mr. Macey and Dolly Winthrop, Silas spent his Christmas-day in loneliness, eating his meat in sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighbourly present.

George Eliot.

[From *Silas Marner*. By permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.]

CROSSING.

I LAY afloat, in an idle boat
(A fisher-lad held the oar),
Off a Devon strand, and watch'd the grand
Old sea run up the shore.

The Welsh coast slept, where the waters crept
Far out on the utmost rim;
Slept with its pines, in long, low lines,
Shadowy, grey, and dim.

Old Lundy lay some leagues away,
Guarding the middle sea;
A silver mist his low length kist,
Yet rugged and cold look'd he.

And there, as I lay in that slate-bound bay,
While that fisher-lad sat by me,
A butterfly came, with wings aflame,
Fluttering out to sea.

From heather and broom, like a wingèd bloom,
From fields where the charlock grew,
From cowslip cells, and hyacinth bells,
Over the foam he flew.

Does he seek a bride on that far Welsh side?
Does he dream, as he wanders o'er,
Of fairer flowers, and sunnier hours,
And love on a golden shore?

Does the wee thing own a sense unknown
To us who are Nature's kings?
Can he hear the beat of his love's fair feet,
And the pulse of her luminous wings?

"Come back," I cried, "frail butterfly,
Come back to the land, and live!
Each cup of the fields rare nectar yields,
But what hath the sea to give?"

Still on he flies—I strain mine eyes—
"O fisher-lad, raise the mast;
The wind is hale, so set thy sail,
And follow far and fast."

We follow the flight of that thing of light,
Under the blue serene,
With only the flow of the tide below,
And only the wind between.

Now over the foam, as seeking a home
In those cruel white blooms of the spray;
Now seeming to rest on a wave's curl'd crest,
And now up in the air, and away!

And ever he flew, and farther drew
From the fast-receding shore:
And ever we sped, but ever he fled
Fluttering on before.

"Turn, little one, turn where the clovers burn.
Where the speedwell waits in the lane,
To greet thee with eyes like April skies,
When April is on the wane.

"Though wondrous to thee are the fields of the sea,
Though the foam-flowers lightly blow,
Beware of their breath, there is death, chill death,
In the kiss of their tossing snow!

"Though the deeps laugh fair in the sunny air,
And the arm of the wind is strong,
Thou wilt find no rest in gulf or crest,
And the way is so long, so long!

"Stay, little one, stay!" But no backward way
Will those delicate wings pursue;
They throb through the haze, and part from my gaze,
Absorbed in the infinite blue.

And whether they pass'd to that shore at last,
That shore beyond the sea,
Or found a grave in the purple wave,
Can never be known to me.

* * * *

Far lies the goal of the human soul,
And frail are the wings for flight,
And the way is so wide, and fierce is the tide,
And over all cometh the night.

W. Wilsey Martin.

[From *By Solent and Danube*. By permission of the Author.]

THE THIN RED LINE

OF THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS AT BALACLAVA.

A SMILE lit up Sir Colin's face,
The ranks with martial ardour stirred,
Clear, resonant, the order came—
"Advance the Ninety-Third!"
The flower of Russian chivalry
Was theirs to hold in check:
The strong, brave troopers of the Czar
Who rode in neck by neck.
That thin red line of Gaelic rock,
Just tipped with rows of steel,
Answered with long and steady stride
Their own loved pipes' appeal!
"Remember, men, there's no retreat,
That where you stand, there you must die."
"Aye, aye, Sir Colin, if needs be,"
The brave men made reply.
Sans Peur they bore upon their crest,
Proven in many a fierce contest.

Onward they came, the ground beneath
With shock of cavalry resounds;
Convulsive throes of earth torn up,
With sand and stones, in air rebounds.
Sparks of fire and sparks of passion
From ringing hoofs in frenzy fly,
As the stubborn Russian soldiers
Swept the hill with flashing eye.
Wild the chargers of the Cossack,
Swift and sure the Ukraine breed;
Gathering length, and strength of motion
Steadier in increasing speed.

Those long, lean, hardy Muscovites,
Enduring, patient, strong,
One perfect wave of horsemanship
Triumphant clashed along;
As a tidal wave rolls onward
Ere the first recoiling shock
Breaks impotent in its anger
'Gainst a wall of solid rock.

Unmoved, the Highlanders stood firm,
As still as classic forms engraved;
Save that the eager breath came short,
And the feather bonnets gently waved.
The thundering hoofs came near and near,
Out rang the Minié guns!—
Too soon the line of steel went down*
From Scotia's hot, impetuous sons.
Then upward curled the bearded lips,
The Russians smiled derisive scorn—
Hold fast! hold fast! proud Muscovite,
Ere Russia's sable bear is shorn.
"They're doomed! they're doomed!" the watchers cry,
O rash and daring deed!—
Had they but formed four deep, perhaps,†
They might resist such speed.
With bated breath, and anxious eye
Fixed on the steep incline,
They saw to oppose a Russian charge
Nought but a thin red line!

Down poured the Russian cavaliers,
With loosened rein and savage frown.

* The 93rd fired a volley at 600 yards, a distance too great to check the charge.

† The Russians were met by Sir Colin Campbell in line, he disdaining to form his Highlanders, even four deep, to resist the cavalry charge.

But ere the shout of victory rose
The front rank, horse and man, went down.
Dismayed, they formed again and charged;
Out rang one volley more—
And every shot that Scotia sent
For Russia's sons a missive bore.
Again, again, they form, they charge
That line of steel they dare not pass;
As well might surging seas essay
To break the bulwarks of the Bass.
And, if a kindly Scottish heart
Was stilled, no moan betrayed,
As those pressed ranks the closer drew,
The gap his absence made.
But, ere the hard-held post was won,
Shoulder to shoulder stood
The comrades who avenged his loss
In streams of Russian blood.

Oh! many a gallant deed was done,
Proved Britain's sons for courage famed;
But foremost on the list stands out—
When Balaclava's fight is named—
The narrow ridge, the desperate charge
Where kilted heroes stood that day;
The waving plumes, the glittering steel
That held the Muscovites at bay!

Well may the flag of gold unfurl,
Well may the Lion-Rampant shine,
When Scotland celebrates the day
That saw her glorious "Thin Red Line"!

Alice C. McDonell.

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SOUL MUSIC.

I KNOW I have heard them sing, child, and I know that they spoke to me,
With my mother's arms about me, while I sat on my mother's knee ;
And she told me of love that saved us, and a Father we had on high,
And the grave that we need not fear, child, and the soul that can never die.
In the gleam of the summer lime-trees, in the glow of the summer's day,
And I heard them singing faintly then, for they seemed so far away.

Again, when I walked with the loved one ; you remembered the loved one, dear,
And the smile that is gone from among us, and the voice we no longer hear,
The voice was so tender and earnest, that joy was too deep for mirth,
And the heart was too full for speech, child, and heaven had come down on earth.
Not a drop in the cup seemed wanting, the thirst of a life to fill,
And farther and fainter the song died out—but I heard the angels still.

Then the loved one was taken from me, and I bowed my head in my hand,
For my bark was free on a silent sea, and I was alone on the strand ;
The day had gone down for me, child, the light of my life was fled,

And I longed for the sleep of an endless night, and to lay
me beside the dead.
Then I clung to the arm that smote me, with a prayer
from a bended knee,
And my heart climbed up to meet the song—and the song
floated down to me.

I have heard it so often since, child, at church on the holy
morn
When the music swells, and the praise goes up, that "to
us a Child is born."
And here in the hush of my home life, and there where
the little ones play,
And once in the tremble of twilight at the turn of the
night and the day;
Each time they sing in a sweeter strain, they call in a clearer
tone,
And I look for the Reaper to house the grain, and the
Master to claim His own.

I think it will not be long, child; they are bidding me home
at last,
To the place where the joy of the future shall be linked on
the love of the past—
Where the houseless shall seek a shelter, the lonely shall
find a friend,
Where the heart's desire shall be granted that hath
trusted and loved to the end;
Where there's fruit in the gardens of heaven from hopes
that on earth were betrayed,
Where there's rest for the soul life-wearied, that hath
striven, and suffered, and prayed.

G. J. Whyte-Melville.

[From *Songs and Verses*. By permission of Messrs. Ward & Look, Ltd.]

THE FUGITIVES.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
"On! on! away!"

The whirlwind is rushing,
The thunder is crashing,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
"On! on! away!"

The Earth seems like Ocean,
Wreck-strown and in motion:
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
"On, away!

"Our boat has but one sail,
And the helmsman turns pale,
A bold pilot, I trow!
Who should follow us now?"
Shouted he.

And she cried: "Ply the oar,
Put off quickly from shore!"
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mix'd with hail, speck'd their path,
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flash'd fast
From the lee.

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And seest thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They sing of love's pleasure
Soft and low.

While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, burning
With shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE BALLAD OF LADY ELLEN.

THE ARGUMENT.—There was a very mighty famine in the land, and the people's cry went up day by day, and many of them died. And the Lady Ellen, their Duke's daughter, sold her jewels and her rich robes, that the people might have wherewith to stay their hunger: for her father, the Ruler of the land, cared not a whit whether the folk lived or died, and would not hearken to the praying of his daughter on their behalf.

Then, when she had spent all that she had, the lady went forth into the city, in the disguise of one of mean estate: that with her own eyes she might see the plight of the people, and hear it with her own ears.

And lo! she learned how the emissaries of the Evil One were buying the souls of the folk, and how the folk were selling their souls that they might have bread for themselves and for their children.

Then the lady, knowing this dreadful thing, prayed once more to the Duke, her father, on the folk's behalf, and found his heart as hard as the nether millstone.

And so she sold her own soul to the Evil One for a mighty sum, and bought therewith food and seed-corn for the people.

So plenty drave out famine, and the emissaries of the Evil One were hounded forth, not as at that time to return.

And the soul of the Lady Ellen fared forth to hell, and lo! at the very heart of hell she found the Lord's heaven, and was laid to rest on the bosom of Mary.

"SAY, what ails you, daughter mine?
The flowers are springing fair and fine;

"Never a cloud in the sky so blue;
And the whole big world is glad but you.

"Call your page, and bid him bring
Your fair white horse, the gift of the king;

"Light as a bird that flies the air,
He'll bear you away from your brooding care."

"Nay, I prithee, father, nay;
I will not ride my horse to-day."

"Summon hither your bower-lady
With the voice as sweet as voice can be;

"And when she sings her goodly song,
Your trouble will not tarry long."

"Nay, my sire, no song for me:
I will not hear the sounds of glee.

"Aye and ever I hear them cry,
My kith-folk in their misery."

"Daughter, you cannot see the poor,
They are banned and barred from your father's door

"How should you know their wants and woes?"
"My soul hath eyes and I see with those."

"Daughter, to-night shall a feast be spread,
Where the king's son shall be banqueted;

"High on the dais shall be your seat,
As for mine only heir is meet.

"Your maids must busk you royal fair,
With a golden circlet round your hair;

"And a stately robe of cramoisie,
Set with the fine lace daintily.

"Bid your ladies bring for you
The scented glove and the broidered shoe:

"Let fiery-hearted rubies deck
Your rosed-white ears and lilied neck.

"And lest too bright your beauty shine,
Fling over all, fair daughter mine,

"A wimple of golden tissue free,
A faery mist from head to knee."

"O father, what have I to do
With scented glove and broidered shoe?

"Lovely robe and precious gem,
What have I to do with them?

"All I had I have sold to give
Wherewith to bid the people live.

"How can I flaunt in rich array,
When the people sit in rags to-day?

"How can I taste of dainty meat,
When the people have not what to eat?

"Father, father, fair to own
Are the lands your father's fathers won;

"And the castle girt with the broad deep moat,
Where a war-famed banner high doth float;

"And goodly fair, indeed, to see
Are piles of the red and the white money.

"But castle and lands and fee are naught
To the worth of the souls the Saviour bought.

"The black-winged famine, day by day,
Swoops on their lives like a bird of prey,

"And the people know they are but dead
For lack of needful flesh and bread.

"Father, take of your golden store,
And give it to the starving poor.

"I pray you in the dear Lord's name
To help the souls for whom He came."

He laughed a scornful laugh and long—
"I care not for the folk a song!

"And if you will not grace my board,
I care not, daughter, by the Lord!

"The king's son shall be my heir,
Instead of you, my daughter fair."

Lady Ellen kneeled and steept
The hard floor with the tears she wept:

But harder than the marble stone
Is the human heart to hardness grown.

"Myself will go," the lady said,
And see how they die for lack of bread.

"I who have lived at joyous ease,
Would to God I might die for these."

Low she spake to her bower-lady,
Whose heart was gentle as heart can be;

And the two went out from the castle gate,
Dight like women of low estate.

They went through the city side by side,
And saw themselves how the people died.

And they saw a thing more dread to see
Than curse of famine and drought could be:

And they heard a thing more dread to hear
Than toll of a death-bell on the ear.

Oh, the dearth was raging stark and sore
From the eastern to the western shore;

And the Duke that owned the wide country
Never a moment's care gave he:

But the Prince of Hell was 'ware, and sent
His powers to bring him great content.

They sit in a room of a hostel there,
Two swart men with raven hair.

Day by day, with keen hawk-eye,
They watch the people's misery.

Strange dark men who understand
Right well the language of the land.

Trippingly that language goes
Upon the lissom tongues of those.

Gold in heaps they are counting o'er,
And the hostess marvels at the store.

"O fair sirs, the people cry
Day by day in their misery.

"O fair sirs, but hear their prayer;
Gold enow ye have, and to spare."

"Nay, good hostess, bid them come
Each alone, to this our room.

"All that will may have, be sure,
Gold enow their ills to cure."

The poor come to the hostelry,
And enter where the strangers be;

Enter a high room carven fair;
A room that was once a king's chamber.

One by one they leave the place,
With a dreadful change on every face.

For those were the devil's emissaries,
Who dealt in souls for merchandise.

Little they gave for the worn and old,
But for the young they gave much gold.

And to all the folk that there did come
They said they would give a king's ransom

For a virgin soul of purity,
In a virgin body fair to see.

Oh, this was the thing the lady learned,
Before her footsteps home were turned.

This was the thing more dread to see
Than curse of famine or drought could be.

This was the thing more dread to hear
Than toll of a death-bell on the ear.

Back from the city the lady came,
Pierced to the heart with sorrow and shame;

Back she came in her wordless woe,
That would not suffer a tear to flow.

She went, in sackcloth garmented;
With Lenten ashes upon her head,

And came to her father's princely seat,
And knelt in her anguish at his feet.

"What mean you, maid, to put to shame
Your father's house and your father's name,

"That you come in sackcloth garmented,
With the dust of Lent upon your head?"

Tears of blood were the words she spoke,
"Father, father, save the folk!"

He looked on her in his anger grim,
As low she bowed herself to him:

And spake at last in his bitter jest,
"To sell your own white soul were best!

"Your lily-soul, bedewed with prayers,
Is worth a world of such as theirs!"

All night long the lady prayed;
"Slay me, O God, for these," she said.

For the flame at the ruby's heart that burns
Is nought to the fire in the soul that yearns

To save a soul in its jeopardy,
Or perish instead, if so may be.

And when the sun was risen again,
She went alone to the evil men.

"What will ye give me for a dole,
If I render you up my soul?"

"Oh, we will give thee what thou wilt
For the goodliest soul that ever was spilt."

They dealt her out the price she would,
And she signed her name to the bond in blood.

She gave to the poor, and loud they swore
To deal with evil men no more.

And then the lady sent a quest
To the cornlands of the far-off west;

For freighted ships of golden corn
Across the wide sea to be borne.

The corn was worth its weight in gold,
Which the western folk to the lady sold.

They said, when fourteen days were o'er,
The corn would come to the waiting shore:

Corn for bread, and corn for seed;
Corn enow for the people's need.

None should trade with the Evil One,
Till the fourteen days were past and gone,

Because of the gold that free did come
By the Lady Ellen's martyrdom.

The Lady Ellen looked afar
Out toward the land of the western star

As she sat in her chamber day by day,
Her eyes on the wide sea far away.

Until at last she saw them come,
The fair white ships of her love's ransom.

Down she fell on her bended knee,
When the sails at last her eyes could see;

"Now when they will, they e'en may take
My soul that's lost for my people's sake."

She bad that none should come to her;
And she drew the bolts of her high chamber;

And no one knew, save God alone,
What anguish and woe to her were known,

Till her body no more could bear the stress
Of her soul's exceeding bitterness.

But never she swerved from the path of love
To the heart of Hell and the fires thereof.

Into the harbour the vessels rode,
Laden each with a costly load.

And the black-winged famine flew away
For the food and the seed that came that day.

They hounded forth the evil men,
Never to come to the land again.

And strength came back once more to the weak,
And the parched mouths for joy could speak.

They went in throngs to praise and pray
At the place where Lady Ellen lay.

But Lady Ellen, who loved them so,
Was gone from the sound of their weal or woe.

They burst the bolts of her chamber-door,
And found her stark-dead on the floor.

The body that erst was fair to see
Was the writhen spoil of her agony:

And dark on the face the woe was sealed
Of the death unhouselled, unannealed.

The soul so pure and charitable
Fared alone to the gates of hell,

Naked made of its body's dress;
Clad in its great love's loveliness.

Open the gates, and let her win
To the flame and the awe and the pain therein!

Right to the heart of hell she fared,
All unharmed and all unscared;

She to whose unpolluted sight
The flame was glory, the darkness light.

Sounds of wailing to other ears—
To hers the music of all the spheres,

That drew to the Empyrean bliss
Where the mystic Rose of the Blessed is,

Abloom by the lake reflected bright
From the very Uncreated Light.

Oh, far apart are east and west,
And far apart are toil and rest,

And far apart are morn and even,
And far apart are hell and heaven;

And of heaven above or hell below
Where is the man who thinks to know?

Yet the soul that Love makes strong to dare
The heart of hell, finds heaven is there.

Oh, a new light dawned in Mary's eyes,
When the soul came into Paradise;

For on her the Lord had laid behest
To bring that soul to the sweetest rest.

Up she rose from her high queen-seat,
With the sheen of the blessed on her feet;

Drew to the soul that entered there,
And laid it upon her bosom fair:

Even the soul where God did see
The very self of Charity.

"Christ the Lord hath brought to His bliss
"Thee, whose love was a love like His:

"Darling of JESUS, lie to-day
"Here in the bosom where JESUS lay."

Emily Hickey.

[From *The Poems* of Emily Hickey. By permission of the Authoress and of Mr Elkin Mathews.]

JOAN OF ARC.

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst

his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long." This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded

herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Thomas De Quincey.

BISHOP BENNO AND THE FROGS.

At the close of the day
Bishop Benno took his way,
With his book beneath his arm.
Through the meadows for a stroll,
The disturbance of his soul
To reduce again to calm.

Walking by a marish bank,
Where the yellow iris lank
Shot its bluish, bending sheath.
Whilst upon the surface light
Floated chalices of white,
Anchored to the slime beneath;

Where about the margin grew
Clusters of celestial blue,
And the bog-bean speckled pink,
And the mare-tails with their spines
Stood and shook in shadowy lines
Wavering along the brink.

Clearly from the minster tower
Tolling at the twilight hour,
Salutation spoke the bell.*
Then the Bishop slowly took,
And unclasped his Office book,
To recite a Canticle.

Walking in the meadow grass,
By the water still as glass,
He could lift his voice and pray
Reading in his Breviary,
Repeating Benedicite
As he wended on his way.

Perched on broken bulrush shaft,
Crouched on lily's leafy raft,
Sitting in a row on logs,
Squatted on each muddy ledge,
Sentinelled along the edge
Of the water, were the frogs;

With their voices very shrill,
In a loud prolonging thrill,
Half a chirrup, half a cry;
Every little gullet shakes,
As its clamour from it breaks,
Deafening the passer-by.

* The Angelus rings at noon and sunset.

Bishop Benno halting, stood,
Looking at them in a mood
Discontented; he could find,
Saying the Three Children's Song,
As he paced the bank along,
No tranquillity of mind.

"O ye frogs! when Bishops praise
God, ye should amend your ways,
And be quiet for a while."
Thus he spake, and at the word
They were silent, naught was heard.
He continued, with a smile:

"All ye green things on the earth,
Bless the Lord who gave you birth,
And for ever magnify.
All ye fountains that are poured
From your sources, praise the Lord,
And for ever magnify.

"All ye seas and floods that roll,
Praise the Lord, from pole to pole,
And for ever magnify.
All ye teeming things that dwell
In the waters praise as well,
And for ever magnify."

Sudden Benno stopped. A flame
Started to his brow, in shame,
As he did within debate.
"What! doth the Creator love
Praises from the things that move,
And from things inanimate?

"Fie upon me! Am I sure
My intent is half as pure,
Praises as acceptable,
As the strain, though loud and harsh,
Of these dwellers in the marsh?
What am I, that I can tell?"

Turning to the swamp, he cried:
"Sitters by the water-side,
Do not ye your hymns forego.
I release you from the ban,
Praise the God of Frog and Man—
Cantate fratres Domino."

S. Baring-Gould.

[From *Silver Store*. By permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Skeffington & Son.]

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI,*

JUNE 8, 1857.

A HUNDRED, a thousand to one; even so;
Not a hope in the world remained:
The swarming howling wretches below
Gained and gained and gained.

Skene looked at his pale young wife:—
"Is the time come?"—"The time is come!"—
Young, strong, and so full of life:
The agony struck them dumb.

* I retain this little poem, not as historically accurate, but as written and published before I heard the supposed facts of its first verse contradicted.—C. G. R.

Close his arm about her now,
  Close her cheek to his,
Close the pistol to her brow—
  God forgive them this!

"Will it hurt much?"—"No, mine own:
  I wish I could bear the pang for both."
"I wish I could bear the pang alone:
  Courage, dear, I am not loth."

Kiss and kiss: "It is not pain
  Thus to kiss and die.
One kiss more."—"And yet one again."—
  "Good-bye."—"Good-bye."

Christina G. Rossetti.

[From *The Poems* of Christina G. Rossetti. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

A BALLAD OF HEAVEN.*

He wrought at one great work for years;
  The world passed by with lofty look:
Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears;
  Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
  And in a windy garret starved:
He trod his measures on the flags,
  And high on heaven his music carved.

* The student should read this along with *A Ballad of Hell*, *A Ballad of the Making of a Poet*, and *A Ballad of the Exodus from Houndsditch*.

Wistful he grew but never feared;
For always on the midnight skies
His rich orchestral score appeared
In stars and zones and galaxies.

He thought to copy down his score:
The moonlight was his lamp: he said,
'Listen, my love;' but on the floor
His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide;
He deemed she heard with special zest:
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
The desert of her shrunken breast.

'Listen, my love: my work is done;
I tremble as I touch the page
To sign the sentence of the sun
And crown the great eternal age.

'The slow adagio begins;
The winding sheets are ravelled out
That swathe the minds of men, the sins
That wrap their rotting souls about.

'The dead are heralded along;
With silver trumps and golden drums,
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
My brave andante singing comes.

'Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things is cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress,
The thundering scherzo crashes Day.

'For three great orchestras I hope
My mighty music shall be scored:
On three high hills they shall have scope
With heaven's vault for a sounding-board.

'Sleep well, love; let your eyelids fall;
Cover the child; goodnight, and if . . .
What? Speak . . . the traitorous end of all!
Both . . . cold and hungry . . . cold and stiff!

'But no, God means us well, I trust:
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh:
We are too young to fall to dust,
And too unsatisfied to die.'

He lifted up against his breast
The woman's body stark and wan;
And to her withered bosom pressed
The little skin-clad skeleton.

'You see you are alive,' he cried.
He rocked them gently to and fro.
'No, no, my love, you have not died;
Nor you, my little fellow; no.'

Long in his arms he strained his dead
And crooned an antique lullaby;
Then laid them on the lowly bed,
And broke down with a doleful cry.

'The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,
Of her and me, the budding life,
And my great music—all in vain!
My unscored work, my child, my wife!

'We drop into oblivion,
And nourish some suburban sod:
My work, this woman, this my son,
Are now no more: there is no God.

'The world's a dustbin; we are due,
And death's cart waits: be life accurst!'
He stumbled down beside the two,
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven's gate,
Abashed and trembling for his sin:
I trow he had not long to wait,
For God came out and led him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed
To meet him first upon the stair—
His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,
And gave him heavenly food to eat;
Great seraphs praised him to the height,
Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
And led him to the brink of heaven:
He saw where systems whirling stand,
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran
Through space; Time furled his wearied wings;
A slow adagio then began,
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along:
As if with drums and trumps of flame,
And flutes and oboes keen and strong,
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things was cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted; but God said 'Even so;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears:
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres.'

John Davidson.

[From *Ballads and Songs* (John Lane) By permission of the Author.]

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the

children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a

train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the

company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, GOD be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round him, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Charles Dickens.

[From *Edwin Drood and Reprinted Pieces.* By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.]

CHANGED.

I KNOW not why my soul is rack'd,
  Why I ne'er smile as was my wont;
I only know that, as a fact,
    I don't.
I used to roam o'er glen and glade
  Buoyant and blithe as other folk:
And not unfrequently I made
    A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burn'd.
  I'd sing, as one whose heart must break.
Lay upon lay: I nearly learn'd
    To shake.

All day I sang; of love, of fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.
I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon:
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile, attract no more;
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.
Nay, worse than that, I've seem'd of late
To shrink from happy boyhood—boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me, when the beech is green,
By swarming up its stem for eggs:
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs:—
It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

C. S. Calverley.

[From *Fly Leaves* (George Bell & Sons). By permission of Mrs. Ellen Calverley.]

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.*

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O, hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

* This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions. The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in deep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Clear themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of the strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven.
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet thou in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Percy Bysshe Shelley

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Tom Sheridan was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or, rather, Hampstead), and one day, proceeding on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorne, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited for the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the Squire, when within half earshot; "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the Squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir?" said the Squire, growing angry; "and do you know where *here* is, sir? These, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the Squire. "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—*what* are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan?" said the Squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I——"

"No, sir," said Tom; "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan," said the Squire. "You don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them. It's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place, I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?'"

The Squire was hit hard by this *nonchalance*, and (as the newspapers say), "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall have the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the Squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farmyard; in the front of a farmhouse was a green, in the centre of which was a pond; in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag, and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else doing it for him; and he thought to

carry home a certain number of domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, he went up to the farmer, and accosted him very civilly.

"My good friend," said Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"A what, sur?" said the farmer.

"Why," replied Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded, and I should like to take home something. What shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" asked the farmer.

"Fairish," said Tom, "fairish."

"And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you seven shillings, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other; and such quacking and splashing and screaming and fluttering had never been heard or seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head; "I

think they be. But what do I care for that—*they are none of them mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game should make his appearance. Not but what I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did for his cunning and coolness."

Theodore Hook.

AT THE CARNIVAL.

A STORY OF FLORENCE.

It was the chief day of the Carnival,
The giddy crowd with many a laugh and taunt
Proclaimed it through that city, where, 'mid all,
Stands out, in hideous contrast, Wealth and Want
From morn till even laughter reigned supreme,
Confetti tossed with flowers. Comus held feast,
As if 'twere not a mockery and a dream
When Bacchus lured the greatest and the least.
Poverty, for a space, dared to be glad,
And with the surging throng went to rejoice
In the fair folly and the masque, half-mad
To hear the sound of mirth in its own voice.
The hours reeled by with pomp and pageantry,
With noise and tumult, far too wild to last;
The old Duomo o'er the revelry
Rose like the spirit of a mighty Past.

"Fioretta! Fioretta! look, look at my roses,
I gathered them all for the Battle to-day,
And I want you to help me to tie them in posies,
Fioretta! But why are you weeping, O say?"

"Why, why, do I weep? *Fanciulla* of flowers!
You know not the sunlight that brings but an ache;
You who laugh with the dawn in life's earliest hours
Cannot tell how the heart in one rose-time may break."

"What song were you singing quite early this morning?
Ah! Why do you start? Do you know that I stole
Thro' the vines near your lattice, and watched you adorning
Your breast with *dead* roses, while I saw the tears roll
Down your cheeks and you trembled?" "My child wherefore ask
Why the flower, at dawn opening, lies crushed before noon?
Wherefore question, or peer 'neath life's piteous mask
To find life's sadder meaning, which comes all too soon?"

"Will you sing once again?" "Ah! 'tis only of sorrow,
Of life's love ungathered, of hope passed away—
And you should be gay, nor have sighs for the morrow,
Nor tears for your Carnival roses to-day."

[She Sings.]

* "*If your hand is not in mine,*
If we may not meet,
If I never more may watch
For your coming feet,
Wherefore should we cherish hope;
Joy is not our own;
Only that your heart may break,
And I grow old alone?"

* This song, set to music by the authoress, under the title of "The Turned-down Page," is published by Messrs. B Mocatta & Co.

" Time may pass with weary tread
Ere you again are free.
That turned-down page in life and hope
Is death to you and me.
Yet for the sake of what hath been,
And all we yearn to be,
Our dream may come to us at last
In Heaven's eternity."

" Draw near while I tell you my Carnival story,
'Tis many years old. O, my God! shall we find
When death makes up the record of battle and glory,
It counts with the slain the true hearts left behind?"

" I was but a girl in life's Spring of the years,
I sang at the Opera, life then seemed free,
I was simple and happy, unmindful of fears,
I sang but to keep my poor mother. Ah me!
I had no thought of fame, I was one amongst many,
I sang for three years, heart-whole and content,
There were lovers that wooed, but I cared not for any,
They said I was fair:—I recked not what they meant."

" One Carnival night, as I went homeward singing,
I paused on Carraja Bridge. The pale moon
O'er the Vecchio tower a soft radiance was flinging,
While Arno crept by with a low tender croon.
A moment I lingered, half-lost in strange dreaming,
When lo, at my side stood a soldier who smiled
As I started to flee, and with eyes strangely beaming
He cried, '*Non mi lascia, Fioretta*, my child!
I love you, *donzella!* Each night I have waited
To hear your sweet voice with its plaintive appeal,
But only the stars knew the hope that elated
My soul, yet my lips found not words to reveal.'"

"I learned he was wealthy and noble; so, jeering,
The folks shook their heads. Ere the vines were in flower,
I knew that I loved, and his truth never fearing,—
No lover had kissed e'en my hand till that hour—
I pledged him my troth, and he sealed it with roses,
And we kissed them for joy of the sweet hope to be,
Oh, my child! all I crave when life's eventide closes,
Is that those faded flowers may rest ever with me."

"Ere that year was lived out, there were rumours of fighting,
They said that Napoleon was struggling with death;
I listened in fear, every rumour seemed smiting
My soul with a sword; men spoke under their breath."

"And my love said to me, 'To Napoleon I go,
He was once my great chief; would you then have me stay
Idly here when my *duty* cries out? For you know
If I live, I shall come back to claim you for aye.'"

"He had spoken of duty, O heaven! but *dying*
For duty sounds hard when we love! On the brink
Of the grave 'tis set up 'gainst our poor hearts, denying
Our right to have part; and we hate it, I think."

"He never came back when the war was all over,
And people made mock of me. 'Poor trusting fool,
He is faithless! He wearied of thee, thy fine lover!'
But I answered them not. I had learned how to school
My sad heart to endure, tho' they scoffed and they shouted;
I knew if he lived, that he surely would come.
Could I ever have loved him, and ever have doubted?
Was the faith of my soul such a poor little sum?"

"If vows be but pastime, the play of an hour—
If truth be but theme for a poet's wild song,
Oh, what then is love, if it be not the power
Of suffering much, and remembering long?"

"There were times I was mad as I passed the swift river,
Death merciful seemed, and fierce anger found way
To my lips, and I asked, 'Can God be the giver
Of Love, if He takes it away in a day?"

"Quick death! Oh! how fair it has seemed and how pitiful!
What is life that is lived but to wait—and to wait?
To keep watch o'er a grave, o'er our own heart's grim burial,
And wistfully gaze through some shut golden gate?"

"But all the years since on the day of the Battle,
The day that he went, I have crept out of sight,
And watched for his coming, while the crowd seemed to prattle
And laugh like a child in its careless delight."

"Oh! the long weary years passed in pain and in poverty!
I ne'er sang again till you heard me to-day;
It was not for the world to applaud; in my misery
Could I sing out my soul for mere gold they would pay?"

"Go, my child, I will follow. What matters my sorrow!
Thank God you can sing with the gladness of youth.
In the whirl and the riot, the Present need borrow
No sob from *my* Past for your young heart, forsooth.
Addio!"

The multitudes throng every square and street,
Each moment merrier grows the surging crowd;
With mandoline, and dance, and song they meet,
With noise and clang, with laughter long and loud.
Ever and anon the ranks part with a shout,
As through the swarming masses sweeps the train
Of gorgeous chariots, gaily carrying out
The old-world pomp of Carnival again.

Within the shadow of Uffizi, stand
Two lovers fondly locked in one embrace;
Unmasked he bends, and presses in her hand
Red roses, and rains kisses on her face.

Within the shadow of Uffizi steals
Fioretta *watching*, while all others meet
With mirth and music, while *that* lover kneels
With passionate pleading at his mistress' feet.

Hark! o'er the din of the mad populace
One piercing cry is heard. In mute affright
The crowd shrinks slowly back, as the white face
Of Fioretta's lover greets the sight.
See! at his feet her form lies cold and still,
Life's frail thread snapped—poor heart that could but break,
Away! why seek, if long neglect may kill,
To love a rose for its lost Summer's sake?
Beside that lifeless form awhile he kneels,
A strange convulsion in his ashen face,
Till o'er his burning brow the bright blood steals,
In brands of deep remorse that *shame* may trace.
The crowd a moment stands, then turns away
To seek new pastime. Wherefore should it rue,
Or count dead roses on a holiday?
"Poor fool," they say; "Fioretta was too true!"

Bury her out of sight. Place on her breast
The few dead flowers she loved, though he forgot.
If he be true or false, leave her to rest.
Let him forget her now. It matters not.

Harriet Kendall.

[From *Synariss and other Poems* (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.)
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THE LEGEND OF THE EAST WINDOW.

THERE, 'neath the chancel arc that raised its head,
As though in very praise of God, wide spread
Each column's stony arm to lend support,
Like leafless tree-stems from the forest brought,
I stood and gazed, while mingled awe and love
Filled all my being, till my fancy rove
Past earth to heaven beyond, past mortal ken
To pierce the veil set up 'twixt God and men:
And from the arched east window downward poured
In rainbow flood a multi-coloured hoard
Of light, that stained the tiles with blood and blue
Until they seemed rare gems of richest hue
To symbol God's great goodness, loosed, unfurled,
Sent down on earth to purify the world.
And o'er the altar on the centre pane
Was mahled the figure of Our Saviour, slain,
Just as he sat, before him bread and wine,
His hand uplifted for the blessing sign.

I gazed awhile enraptured at the face
So filled with pity, purity, and grace,
And marvelled that on earth a mortal hand
Could find such art divine at its command.

A woman lived, 'twas in the ages dim,
Who, knowing well the art to trace and limn,
Sat painting the great window in the east—
Our blessed Lord shown sitting at the feast.—
The work was done, His face alone remained
Unfinished, and the woman sorely pained
At lack of power her halting hand to guide,
The paints and brushes quickly laid aside,
And bending, knelt, right earnestly she prayed
That Heaven might grant new strength, vouchsafe her aid

She slept—and waking as the sun rose high,
She sought her task, when suddenly a cry
Broke from her lips, for lo! the face benign
Looked up at her completed, every line
Stood out in rarest beauty, and she knew
A hand divine alone could paint so true:
Thus in His mercy answering what she pined,
He doubly blest her, for there lay combined
God's work with hers upon the glass to show
His bounty to the faithful here below.

'Tis said, that when that goodly woman laid
Her load of years aside within the shade
Of Death's dark grove, she came to the blest land
Where myriad voices chanting clear and grand,
Pour forth a great *Te Deum* round the Throne,
She stood bewildered waiting there alone,
For by the features painted through His grace
She recognised her Saviour's shining face.

Hubert Cutler.

[By permission of the Author.]

SHADOWS.

A Tiszian maiden,
Laughter-laden,
Leant beside a garden gate;
Musing, smiling,
Self-beguiling,
Thinking on her absent mate.

A *Chikosh, youthful,
Honest, truthful,
Was that favoured absent mate;
Came he slyly,
Look'd round shyly,
Then stood bashful near the gate.

He was gallant,
Brave and gallant,
Stout of heart, and stout of limb;
But, through Cupid
He look'd stupid;
She look'd furtively at him.

Lost in wonder,
Quite asunder,
Stood he from that dark-eyed maid
"Why so slyly
Come you nigh me?
You're not wanted, sir," she said.

"See—our shadows,
Our *two* shadows,
Painted by the slanting sun.
Madre might see,
So might Padre—
Would the shadows could be *one!*

* A horse-keeper.

"If, when keeping
Watch, and peeping,
Madre see *one* shadow lie,
From her curtain,
She'll feel certain
I'm alone, and you're not by."

Still in wonder,
Still asunder,
Stood he from that Tiszian maid;
Eyes paid duty
To her beauty,
But to near—he seem'd afraid.

Then she pouted
Then she flouted,
Then she said her finger pain'd—
He stood sighing,
Vainly trying
Some sweet speech which he had feign'd.

From her bright eyes
Dancing light flies,
Crowds his pulses with a glow.
Each grows dearer,
Shadows nearer
Tremble as the moments go.

Feelings thronging,
Yearning, longing,
Their hands meet—they can't tell how;
Coldness dies off,
Shyness flies off,
Tongue-tied he no longer now.

And she nestles,
To him nestles,
Glowing, willing to be prest;
While his strong arms
Fold her young charms
To his *bunda-cover'd breast.

And he prays her,
Fondly prays her,
To become his own—his wife;
Two no longer,
Loving stronger,
One in heart, and one in life.

She replying,
Not denying,
"See, my heart, the sinking sun
On the pad throws
Not *two* shadows,
Love has made our shadows one."

W. Wilsey Martin.

[From *By Solent and Danube.* By permission of the Author.]

* A sheepskin coat, worn with the wool inside in winter and outside in summer.

TANTLER'S SISTER.

Tantler and I had been at school together, and now we were at the same college at Oxford. We were tremendous chums. I used to borrow his marmalade, his rowing jerseys, his sherry, his cricket-bats, and (if I wanted to enter-

tain a large party in my rooms) his tables, chairs, glasses, and candlesticks, and to show him many other little kindnesses which I am too modest to particularise.

During our school days Tantler and I had seldom talked to each other about our people at home. I think the reason was that we both had a mother and a sister or two, and were rather ashamed of it. We did not mind owning to the existence of our respective fathers so much, because of course, don't you see, they weren't women. But we did feel at that period of our lives that the possession of female relatives was a little degrading. Shall I add that this was all the biggest sham in the world, and that many a time when the rough corners of school life have pressed hardly on my young spirit, I have invoked the dear faces of those same female relatives to come and bend in loving sympathy over a certain boy who lay in bed, making his pillow wet with tears which he wouldn't have allowed any other boy to see for a whole plum-cake a tear.

Well, by the time we went to college we had outlived this little weakness about the ladies, and grown more communicative as to our belongings, and in our letters home we used often to mention each other. This led naturally to kind little messages from my mother to "your great friend Mr. Tantler," and from Tantler's mother to "your bosom friend Mr. Tempest;" and we used to read these allusions out loud to each other, generally with our feet on the mantelpiece, and not seldom in a costume which a red Indian would not have deemed irksome in the matter of quantity. And so, by a natural sequence of events, it fell out that I received, and gradually accepted, an invitation to go and stay with Tantler at his father's house in the first long vacation after we went to college; and that on a certain day in the month of July I found myself getting out of a dog-cart at the front door of Tantler's father's house.

A charming house it was too, and in the midst of the

most delightfully pretty country. Tantler had often spoken of his home surroundings with sparkling eyes. He didn't condescend to particulars, but summed them up generally with a fervid assurance that the country round about was "crumby." I never came across that expression to my knowledge in any of Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery; but as I am personally incapable of gaining the faintest notion what a place is like from having it minutely described to me, I was quite content with Tantler's way of putting it; although I must add that he frequently applied the same word to an extra good tin of sardines, to a remittance from his father, to a new coat and waistcoat, to a horse, and, in fact, to whatever object, animate or inanimate, happened to meet with his approval at the moment.

I had barely got one foot on the ground when I heard Tantler's voice, and out he came to greet me; and then followed his father and mother, and then his young brother, and then—yes, then appeared Tantler's sister!

Tantler's sister was about a year older than Tantler. She was rather tall, she had large blue eyes, she had soft silky chestnut hair, she had an exquisite complexion, pearly teeth, the smallest of small mouths, the prettiest of pretty figures, the sweetest of sweet voices. She was, *oh!* she was *so* pretty. When she came forward and shook hands with me, and said she had heard of me so often from her brother, and was very glad indeed to see me—when she did that the blood rushed up to my face in such a complicated blush that I don't think I had any left in me lower than my neck: at least that was how I felt.

It was done in that moment. In that single moment I fell head over heels in love with Tantler's sister. There were no reservations, nothing half and half about it. I could see no one else, hear no other voice, was conscious of no other presence but Tantler's sister. My impression is that during the remainder of that day I answered about

one in ten of the observations addressed to me by the family generally, stared vacantly at Tantler's sister when she was in the room, and at the door when she wasn't, and otherwise demeaned myself like an escaped lunatic; and my impression also is that when the time arrived for going to bed the Tantler family were not grieved at the notion of saying good-night to me.

Tantler came into my room to have a little chat, but he might just as well have conversed with an Egyptian mummy. He talked of a projected rabbit-shooting expedition. I said nothing, but thought of his sister. He asked if I cared about lawn tennis. I said nothing, but went on thinking—subject the same as before. He repeated the question rather curtly. I begged his pardon, and said yes, I could quite believe it. He said "Believe what?" I begged his pardon again, and suggested mildly that I thought he had said something about his sister playing lawn tennis beautifully. He burst out laughing (for which I could have killed him without remorse), and replied that he had not said anything of the sort and I must be half asleep. And then he said "Good-night, old man; we'll have a crumby time of it to-morrow," and left me alone.

If I had my choice between falling violently in love at first sight, and having an attack of scarlet fever with complications, I know which I should prefer, but I won't say. What I suffered that night words cannot describe. Tantler's sister pervaded everything, and I could no more sleep than I could fly. If I lay in darkness, Tantler's sister's face floated about all over the room distinctly visible to me. If I lighted my candles I saw Tantler's sister's face in the paper on the wall, in the pattern of the carpet, in the middle of the ceiling, on the shiny surface of the wardrobe. I rolled and tossed, and got up and walked about the room, and went back and rolled and tossed again. The only

approach I had, not to peace, but to a slight lessening of the fever, was when I gave up my mind to composing a sonnet to Tantler's sister. The difficulty of finding a rhyme to her surname steadied my excited brain a little, though I was as bad as ever immediately afterwards. The sonnet had fourteen verses of six lines each. I don't remember it all now, but I know this was how the first two verses went, and I think you will agree with me that they point to the successor of the present Poet Laureate :—

Sweet sister of Tantler,
No stag with an antler,
  Who roams in the boundless for-est,
Can for a moment compare
With your beauty so rare,
  No, not even when looking his best.

I have seen you to-day
For the first time I say,
  And to see you to love you it is ;
Yes, the midst of my heart
Has been pierced with love's dart,
  And that's why I'm composing this.

The morning broke to find me an unrested and generally pitiable wretch. I had not the remotest reason for supposing that Tantler's sister was in the habit of rising at daybreak, and I had been distinctly told that breakfast was at nine; but immediately the light began to stream into my room I was seized with an unconquerable impression that Tantler's sister was up and dressed and downstairs, and that I was missing priceless opportunities of being with her. The natural consequence was that I got up and had proceeded with the preliminary stages of my toilet for some time when I realised the fact that not another human soul in the house was stirring or likely to be so for hours. There was nothing for it but to go back to bed again and

wait while the seconds, minutes, and hours crawled and crept and be-draggled themselves along.

All suspense must happily come to an end. At a quarter past nine, the Tantler family's breakfast was in active progress, and I was looking at Tantler's sister over a large ham and round a coffee-pot which seemed to me to have been placed just where it was to prevent me from having an undisturbed view of her. How jolly she looked too! To save my life I couldn't help saying something about her to somebody, and turning to Tantler, who was sitting next to me, I whispered—

"How wonderfully pretty your sister is, Tantler!"

Tantler couldn't say much. His voice was not choked with emotion, but his mouth was full, and the only word I clearly caught was, "Crumby;" from which I inferred that he had bestowed upon his sister his all-embracing adjective of praise.

Breakfast over, the day's plans were discussed, and I felt as if I had left the everyday earth and taken furnished apartments in the garden of Eden, when Tantler's sister turned towards me and said with the sweetest of smiles that she hoped I liked picnics, because they had got one up for to-day. I hated picnics; but the presence of Tantler's sister would have hallowed an expedition to the Borough in my eyes, and I said, "Oh! yes, thank you; I should enjoy it above all things."

"You and Mr. Tempest can come in the dog-cart, can't you, Tom dear?" Tantler's sister went on, speaking to her brother.

Tantler, to my amazement, burst into a roar of laughter. I looked at him with a look which would have felled any ordinary bullock, but he went on laughing all the same until he recovered voice enough to say, "Oh! yes, we'll come in the dog-cart, of course. It will be so jolly lively."

Tantler's sister blushed deeply, as I thought she well

might do at this coarse piece of rudeness, and was about to speak, but at that moment Tantler's father called out, "Now then, get ready all of you, please, it's time to start;" and we dispersed hurriedly in different directions.

Short as the time left for reflection was, my excited brain was able to picture me by the side of Tantler's sister, and sitting, from the very nature of the circumstances, quite close to her. Should I drive her or would she drive me? Would it get dark before we came back, and if so, would Tantler's sister be nervous and like me to hold her? Would Tantler (who of course would be sitting at the back alone) be likely to get down and walk part of the way? It would be dull for Tantler, wouldn't it? and after all, it wasn't very surprising that he should have laughed at an arrangement which so obviously left him out in the cold. It really was rather a joke when you came to think about it.

I had just come to think about it and was enjoying the jest, when I heard the sound of wheels. I hurried down, and there sure enough stood the landau, the waggonette, and behind them, oh! bliss, the dog-cart. There was a riding-horse at the door too I noticed, held by a servant; but I paid no heed to that, and went straight to the dog-cart, fired with the idea of helping Tantler's sister into her seat. But I discovered suddenly that my costume, in all other respects faultless, was defective in one particular to which importance is attached by most people who don't happen to be Blue-coat boys. I had no hat on. I ran indoors to get one, but as it was just under my nose, and I was very excited, I took some time to find it. Back I went again and there—oh! horror of horrors—was Tantler's sister quietly settled down in the front seat of the dog-cart with a beast of a man much older and bigger and better-looking than I, sitting by the side of her, holding the reins, and looking as if the whole place belonged to him.

"Mr. Tempest, let me introduce you to Mr. Hilton. He has just ridden over to go with us to-day."

I suppose it was Tantler's sister who said that, but it might have been the horse for anything I clearly understood.

"Oh! yes, thank you—yes, I thought so—that is, of course, I mean how d'you do?"

I think *I* said that, or something equally to the point.

"Come, Tempest, old man, up you get, unless you prefer to stand there catching flies with your mouth."

I knew that was Tantler. No one else would have been so confoundedly rude to a fellow. Anyhow, I got up—at the back.

We began with a very jerky bit of road and I sat back-to-back with this ruffian Hilton. He kept bumping against me. I believe he did it on purpose.

"This feller can't drive a bit," I muttered to Tantler.

"*Can't* he? Crumby driver. Best whip in the county."

"I suppose he drives your horses because he has't got any of his own?"

"Bosh, my dear boy. He has about fifteen nags, real good 'uns, too."

"Oh! *has* he? Who is he, then?"

"Why, didn't I tell you? He's a neighbour of ours—lord of the manor here; he's engaged to my sister, and they're going to be married next month. I hope you'll be able to stay for the wedding. It will be no end of fun."

I said I was afraid I couldn't stay quite so long as that. And I didn't.

Edward F. Turner.

[From *Tantler's Sister and other Untruthful Stories.* (Smith Elder & Co.) By permission of the Author.]

RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM.

THERE's music in the gallery,
  There's dancing in the hall,
And the girl I love is moving
  Like a goddess through the ball.
Amongst a score of rivals
  You're the fairest in the room,
But I like you better, Marion,
    Marion, Marion,
I like you better, Marion,
    Riding through the broom.

It was but yester morning,
  The vision haunts me still,
That we looked across the valley,
  As our horses rose the hill.
And I bade you read my riddle,
  And I waited for my doom,
While the spell was on us, Marion,
    Marion, Marion,
The spell was on us, Marion,
    Riding through the broom.

The wild bird carolled freely,
  The May was dropping dew,
The day was like a day from heaven,
  From Heaven, because of you;
And on my heart there broke a light,
  Dispelling weeks of gloom,
While I whispered to you, Marion,
    Marion, Marion,
While I whispered to you, Marion,
    Riding through the broom.

"What is freer than the wild bird?
What is sweeter than the May?
What is fresher than the morning,
And brighter than the day?"
In your eye came deeper lustre,
On your cheek a softer bloom,
And I think you guessed it, Marion.
Marion, Marion,
I think you guessed it, Marion,
Riding through the broom.

And now they flutter round you,
These insects of an hour,
And I must stand aloft and wait,
And watch my cherished flower;
I glory in her triumphs,
And I grudge not her perfume,
But I love you best, my Marion,
Marion, Marion,
I love you best, my Marion,
Riding through the broom.

G. J. Whyte-Melville.

[From *Songs and Verses.* By permission of Messrs. Ward & Lock, Ltd.]

SIMILAR CASES.

There was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.

They called him Eohippus,
  And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
  When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish Dinoceras
  And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
  In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
  "I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
  To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
  I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
  On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
  The Dinoceras shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
  But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
  And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
  Go view his father's bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
  And mean as now we see,
And therefore it is evident
  That you're always going to be.
What? Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
  With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! You'd have to change your nature!"
  Said the Loxolophodon.

They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene—
That was the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
"I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees
To make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,

To prove how his preposterous
  Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
  The thing cannot be done!
And second, if it *could* be,
  It would not be any fun!
And third, and most conclusive,
  And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
  We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
  These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
  With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
  An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
  Unusually bright,
Unusually clever he,
  Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
  On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbours,
  Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
  We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities!
  We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
  Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
  About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
  As much as we can hold!

We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical!
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

[From *In this our World, and other Poems*. By permission of the Authoress.]

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt Mirth!

O, for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with *thee* fade away, into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou amongst the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where Palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where Youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think, is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,—
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,—
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! Tender is the night,
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous blooms, and winding mossy ways.

Darkling, I listen; and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death;
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath:

Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While *thou* art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
In ancient days, by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song, that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

"Forlorn!"—The very sound is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self:
Adieu!—the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf!
Adieu! adieu! Thy plaintive anthem fades—
Past the near meadows,—over the still stream,—
Up the hill-side;—and now, 'tis buried deep
In the next valley's glades:—
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music!—Do I wake or sleep?

John Keats.

FAIR HEDWIG.

At festive board there sat a knight
Of bold and youthful mien,
His dark eyes glowed with fiery light,
E'en as they shone in battle,
With valor's glitt'ring sheen!

When, soft, a lovely maid draws near
And fills his goblet high;
Then steps aside with modest fear,
Her face illum'd with blushes
Like morning's rosy sky!

The young knight gently takes her hand,
And draws her to his side;
The maid can scarce his glance withstand,
She casts her blue eyes downwards,
Then, trembling, opes them wide!

"Fair Hedwig, three things I would know
From thee, sweet maid, to-day—
Whence thou dost come, where thou dost go,
Why thou dost ever follow
Where'er I wend my way?"

"Whence do I come?—from God above!
That is—they tell me so,
With mocking scorn instead of love,
When aught of sire or mother
In tears I seek to know!

"Where would I go? I know not where,
The earth is far too wide.
'Twere vain to seek a place more fair,
When all I see around me
Seems fraught with joy and pride!

"Why follow thee in woe or weal?
Nay, who my steps should stay?
To fill thy cup at ev'ry meal,
On bended knee to serve thee,
Would be my joy for aye!"

"Sweet maiden, list to me again,
I'll ask one question more,
And let it not be asked in vain—
Say, fair one, dost thou love me?
Thy answer I implore!"

She stands awhile in mute amaze;
Her fitful glances rove
From guest to guest, until her gaze
She rests on him, and answers—
"Aye, thee alone I love!

"But now, alas! full well I know
What my lone fate must be;
My fault confess'd, I hence must go,
And evermore the cloister
Is all that's meet for me!"

"Thou com'st from God, thou angel fair;
Those words were truly said.
The world's foul scorn I'll gladly dare;
And thou, God's own true daughter,
With me this day shalt wed!

"And you, my Lords, I did invite
Unto a banquet rare;
Then let each proud and noble knight
Unto the chapel follow,
My feast of joy to share!"

From the German of Franz Hebbel.

A CONSERVATIVE.

THE garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn.
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store—"
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm!
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm;
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black;
The last I saw was this,
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

[From *In this our World, and other Poems.* By permission of the Authoress.]

THE COUNTY BALL.

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years—years ago, while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the county ball:
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,

Hers was the subtlest spell by far
  Of all that set young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
  And then she danced—O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
  Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
  I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
  Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
  And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,
  Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of danglers—or of dancing bears,
  Of battles—or the last new bonnets.
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
  To me it mattered not a little;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
  I might have though they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
  I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
  I wrote them to the *Sunday Journal*:
My mother laughed; I soon found out
  That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
  See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
  Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
  Whose colour was extremely hectic;

Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses,
He cares as little for the Stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories:
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories,
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;

She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it:
I was the first—the only one—
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded.

Our love was like most other loves:
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual words—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers,
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

W. M. Praed.

MR. HAROLD SKIMPOLE.*

When we went down-stairs, we were presented to Mr Skimpole, who was standing before the fire, telling Richard how fond he used to be, in his school time, of football. He was a little bright creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. Being of a more slender figure than Mr. Jarndyce, and having a richer complexion, with browner hair, he looked younger. Indeed, he had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neck-kerchief loose and flowing, as I have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process

* Harold Skimpole, an amateur artist and musician, is a protégé of Mr. John Jarndyce, who implicitly believes in him and by whom he is regarded as a mere child. Skimpole is thoroughly unprincipled and intensely selfish; but being of a plausible nature, with engaging and vivacious manners, he is enabled to grossly impose upon his too confiding and benevolent patron. Constantly getting into debt and difficulties, from which his friends extricate him, he shows but little gratitude in return for their kindness, and tries to set himself right in their estimation by arguments as amusing as they are illogical. It may be of some interest to our readers to know that on the publication of *Bleak House*, the likeness of Skimpole was at once recognised—as far as general personal appearance and mannerisms are concerned—as that of Leigh Hunt. The author, indeed, in another place, admits that he had "yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend," but positively declared that "he no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture." The reading we give introduces Skimpole staying *en famille* at the house of Mr. John Jarndyce.

of depreciation. It struck me as being not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life, by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences.

I gathered from the conversation, that Mr. Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession, and had once lived, in his professional capacity, in the household of a German prince. He told us, however, that as he had always been a mere child in point of weights and measures, and had never known anything about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail. And he told us, with great humour, that when he was wanted to bleed the prince, or physic any of his people, he was generally found lying on his back in bed, reading the newspapers, or making fancy-sketches in pencil, and couldn't come. The prince, at last, objecting to this, "in which," said Mr. Skimpole, in the frankest manner, "he was perfectly right," the engagement terminated; and Mr. Skimpole having (as he added with delightful gaiety) "nothing to live upon but love, fell in love, and married, and surrounded himself with rosy cheeks." His good friend Jarndyce and some other of his good friends then helped him, in quicker or slower succession, to several openings in life; but to no purpose, for he must confess to two of the oldest infirmities in the world: one was, that he had no idea of time; the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which, he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of anything! Well! So he had got on in life, and here he was! He was very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy-sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asked of society was, to let him live. *That* wasn't much. His wants were few. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee,

landscape, fruit in the season, a few sheets of Bristol-board, and a little claret, and he asked no more. He was a mere child in the world, but he didn't cry for the moon. He said to the world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn-sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live!"

All this, and a great deal more, he told us, not only with the utmost brilliancy and enjoyment, but with a certain vivacious candor—speaking of himself as if he were not at all his own affair, as if Mr. Skimpole were a third person, as if he knew that Skimpole had his singularities, but still had his claims too, which were the general business of the community and must not be slighted. He was quite enchanting. If I felt at all confused at that early time, in endeavouring to reconcile anything he said with anything I had thought about the duties and accountabilities of life (which I am far from sure of), I was confused by not exactly understanding why he was free of them. That he *was* free of them, I scarcely doubted; he was so very clear about it himself.

"I covet nothing," said Mr. Skimpole, in the same light way. "Possession is nothing to me. Here is my friend Jarndyce's excellent house. I feel obliged to him for possessing it. I can sketch it, and alter it. I can set it to music. When I am here, I have sufficient possession of it, and have neither trouble, cost, nor responsibility. My steward's name, in short, is Jarndyce, and he can't cheat me. We have been mentioning Mrs. Jellyby. There is a bright-eyed woman, of a strong will and immense power of business-detail, who throws herself into objects with surprising ardor! I don't regret that *I* have not a strong will and an immense power of business-detail, to throw myself into objects with surprising

ardor. I can admire her without envy. I can sympathise with the objects. I can dream of them. I can lie down on the grass—in fine weather—and float along an African river, embracing all the natives I meet, as sensible of the deep silence, and sketching the dense overhanging tropical growth as accurately as if I were there. I don't know that it's of any direct use my doing so, but it's all I can do, and I do it thoroughly. Then, for heaven's sake, having Harold Skimpole, a confiding child, petitioning you, the world, an agglomeration of practical people of business habits, to let him live and admire the human family, do it somehow or other, like good souls, and suffer him to ride his rocking horse!"

It was plain enough that Mr. Jarndyce had not been neglectful of the adjuration. Mr. Skimpole's general position there would have rendered it so, without the addition of what he presently said.

"It's only you, the generous creatures, whom I envy," said Mr. Skimpole, addressing us, his new friends, in an impersonal manner. "I envy you your power of doing what you do. It is what I should revel in, myself. I don't feel any vulgar gratitude to you. I almost feel as if *you* ought to be grateful to *me*, for giving you the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of generosity. I know you like it. For anything I can tell, I may have come into the world expressly for the purpose of increasing your stock of happiness. I may have been born to be a benefactor to you, by sometimes giving you an opportunity of assisting me in my little perplexities. Why should I regret my incapacity for details and worldly affairs, when it leads to such pleasant consequences? I don't regret it therefore."

Charles Dickens

AN OBSTACLE.

I was climbing up a mountain-path
With many things to do,
Important business of my own,
And other people's too,
When I ran against a Prejudice
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load,
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by—
He smiled, but as for moving!—
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short—no other path—
The mountain winds were cool—
I argued like a Solomon,
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion.
I danced and howled and swore,
I pelted and belaboured him
Till I was stiff and sore;
He got as mad as I did—
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees--
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill-will—
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,
In an ecstasy of woe—
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow—
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

[From *In this our World, and other Poems.* By permission of the Authoress.]

THE DEVIL'S DUE.*

Arsenius, priest of God, I tell,
For warning in your younger ears,
Humbly and plainly what befell
That year—gone by a many years—

* A priest tells how, in his youth, a church was built by the free labour of love—as was men's wont in those days; and how the stone and wood were paid for by one who had grown rich on usury and the pillage of the poor—and of what chanced thereafter.

When Veraignes church was built. Ah! then
Brave churches grew 'neath hands of men:
We see not their like again.

We built it on the green hill-side
That leans its bosom o'er the town,
So that its presence, sanctified,
Might ever on our lives look down.
We built; and those who built not, they
Brought us their blessing day by day,
And lingered to rejoice and pray.

For years the masons toiled, for years
The craftsmen wrought till they had made
A church we scarce could see for tears—
Its fairness made our love afraid.
Its clear-cut cream-white tracery
Stood out against the deep bright sky
Like good deeds 'gainst eternity.

In the deep roof each separate beam
Had its own garland—ivy, vine,—
Giving to man the carver's dream,
In sight of men a certain sign—
And all day long the workers plied.
"The church shall finished be," we cried,
"And consecrate by Easter-tide."

Our church! It was so fair, so dear,
So fit a church to praise God in!
It had such show of carven gear,
Such chiselled work, without, within!
Such marble for the steps and floor,
Such window-jewels and such store
Of gold and gems the altar bore!

Each stone by loving hands was hewn,
  By loving hands each beam was sawn ;
The hammers made a merry tune
  In winter dusk and summer dawn.
Love built the house, but gold had paid
For that wherewith the house was made.
" Would love had given all ! " we said.

But poor in all save love were we,
  And he was poor in all save gold
Who gave the gold. By usury
  Were gained his riches manifold.
We knew that ! If we knew, we thought
'Tis good if men do good in aught,
And by good works may heaven be bought !

At last the echo died in air
  Of the last stroke. The silence then
Passed in to fill the church, left bare
  Of the loving voice of Christian men.
The silence saddened all the sun,
So gladly was our work begun.
Now all that happy work was done.

Did any voices in the night
  Call through those arches ? Were there wings
That swept between the pillars white—
  Wide pinions of unvisioned things ?
The priest who watched the relics heard
Wing-whispers—not of bat or bird—
And moan of inarticulate word.

Then sunlight, morning, and sweet air
  Adorned our church, and there were borne
Great sheaves of boughs of blossoms fair
  To grace the consecration morn.

Then round our church trooped knight and dame
Within, alone, the bishop came,
And the twelve candles leaped to flame.

Then round our church the bishop went
With all his priests—a brave array.
There was no sign nor portent sent
As, glad at heart, he went his way,
Sprinkling the holy water round
Three times on walls and crowd and ground
Within the churchyard's sacred bound.

Then—but ye know the function's scope
At consecration—all the show
Of torch and incense, stole and cope;
And how the acolytes do go
Before the bishop—how they bear
The lighted tapers, flaming fair,
Blown back by the sweet wavering air.

The bishop, knocking at the door,
The deacon answering from within,
"Lift up your heads, ye gates, be sure
The king of Glory shall come in"—
The bishop passed in with the choir.
Thank God for this—our soul's desire,
Our altar, meet for heaven's fire!

The bishop, kneeling in his place
Where our bright windows made day dim,
With all heaven's glory in his face,
Began the consecration hymn:
"*Veni*," he sang, in clear strong tone,
Then—on the instant—song was done,
Its very echo scattered—gone!

For, as the bishop's voice rang clear,
  Another voice rang clearer still—
A voice wherein the soul could hear
  The discord of unmeasured ill—
And sudden breathless silence fell
On all the church. And I wot well
There are such silences in hell.

Taper and torch died down—went out—
  And all our church grew dark and cold,
And deathly odours crept about,
  And chill, as of the churchyard mould;
And every flower drooped its head,
And all the rose's leaves were shed,
And all the lilies dropped down dead.

There, in the bishop's chair, we saw—
  How can I tell you? Memories shrink
To mix anew the cup of awe
  We shuddering mortals had to drink.
What was it? There! The shape that stood
Before the altar and the rood,
It was not human flesh and blood!

A light more bright than any sun,
  A shade more dark than any night,
A shape that human shape was none,
  A cloud, a sense of wingëd might,
And, like an infernal trumpet sound,
Rang through the church's hush profound
A voice. We listened horror-bound.

"*Venio!* Cease, cease to consecrate!
  Love built the church, but it is mine!
'Tis built of stone hewn out by hate,
  Cemented by man's blood divine.

Whence came the gold that paid for this?
From pillage of the poor, I wis—
That gold was mine, and mine this is!

"Your King has cursed the usurer's gold,
He gives it to me for my fee!
Your church is builded, but behold
Your church is fair for me—for me!
Who robs the poor to me is given;
Impenitent and unforgiven,
His church is built for hell, not heaven!"

Then, as we gazed, the face grew clear,
And all men stood as turned to stone;
Each man beheld through dews of fear
A face—his own—yet not his own:
His own face, darkened, lost, debased,
With hell's own signet stamped and traced,
And all the God in it effaced.

A crash like thunder shook the walls,
A flame like lightning shot them through:
"Fly, fly before the judgment falls,
And all the stones be fallen on you!"
And as we fled we saw bright gleams
Of fire leap out 'mid joists and beams.
Our church! Oh, love—oh, hopes—oh, dreams!

We stood without—a pallid throng—
And as the flame leaped high and higher,
Shrill winds we heard that rushed along
And fanned the transports of the fire.
The sky grew black; against the sky
The blue and scarlet flames leaped high,
And cries as of lost souls wailed by.

The church in glowing vesture stood,
  The lead ran down as it were wax,
The great stones cracked and burned like wood,
  The wood caught fire and flamed like flax:
A horrid chequered light and shade,
By smoke and flame alternate made,
Upon men's upturned faces played.

Down crashed the walls. Our lovely spire—
  A blackened ruin—fell and lay.
The very earth about caught fire,
  And flame-tongues licked along the clay.
The fire did neither stay nor spare
Till the foundations were laid bare
To the hot, sickened, smoke-filled air.

There in the sight of men it lay,
  Our church that we had made so fair!
A heap of ashes white and gray,
  With sparks still gleaming here and there.
The sun came out again, and shone
On all our loving work undone—
Our church destroyed, our labour gone!

Gone? Is it gone? God knows it, no!
  The hands that builded built aright:
The men who loved and laboured so,
  Their church is built in heaven's height!
In every stone a glittering gem,
Gold in the gold Jerusalem—
The church their love built waits for them.

E. Nesbit.

[From *Lays and Legends*—2nd series (Longmans, Green & Co.). By permission of the Authoress.]

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT.

A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER with a loving heart
Toiled at his service in the lonely tower,
Keeping his giant lenses clear and bright,
And feeding with pure oil the precious light
Whose power to save was as his own heart's power.

He loved his kind, and being set alone
To help them by the means of this great light,
He poured his whole heart's service into it,
And sent his love down the long beams that lit
The waste of broken water in the night.

He loved his kind, and joyed to see the ships
Come out of nowhere into his bright field,
And glide by safely with their living men,
Past him and out into the dark again,
To other hands their freight of joy to yield.

His work was noble and his work was done;
He kept the ships in safety and was glad;
And yet, late coming with the light's supplies,
They found the love no longer in his eyes—
The keeper of the light had fallen mad.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

[From *In this our World, and other Poems.* By permission of the Authoress.]

A PRAYER FOR REST.

He does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.

After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;

Let me rest—but lay me low,
Where the hedge-side roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;

Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;

Where the wedded throstle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover swings,
Near the runlet's rushy springs;

Where, at times the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
To be heard by me no more!

There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

Ebenezer Elliott.

THE BROTHERS.

A BALLAD OF SAINT QUENTIN.

'Twas many a hundred years agone
The sun was stooping low—
It shone upon a dying man
Whose beard was as the snow.

"Oh, fetch me here a priest—a priest;
Oh, ride ye far and fast;
For he must shrive my guilty soul
Before the day be past."

So fast they rode by moor and mead,
Nor drew the bridle-rein
Until they brought a holy friar
From out Saint Quentin's fane.

"Now sit by me, thou holy man;
But first the chamber clear,
For I have that to tell to-night
Which others may not hear—

"And bar the door, thou holy man,
The casement close with care;
For I have that to tell to thee
No wandering wind may bear.

"I was a knight of ancient race,
Had lands and yellow gold,
My name, good priest?—nay, ask it not
Until my tale be told.

"I had a brother, less in age
Than I by summers three—
I loved a maiden, fair as dawn—
She loved him more than me

"I watched them in the redd'ning woods,
I track'd them through the glen;
One eve, I saw him kiss her lips,
A madness seized me then.

"And hell awoke within my soul,
The Fiend hiss'd at my ear—
Ay, cross thyself, thou holy man,
'Tis a ghastly tale to hear.

"I crouch'd behind a blasted thorn—
They pass'd me, whispering low;
Then like a savage thing I sprang,
And fell'd him at a blow.

"I saw him lying at my feet,
I stabb'd him as he lay;—
Nay, stare not so, thou holy friar,
But tell thy beads and pray.

"There rang a cry, a passionate cry,
It rang through all the wood!
She knelt beside the dying man,
And cursed me where I stood.

"An exile have I roam'd since then
Through many a strange countree;
But ever, like a slow sleuth-hound,
Her curse hath follow'd me

"For fifty long, lone, weary years.
Now would I pardon win;
Oh, lift the cross, thou holy man,
And shrive me of my sin."

The holy friar, he bows him down,
And aves mutters three;
And once, and twice, he tells his beads
Before a word speaks he.

"Art thou full sure thy brother died?"
"Oh! that too well I know!
I saw the death-glaze in his eyes;
I saw his life blood flow."

"Now if thou heard'st thy brother lived,
Would that thy spirit cheer?"
"Ah, that would be the gladdest word
That ever I could hear!

"For I would give my castles twain,
That are beside the sea,
And many a league of rich fat land,
If such a thing might be.

"Vain, vain! I know that he is dead,
For I have seen his sprite
Within the whispering woods at dawn,
And in the failing light.

"And once it turn'd and seem'd to smile
As I lay upon my bed;
Nay—stare not so with thy sad eyes,
Thou fill'st my soul with dread."

What ails him now, that holy friar,
That he should tremble so?
He kneels beside the aged man,
And fast the hot tears flow.

"Look up, look up, good Ethelbert,
Thy brother is not dead;
'Tis he who clasps thy hand in his,
And kneels beside thy bed."

"Now may Our Ladye pardon thee
If this wonder be not true—
And yet—thy voice—it seems to be
The voice of one I knew—

"It draws me back to far-off years;
We are two boys again—
There is no blood upon my hand,
No devil in my brain.

"And Mervyn woods are broad and green,
Oh, speak—and let me hear!"
"By every Saint!" said the holy friar,
"I am thy brother dear."

The joy that lit the old man's eyes,
I ween 'twas good to see.
"Oh! what of her whose fair young face
Did come 'twixt thee and me?"

"Her body lies in sacred sod,
Within a convent wall;
Her spirit is in Paradise
Among the angels all."

* * * *

The night went down, the morning broke;
They forced the barréd door,
And there, I trow, was such a sight
As scarce was seen before.

With arms about each other's neck,
As they were boys in play,
With a look of peace upon each face,
In death the brothers lay.

One grave was scoop'd in Quentin's shrine,
And many a mass was said,
And bells were toll'd, and tapers burn'd.
God rest the quiet dead!

W. Wilsey Martin.

[From *By Solent and Danube.* By permission of the Author.]

RECITATION-MUSIC

INCLUDING

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF RECITATIONS, COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR THE DECLAMATION WITH MUSIC OF PIECES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME, AND MUSICAL EXAMPLES

BY

STANLEY HAWLEY, A.R.A.M.,
Composer of "The Bells," etc., etc.

In the valuable essay on "Recitation with Musical Accompaniment" (page 191) by no less an authority than Mr. Frederick Corder, the student has the great advantage of obtaining, for the first time, detailed information as to the classification, analysis, and method of performance of what are, undoubtedly, the chief musical accompaniments to declamation. The best thanks of every one interested in the subject are due to Mr. Corder for calling attention to the work, more or less of a serious nature, that has already been done in this direction, and it is not a matter of surprise that so admirable a *résumé* from such a well-known authority has created a new, and an increasing interest, in the art of recitation with music. Few added words of mine can give further information concerning the existing published works of the kind. I propose, however, to explain the methods adopted by myself in my own settings to the pieces given in this volume, so that possibly, approaching the subject from a new direction, I may bring

some fresh light to bear upon it, and thus further assist both the reciter and accompanist.

Before passing on, some reference should be made to so-called extempore accompaniments, and by such is meant certain attempts, fortunately hardly ever heard in public, to play what is supposed to be descriptive music to a recited poem, and this without any preparation or previous rehearsal. When we consider for a moment the varying quality of impromptu playing, even by a musician and an artist of unquestioned ability, it is difficult to imagine how the delicate suggestions of a poem, probably only slightly known to the player, can receive any adequate musical interpretation at his hands. To improvise, at the very moment of delivery of the verse, a so-called musical accompaniment is a very easy task, but to assume that such music has anything more to do with the poem beyond being heard at the same time as the words are heard is an assumption as ridiculous as it is false. The common and well-known device of stringing together popular, or, for that matter, any melodies and working them up into a recitation, as suggested by the editor of a recent book on elocution, and calling it "Recitation with Music," is equally outside the domain of serious art, and cannot be treated as such.

To attain to any degree of perfection in The Dual Art has frequently been put forward as impossible, the usual reasons given being, that an unnatural effect is brought about by the attempted fusion of two beautiful arts. It has been asserted that we have here two arts interfering with instead of assisting each other; and that no matter how fine the effect of the spoken poem may be, or how apt and descriptive the accompanying music, the listener is bewildered and disturbed by the imposed task of hearing the combination alleged to be distracting, not assistant. It must not be forgotten that a recited poem has a distinct

and rhythmic beat of its own, too delicately poised, perhaps, for many ears to notice, but, nevertheless, when properly conveyed, teeming with musical cadences and instinct with emotional effect. Every intelligent person will allow that the simple declamation of a poem, due regard being paid to its metrical construction, has a musical beauty entirely of its own. Our ears are so attuned to the reception of strongly-marked and distinct periods in musical time, that we have, in consequence, grown deaf to the slighter and more delicate periods of metrical verse, which are the subtler forms of musical force. The laws that govern the construction of metrical verse* are founded on at least one distinct and clearly-defined accent. As a rule, we may take it that the iambic of four to five feet, the heroic measure of English metre, is the form most used in our epic, dramatic, and descriptive poetry. Unmeasured music, that is to say, music without any regular accent, is, at least in modern times, almost unknown. Granted, then, the desirability of a combination between the two forces, what more simple than to seize hold of the one thing they possess in common, namely, regularity of accent, and, in the setting of them, study to arrange, with a certain amount of latitude, a rhythmical combination between both? Not a fettered and exacting combination, whereby each word has its corresponding note, but a union whereby the principal accent in each line of the poem is represented, at least once, by a corresponding accent in the music. It is here that the question of latitude comes in, for, apart from tho simultaneous and necessary meeting of the accents, the music and words should proceed together with a certain independence of each other, and it is the elasticity of each force we have

* "Orthometry: A Treatise on the Art of Versification and the Technicalities of Poetry." By R. F. Brewer, B.A. (Charles William Deacon & Co.)

to intertwine and combine. In my own settings to the poems in this volume, each pulse is embraced in a bar of music, and the bar line is placed, generally speaking, before the principally accented syllable in the line, thereby insuring the simultaneous rendering of the first syllable and the first note after the bar line. If we accept metre as being the recurrence, within certain intervals, of syllables similarly affected, the practical effect of emphasizing such metre by a corresponding rhythmical flow in the music must be to intensify and develop the natural melody of the poem. Instead of basing the accompaniment, as in song composition, on a certain melody, one substitutes for such melody the measured quantities of metrical verse. At first sight it would appear that a certain monotony is introduced by this combination, and no doubt, if followed literally on the lines suggested, the danger might become possible; but it is quite impossible to err in this direction if due attention be paid to the sentiment of the poem, so that every recurring idea is accompanied by a corresponding recurring phrase of music, thereby imparting a distinct unity, form, and meaning to the composition as a whole. By the development of themes, and the working out of a carefully-planned, symmetrical design, all the leading subjects can be brought into full relief, and, being interpreted by the illustrative, instead of the imitative power of music, monotony of treatment is scarcely possible, provided, of course, that the poem itself suggests colourable themes.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the varying moods of a poem. Music not only suggests an atmosphere for these varying moods, but can intensify the dramatic effect of the poem wherever needful, and, also, supply a restful movement when the lines are purely narrative. It materially assists an audience to follow with greater ease not only the plot but also the varied beauties of the poem.

in other words, to differentiate the closely-woven sentiments as they are one by one unfolded, and to be prepared, by an introductory bar or two, for any immediate change of scene; for the music can do something more than merely accentuate the meaning of the poem, it can enforce it, for it can actually create an atmosphere entirely by its suggestive power, and aid the elocutionist in a greater manner even than stage scenery assists the actor. To take one of many instances that can be mentioned. In Kingsley's "Ballad of Lorraine" (*see* page 333), the last verse of the poem describes, in the briefest manner, how a woman is thrown from her horse in a steeplechase and killed. The lines—

"But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,"

bring no picture to the mind of rapid movement. The race is over, and the woman killed. On hearing the same words declaimed to an accompaniment suggesting the gallop of a maddened racehorse, we at once have obtained quite a different picture. It is no longer a picture of still life. The woman is not yet dead, because our imagination is so stimulated by the suggested and continued gallop in the music that we imagine we can see both horse and rider before the fatal fall. To take another instance. In the last portion of John Davidson's "Ballad of Hell" (*see* page 971), a woman, indignant at the treachery of her lover, walks out of Hell and ascends into Heaven. The musical accompaniment at this point is concerned only with the woman's passage from Hell. Other incidents, however, occur in the poem whereby the attention of the audience is removed for a short period from the figure and movements of the woman, to some lesser details; but the flow of melody that originally commences with her determination to leave Hell sustains

her movements throughout. The woman, by means of the suggested power of the music, becomes incorporated with a certain melody, and, whilst that melody is played, her presence is always dominant. An audience, therefore, never, for one instant, loses sight of the woman, even when the lesser details in the poem are being presented by the reciter.

Referring once more to the musical colouring of a poem, this must assist the reciter in a manner that is somewhat novel both to himself and to his audience. Assuming that music is not quite a foreign language of hidden meanings to him, the reciter throughout the poem is constantly being reminded of the requisite modulatory effect and colour of voice required for each phase. The music invariably suggests to him, in a delicate manner, the most desirable tone and quality of voice to assume for certain passages he is to declaim. A reciter who knows his work requires no such suggestions; but there are moments when even our most famous actors have a tendency to lose sight of the pitch, quality, and colour of voice most necessary to create effect. In this respect a musical accompaniment is of great assistance to a reciter, for it can be for ever at his side, painting phase upon phase of the poem, and eloquently hinting at each varying mood which he is to interpret.

It has been stated, on more than one occasion, that the great difficulty in the performance of the Dual Art is to get two people to work successfully together, and thus bring about an approximate perfect combination of the forces used. To ensure success, a high degree of excellence is necessary in both reciter and accompanist, and this is surely a small demand, for it would be illogical to look for perfection from the united attempts of two incompetent performers. Given then, an accompanist of sufficient ability, and a reciter capable of presenting a beautiful

rendering of the poem apart from the music, and the rest is only a question of patience and rehearsal. Assuming a slight knowledge of music on the part of the reciter, he will after a few rehearsals gradually cease to feel the accompaniment in the light of an encumbrance, but rather regard it as a stimulus to his own ideas. Having carefully studied the poem by itself, it is next desirable for him to hear the music some few times by itself, so as to obtain a general idea of the composer's views, before proceeding to effect a combination with the words. When this first manifestation of the newly associated power has been realised, it is necessary for the reciter to study the poem again and arrange with his accompanist as to the simultaneous delivery of the principal accents of the line with the music, which unity must not be left to the caprice of the moment. This having been finally determined upon, and each phrase carefully rehearsed, the reciter should then study the open and introductory bars which precede his "entrances" and succeed his "exits." In my own settings to the poems in this volume, the bar lines will be found a great guide to each performer in the arrangements of the accents of the poem. Apart from the meeting of the principal accents both performers should be in perfect accord with regard to the increase and decrease of power required, as well, of course, as the increase and decrease of speed, so that every shade of expression can be commenced and finished together. Free use of *tempo rubato*, or the mutual give and take, so absolutely essential to artistic effect in all concerted music, is here of paramount importance, and should never be lost sight of or forgotten. Its influence on the performance of our twofold art is apparent, and should be cultivated wherever possible. With practice an intimate combination can be obtained which imparts an effect of great spontaneity to the more declamatory parts of the poem, where the voice is of

sufficient volume to blend with, or cover the tones of the pianoforte. It stands to reason that the average voice could not possibly be distinguished through the fortissimo of a grand pianoforte, and it is therefore absolutely necessary for the reciter to avoid the full chords. After a little practice this avoidance becomes purely mechanical. In the detailed analysis of my compositions, hereafter given, due attention has been shown to the actual method of bringing about the most effective results.

Having now pointed out in a general manner the methods to be adopted for the successful performance of this conjoined art, it is well to give a word of warning to the reciter who intends to play his own accompaniment. What has largely contributed to retard the progress of the art of recitation with music is attempts on the part of *incompetent* reciters to play their own accompaniments. It is impossible to obtain a coherent and perfect rendering of the work under such conditions, unless the performer is a second Clifford Harrison.

To recite with music requires a clear, full voice, rich but not too deep, with perfect articulation and the adoption, as Mr. Corder has pointed out, of the higher tones in preference to the lower. Certain speaking voices possess a natural musical beauty of their own, capable of the most carefully-balanced inflection, and pre-eminently adapted for the work in question. Any colloquial quality of voice is undesirable, and is to be strongly condemned; in fact, reciters who are not accustomed to the exercise of declamatory poems should approach the idea of recitation with music with a certain amount of reticence. They must always bear in mind that something more than mere speaking is required for success. The natural conversational tones of the voice do not blend with the pianoforte, for a thin-speaking voice has not sufficient body of its own to afford support to a musical accompaniment, and, moreover, cannot

impart strength of rhythm to the poem. There is a halting staccato manner about the combination, and when such conditions are brought into play, they cannot be too strongly deprecated. The quality of voice required is that golden mean between speaking and singing, which does not possess the monotony of a chant nor the affectation of what is best described as "sing-song," but that sympathetic tone that can be coloured by the soul; for tone expresses feeling, words define it. Again, there are some who have no ear for music—some to whom the woven fabric of musical sound is an unemotional thing, possessing no clearly-defined characteristics, no embodiment of an idea or beautiful sentiment. Such natures lack the requisite knowledge and sensibility to attempt the combination, and are well advised to leave recitation with music alone.

With regard to the choice by the student of poems for musical treatment, so much depends on personal taste that it is superfluous to do more than point out a few guiding principles that usually govern the selection of a poem. A consistent and regular metre, with clearly defined accents, is of paramount importance in the selection of a piece, and is the principal feature for which we must look. The metrical construction should be as flawless as possible, for any harsh or laboured rhythm is detrimental to the combination, and would, at once, create a difficulty in the way of a suitable and harmonious setting. It not infrequently happens that a poem, beautiful in idea and sentiment, is rendered impossible for the combination solely on account of its uncertain and irregular rhythm, or for the reason that certain passages are too broken and intermittent to admit of an effective setting. The need and suggestion for music should be constant, and more or less dominant throughout, for a poem that only possesses a few stanzas, here and there, capable of musical treatment, is a serious

detriment from the outset, and is liable to degenerate into a spasmodic and uneven accompaniment. The suggestion for music should be broad enough to permit the use of continued themes whereby the poem can be divided into various motives, so that a constructive work of clear design can be the result. Contrasting sentiments, as well as change of scene, are of great value, as they enable the composer to give free rein to his interpretative and descriptive powers. Contrasting sentiments are of peculiar value in certain positions, for they serve to bring out and accentuate, in a marked degree, the emotional and pathetic qualities of passages that otherwise would remain obscure. The music can here, at once, differentiate the two conflicting sentiments by its subtle power of suggestion, and convey direct the meaning of the poet to the audience. Taken as a broad rule, qualities of pathos are associated with melody, and the expression of brutality by the use of chorus. The contrasting sentiments in the setting of Kingsley's ballad of "Lorraine" are treated in this manner, wherein the appeal of the woman finds its musical expression in the accompanying melody, and the brutal rejoinders of the husband in the use of chords as opposed to melody. By the adoption of this method the contrasts are sharply defined, and permit of no confusion. Although the need for music should be apparent, it does not follow that the idea of music should be in any way suggested by the words of a poem, although, in some cases, the suggestion is quite apparent. For instance, in Whyte-Melville's "Riding through the Broom" (*see* page 1071), the idea of a valse is at once suggested at the very commencement of the poem, so that to avoid so broad a hint, and not supply the needful colouring obtained by the use of a valse rhythm, would be incongruous. Such a poem as Shelley's "To a Skylark" (*see* page 656) also suggests certain musical themes; and yet, on the other hand, the setting of

the poem positively teems with difficulties. It is the intellectual reverie of a poet. Shelley is himself listening to the lark, and translating its song into a wonderful fabric of glowing imagery and delicate fancy. We do not hear the lark sing, but only hear the poetic translation of the song. To give a musical analogue of Shelley's interpretation of the lark's song is a task of impossibility. A poem appeals to a musician in very much the same manner as it would appeal to a painter—at least, this assumption is logical. The poem either suggests the making of a picture, or it does not; and if it fails to stimulate the imagination to the extent of creating a picture, it usually fails to be attractive for the purposes of musical treatment. The poem must contain movement. The mere expression of beautiful ideas, without reference to anything in particular, is useless. What is necessary is freedom from monotony, and sufficient dramatic possibilities—that is to say, precisely the same qualities that a composer of opera would look for in a libretto. In the case of a dramatic poem, the best form to choose is one containing a dramatic idea treated lyrically, yet still retaining all the force of the original idea, tempered and chastened by its poetical clothing.

It is hoped that the following will be found of practical value both to the Reciter and Accompanist.

THE BELLS (*see* page 313).

This poem is eminently suited to the requirements of the Dual Art on account of its perfect metrical construction, lyrical power, and its subdivision into four characteristic and distinct themes. The fascinating melody of the verse, due, no doubt, to its constant change of rhythm, beautiful alliteration, and almost fanciful rhyme, presents itself in such a manner as almost to necessitate the aid of music.

Throughout the poem the use of such is powerfully suggested, and the fact of each subdivision of the poem increasing in length permits the development of a formal treatment in the setting. That is to say, the last movement contains a repetition of all the themes of which previous use has been made.

The Sleigh Bells.—The combined effect should convey a suggestion of intense and brilliant joy; the clear, crisp joy of frozen air filled with the jingle of sleigh bells. The voice should be light, clean and sparkling, daintily picking its way along the still daintier rhythm; taking advantage of the effective clash of rhyme and the constant repetition of the vowel "i," of which the poet has made such masterly use in this movement. The skilful use of this vowel is of great importance. The silent bars should be considered as important as the others, and should be used by the reciter as breathing spaces. The accompaniment, which should be *pianissimo* throughout, is in four-bar phrases, and is perfectly regular.

The Wedding Bells.—A change into a sharp key suggesting brightness is here introduced. The voice should be full, broad, and flowing in its effects, but withal carefully modulated. The quality expressive of joyful happiness is not precisely the best tone to be adopted here. It should be remembered that we are listening to the ringing of wedding bells, and, in consequence, are thrown into an attitude of expectancy and meditation. Our joy is, perhaps, more pensive than exuberant: we are listening to the symbolic happiness of others and not indulging in any form of joy ourselves. The bar that precedes the entrance of the voice can be repeated as often as desired, not only for this introduction, but for all the others. In some cases it is most useful in affording a brief respite to the voice, especially if at all wearied by the strain of the alarum bells. The time is slightly slower than before (two

bars of three-time put into one), but the marks of varying speed should be carefully studied, inasmuch as they apply to both reciter and accompanist. The rests at the beginning of the opening lines are introduced to avoid monotony, and more frequently in order that the principal accent on the pianoforte may not drown the voice. Full effect should be given to the vowel "o," which predominates to a large extent in the first half of this movement. A musical note is placed over each bell to mark the time, which should alternate from long to short. The repetition of the bells should not be made of equal length, but recited first on the accent and then off, to suggest the idea of the sound being first borne on the wind to the listeners, and then carried away from them.

The Alarum Bells.—This movement opens somewhat slower than before, and all the silent bars should be played with increased loudness. A fine dramatic effect is possible by gradually working up with a long and increasing *accelerando* until the climax is reached at the words, "higher, higher, higher," which should be delivered with full voice. The greatest declamatory force must be used at this point, perhaps more so than at any other part of the poem. It is important to avoid the full chords when the passage, "How they clang and clash and roar," is reached. Cleverness and skill—only obtained by experience—will always prompt the reciter to avoid the full "*ff*" chords of the pianoforte. This is most important, as otherwise the voice would be drowned by the accompaniment. From this point the voice should be quite subdued, in striking contrast to the previous intensity, until the repetition of the bells, which should be delivered in a full, strong, and harsh tone.

The Passing Bell.—The opening time is slow, and the key suggestive of mournfulness. The voice should be pitched in a lower key than before and can enter at will,

that is to say, the opening bar can be repeated as often as desired. The six-four time should simply be considered two bars of three-four time in one bar. A declamatory climax can be brought about by a long *accelerando* from the words, "And their king it is who tolls," which should rise to the point of full intensity at the word "yells." From this point the time should not drag at all, and the voice should be sustained and tinged throughout with the mournful quality indicative of the theme.

BALLAD OF LORRAINE (*see* page 333).

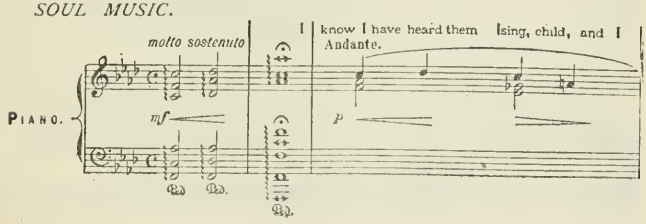
This short and intensely dramatic poem is full of sharply-defined contrasts, and is written in the characteristic ballad style. The strange beauty and the pathetic quality of it, alternating with such swift transitions, are not always appreciated nor even understood. The movement is continuous, without a single unnecessary word, and is marked by a strong and consistent accent. The accompaniment opens with a two-bar phrase before the introduction of the voice, and this phrase is again heard with the words, "That husbands could be cruel." As before pointed out, the pathetic phases of the poem are associated with a sad melody, and the brutality of the husband by the use of harsh chords. The repetition of the word "Barum" should be taken to suggest the gallop of a horse, and the requisite speed of delivery carefully rehearsed (much faster). A long *crescendo* and *accelerando* should be commenced with the words, "That husbands could be cruel," and should attain its full expression of intense and pathetic despair, rising to a height of tragic utterance with the words "and be killed." A sudden change of time to *Molto Allegro* is introduced with the words, "But he killed her at the brook," which must not be broken. The voice must declaim this passage with great speed and full power, and, at the same time,

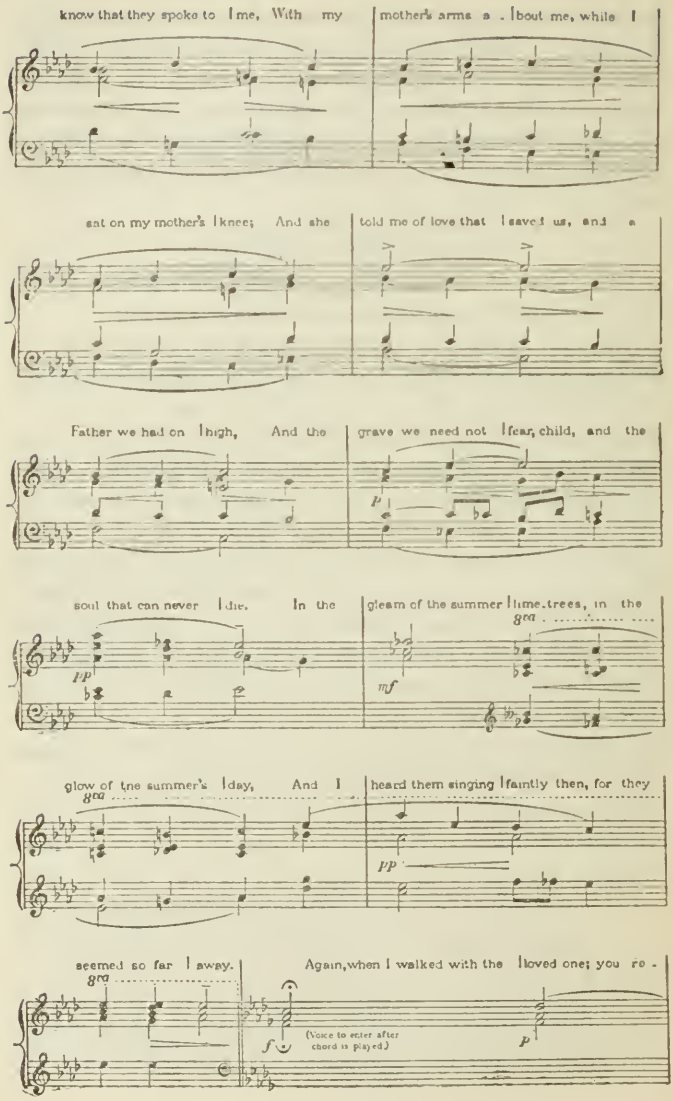
be in perfect accord with the accompaniment with regard to accent. Breath should be taken at the words "tree" and "brute." In striking contrast to what has gone before, the last line should be spoken with the voice fully charged with and alive to the tender pathos of the concluding phrase, with a breath taken after the word "baby."

SOUL MUSIC (*see* page 1018).

This poem is very simple in construction, and is linked throughout with a tender sentiment, which requires a voice capable of the most exquisite modulation to bring out the beauty of the lines in all their purity and delicacy. A monotonous delivery would sadly ruin the effect of the long musical cadences, and would also tend to render very wearisome the delicate refinement of the pathos. The poem is a study in the art of modulation, and it is only by the skilful arrangement of the pitch, tone, and inflexions of the voice that any measure of success can be obtained. The character of the music is slow and sustained, in keeping with the long movements of the poem, and should be quite subdued and freed from any element of the dramatic. There are no silent bars to be remembered, and only a slight pause is made at the end of each verse. A slight but increasing *crescendo* movement in the last two pages, slowly rising and swelling into an elevated expression of divine sentiment, would be admirably suited to an organ accompaniment.

SOUL MUSIC.




know that they spoke to me, With my
mother's arms a - bout me, while I
sat on my mother's knee; And she
told me of love that saved us, and a
Father we had on high, And the
grave we need not fear, child, and the
soul that can never die. In the
gleam of the summer lime-trees, in the
glow of the summer's day, And I
heard them singing faintly then, for they
seemed so far away.
Again, when I walked with the loved one; you re -
(Voice to enter after chord is played.)

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL (*see* page 586).

Symmetrical in construction, with a harmonious and regular rhythm, this poem is well adapted to the requirements of the Dual Art. The varied changes of scene, the introduction of contrasting characters, and beyond and above all, the exquisite picture conveyed to us by the aid of such glowing imagery, is more than enough to account for its popularity. Few poems lend themselves so readily to a musical treatment. This story of human frailty and angelic fidelity, with the stirring, trumpet-tongued note of divine forgiveness that completes the picture, is modelled on a carefully-balanced design. The subordination of every phase and sentiment in the poem to the one grand, central idea, is carried out with an excellent judgment of proportion. The accompaniment opens with four bars indicating the torment and anguish of the purgatorial spirits, and reappears again when the same motive is alluded to by the Archangel in the words, "A thousand years in torment," etc. The purely narrative opening should be spoken with restraint, and the avoidance of overcharged sentiment. It does not require to be acted, but simply explained in a clear, even tone of voice, and not too slowly. By adopting this method, and throwing oneself more intensely into the utterances of the discontented spirit, monotony of treatment is avoided. The full chords in the following passage should be carefully avoided by the voice :—

"All the torment (chord) that I suffer (chord) is the thought (chord) of his despair (chord)."

A great effect is also obtained by the division of the following passage, which is marked by such intense suffering as to almost permit of the introduction of a sob where the pauses occur, viz.,—

"And he I left (pause) has suffered (pause)
A whole year (pause) since that day."

The Archangel is introduced with a sequence of trumpet-like notes, and his words should be evenly declaimed, with just the requisite tinge of majesty and sternness. The calm of a summer evening is introduced by a "*pp*" figure of undulating rhythm, gently rising and falling with the cadences of the phrase. The voice here should be very light, and in harmony with the sentiment conveyed. The slow and sorrowful return of the disillusioned spirit is suggested in the music by its halting character, one bar being *mf* and another little more than an echo, which, on her nearer approach, bursts into a broad theme, with full chords, and ending with the theme of the *Te Deum*. This ending on the last page should be declaimed with great power (in fact, it should be almost chanted), in perfect time with the music, and yet missing the full chords, as follows :—

"'Pass on' (chord), thus spoke the Angel: (chord)
'Heaven's joy (chord) is deep and vast; (chord)
Pass on (chord), pass on, poor Spirit, (chord)
For Heaven (chord) is yours at last; (chord)
In that (chord) one minute's anguish (chord)
Your thousand (chord) years (chord) have passed.'" (chord)

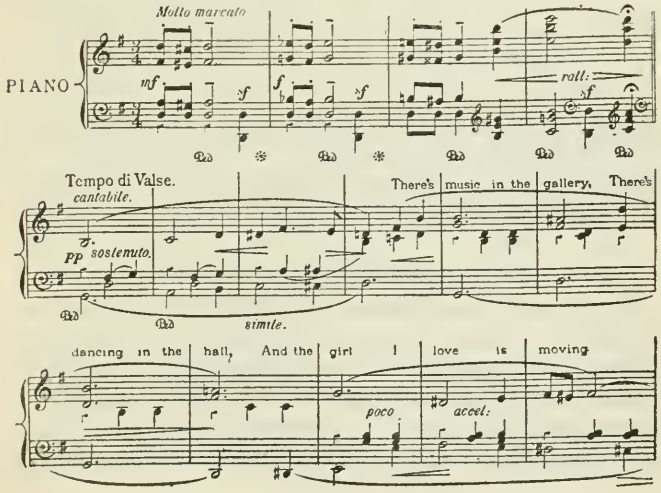
With practice this can be easily managed, and by adopting this method the full tone of the pianoforte can be used without overpowering the voice of the reciter.

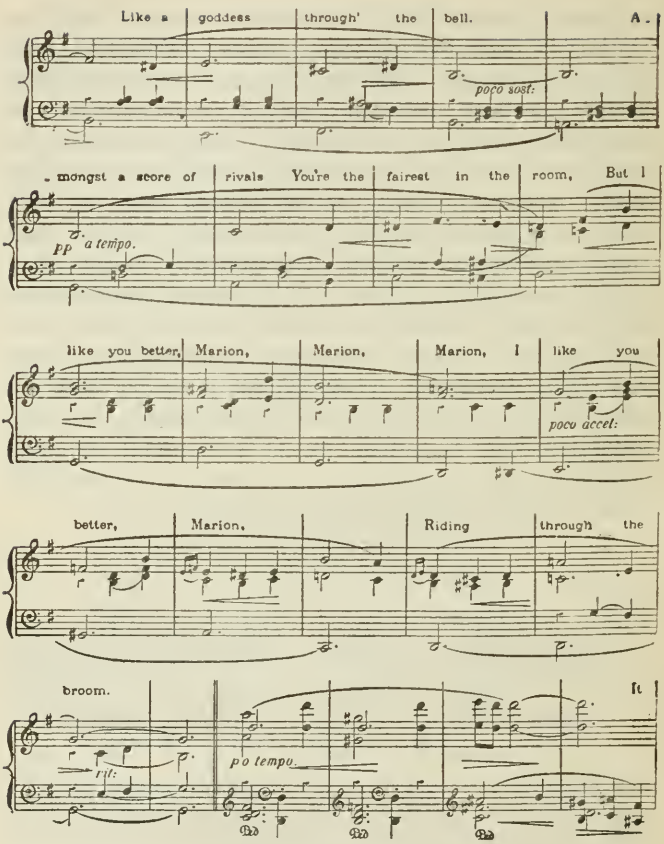
RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM (*see* page 1071).

Slender as is the subject of this poem it is by no means so easy to render effectively as would at first sight appear. The charm of the lyric, for such it is, lies in the ease and apparent carelessness with which it is delivered. It is, in fact, a soliloquy, and as such is spontaneous, and should be given without self-consciousness or apparent effort. It is a case of *Ars est celare artem*. Perfection is only obtained by the absence of the mechanism. Hence the great difficulty experienced in the perfect rendering of this delicate trifle The gradations are so finely worded

and daintily poised that the utmost care and skill are required in their delivery, which must be tempered with one quality—charm. The words are set to a waltz refrain, and the regularity of the four-bar phrase should make the combination very easy to acquire. There are four silent bars between the verses, and eight before the last verse. In the verse commencing "What is freer than the wild bird?" a slight pause of expectation should follow each question, and each succeeding line should be given with a slightly increased emphasis. It is as well to bear in mind that the poem is entirely free from any note other than that of gaiety. There is no suggestion of the disappointed lover about the man. He is supremely happy over his conquest, and is well content to see the object of his love waltzing in the ball-room, for he knows full well she belongs to him only, though, as a matter of preference, he loves her best "Riding through the Broom."

RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM.





THE CURFEW BELL (*see* page 889).

This poem is so well known as to need little introduction. It tells, in simple language, a very thrilling incident, and abounds in suggestions for musical treatment. The regularity of the two accents in each line, accompanied throughout by the first and third beats of each bar, renders it a very easy task to master this combination. The refrain is

with the music, syllable and note quite in time, and, for the rest, there is no difficulty whatever to fit them together.

THE RAVEN (*see* page 449).

The author of this famous poem makes more than one prophetic hint concerning the theory of combining together the two arts of Poetry and Music, and I cannot refrain from quoting the following from his essay on "The Poetic Principle":—"Music, in its various modes of metre, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in poetry, as never to be wisely rejected—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is simply silly who declines its assistance, so I will not now pause to maintain its absolute essentiality. It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. And thus there can be little doubt that in the union of poetry with music, in its popular sense, we shall find the widest field for the poetic development." And again he mentions in a letter to a friend: "Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry: music without the idea is simply music: the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness." No one intending to study "The Raven" should fail to read Poe's essay on "The Philosophy of Composition," and, after that masterly analysis of the poem, it is needless for me to dwell further on the subject. The opening bars should be played very quietly, since the motive is essentially one of sadness. The poem is written in trochaic octameters, and it will be noticed that, taken as a general rule, the third syllable of each line, in other words, the accented syllable in the second trochee, is accompanied by the first beat of the bar, and the same arrangement frequently occurs in the middle of the line or the fifth trochee. The poem is too long and too intricate to give any detailed explanation of it in the limited space

at my command, and the student who desires to master the combination must proceed on the lines heretofore suggested.

LOCHINVAR (*see* page 568).

If any theme is a familiar one, this is. Here, again, for purposes of the Dual Art, come continuous movement, rapid changes, a stirring theme, and a vigorous "lilt." The points of musical treatment are the journey and arrival of young Lochinvar, the dance, and the flight. Martial is the first theme, graceful the second, and dramatic the third. The alliance of music to this well-known poem will invest it with a new interest. The second syllable of each line comes on the first of the bar.

A BALLAD OF HELL (*see* page 971).

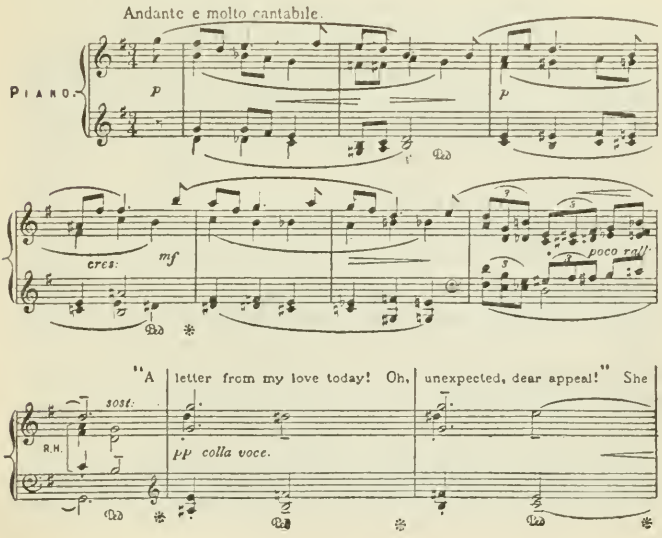
This weird and tragic ballad is full of movement from the opening stanza, which plunges at once into the very heart of the story, down to the magnificent climax that is embraced in the last few lines. There are no waste words, no elaborations of the plot, no weak links in the chain of incidents that succeed each other with thrilling swiftness and intensity. The poem is supremely, daringly original, and, moreover, lavishly strewn with the most exquisite gems of poetical sentiment. Take, for instance, the following lines, unmatched for tenderness of expression and condensed meaning, and full worthy to rank beside the choicest blossoms culled from the luxuriant gardens of English poetry:—

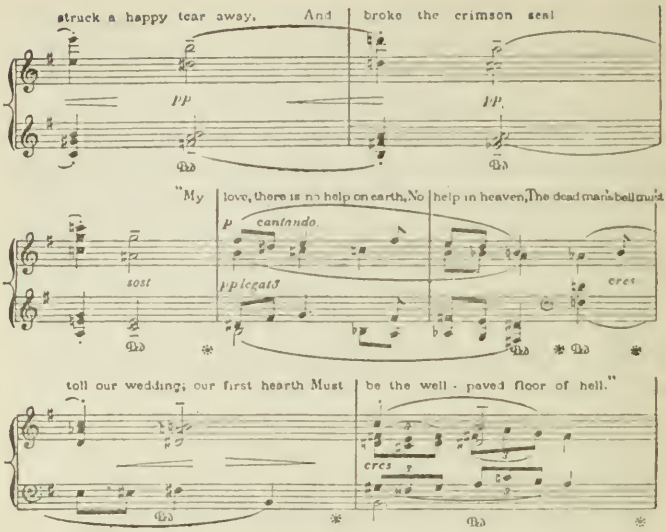
> "Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,
> And caught a happy memory."

There are four distinct pictures in this ballad which lend themselves admirably to the setting of broad musical themes. The opening bars are descriptive of the letter incident or motive, as I prefer to term it, and whenever the same motive is referred to in the poem, the musical theme is reintroduced. The second picture treats of the woman's

flight to the wood and her tragic end, and here the music changes to what I call the death march—that is to say, it is prophetic of death in its harmonies and arrangements, and if played as an independent piece, would probably convey its own meaning in this respect. The short, swift, and intensely dramatic dialogues between the devil and the betrayed woman are throughout treated as recitative. Her march from Hell into Heaven is associated with a broad, flowing melody, illustrative of her determined movement, and does not cease until she reaches her goal. This melody should be played without break or pause, and the words should be declaimed with reasonable speed, to permit of its adequate interpretation by the pianist. If taken too slowly the effect is destroyed. The second syllable of each line, as a rule, is accompanied by the first of the bar. The example here given should convey to the student a good idea of how the poem has been treated generally.

A BALLAD OF HELL.



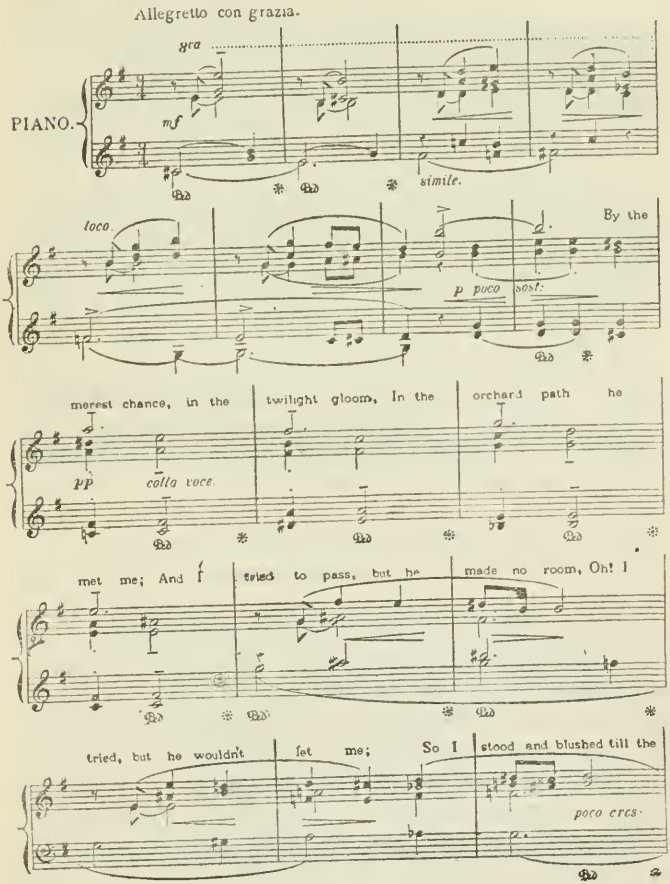


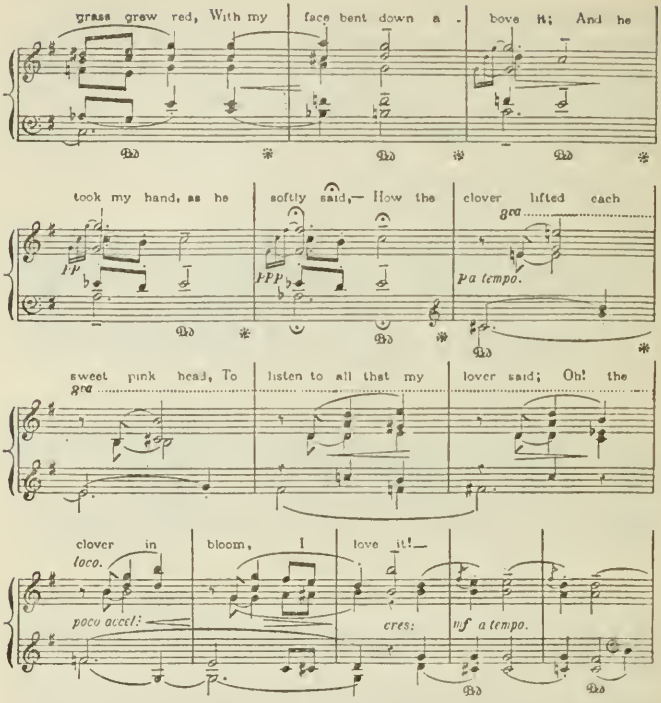
WHAT MY LOVER SAID (*see* page 926).

This charming poem, from its very nature, can only receive proper interpretation from the lips of a woman. The style of the sentiment is eminently calculated to display the coquettish graces and fascinating airs of a light comedy artist of the fairer sex. It abounds in musical suggestions of a varied nature, as, for instance, in the *piquante*, airy demeanour of the accomplished coquette, who meets her strenuous lover in the orchard path, in her enchanting refusal to reveal one word of the many poured into her willing ear, and in the delicate lines descriptive of the country scents and scenes that are around them. The accompaniment, which should be played *pianissimo* all through, reflects every mood of this lyric, which is full of changeful and colourable sentiments. As in the poem "Riding thro' the Broom," skill is required in catching and holding and making much of the fleeting tender fan-

cies that pervade and control the movement of the poem. The first of the bar comes almost invariably on the third syllable of each line, and the tripping nature of the accompaniment is so simple to manipulate as to render it quite easy to perform.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.





THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL (*see* page 844).

This poem is full of changing contrasts: the quiet calm of the monastery, with the clamour and cruel need of the crowd of poor outside; the unexpected vision, with the cold regularity of duty and its unfeeling reminder—the convent-bell; the humility of the monk, with his ultimate excessive happiness. Few poems are more rich in suggestion. Leading ideas bring their own themes, and the atmosphere of devotion changes to the persistent ringing of the convent-bell. Afterwards, a middle section, accompanying every mood, with close regard to its meaning, and terminating with the theme of the monk's prayer

in a brighter key, indicating fulfilment of his longed-for desires, and a complete answer to his prayer. The phrase "Hadst thou stayed"—first and last—is accompanied syllable and note quite together. Generally speaking, throughout, the first of the bar comes with the third syllable of each line.

THE THIN RED LINE (*see* page 1015).

This stirring verse, full of martial incidents, is replete with contrasting themes, and the buoyant movement and colour of the poem lend itself readily to a musical treatment of a certain order. It is a poem of incident, and deals, in a graphic and vigorous manner, with each succeeding scene of the battlefield, and the musical treatment throughout is necessarily illustrative of such pictures. For example, the tramping of feet, the galloping of horses, the commencement and progress of the fight, the suggestion of Scotch music, the victorious march of the conquering troops, the expressed hatred to the foe, and the element of tenderness extended to the English troops, are all suggested in the accompaniment. As the chords are often very full, there will be a great temptation to overwhelm the voice, and this should be carefully guarded against, by the adoption of the methods already explained. The second syllable of each line, as a general rule, corresponds with the first beat of the bar.

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI (*see* page 1036).

This sad little poem, a condensed tragedy in itself, illustrates an incident that occurred during the Indian Mutiny. An English officer named Skene and his wife were hemmed in by the enemy at Jhansi, so that escape was rendered impossible. Fearful lest his beloved wife should fall into the clutches of the cruel enemy, they decide to die together. He shoots his wife, and then turns the pistol on himself; but. a relieving force arriving at that moment,

stays his hand, and his life is saved. The poem itself, however, ends at their determination to die with the word "Good-bye." Every line in this simple and intensely pathetic poem must be most carefully and intelligently rendered, or the poem will fail in its effects on an audience. The opening bars are suggestive of the sad story to be unfolded, and the voice should enter in an agitated manner, rising to a *crescendo* on the word "gained." None but a consummate master of the most delicate form of elocutionary art can render this poem effectively, and it should not be assumed that, on account of its shortness and simplicity, its delivery is a matter of little moment. A false note in the heart-breaking cry at the end would mar the whole poem, and destroy the desired effect.

Additional Selections.

THE BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN.'*

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
  Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
  To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
  And a great stern gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
  In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
  Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
  From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
  As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
  That lolls upon the stalk.

'Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
  'The deck-beams break below,
''Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
'And botch the shattered plates again.'
  And he answered, 'Make it so.'

* This, perhaps, is Mr. Kipling's finest poem for the purpose of declamation. We would recommend reciters before attempting it, to hear Mr. Lewis Waller's rendering of the ballad.

She opened fire within the mile—
As ye shoot at the flying duck—
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

'Captain, the turret fills with steam,
'The feed-pipes burst below—
'You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
'You can hear the twisted runners jam.'
And he answered, 'Turn and go!'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire
When they war by the frozen Pole.

'Captain, the shells are falling fast,
'And faster still fall we;
'And it is not meet for English stock
'To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
'The death they cannot see.'

'Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,
'We drift upon her beam;
'We dare not ram, for she can run;
'And dare ye fire another gun,
'And die in the peeling steam?'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
That carried an armour-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

'Captain, they hack us through and through;
'The chilled steel bolts are swift!
'We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
'Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be.'
And he answered, 'Let her drift.'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

'Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
'They bid you send your sword.'
And he answered, 'Grapple her stern and bow.
'They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now;
'Out cutlasses and board!'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking 'Clampherdown'
Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the 'Clampherdown'
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

Rudyard Kipling.

[From *Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Methuen and Co.]

THE FLIGHT OF GUINEVERE.*

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,

* The frail but beautiful wife of King Arthur—her guilt with Sir Lancelot becoming publicly known, and having led to revolt and civil war—takes refuge in the nunnery at Almesbury. There, unknown at first, she is attended by a young novice, whose innocent prattle about the horrors throughout the land, brought about by the wicked queen, arouses the conscience as well as the anger of the unfortunate lady. The queen subsequently becomes abbess of the convent, and dies there, three years afterwards, in the odour of sanctity.

A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.
For hither had she fled, her cause of flight
Sir Modred, he the nearest to the King,
His nephew, ever like a subtle beast
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,
Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this
He chill'd the popular praises of the King
With silent smiles of slow disparagement;
And tamper'd with the Lords of the White Horse,
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and sought
To make disruption in the Table Round
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for Lancelot.
And when she came to Almesbury she spake
There to the nuns, and said, "Mine enemies
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,
Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name to whom ye yield it, till her time
To tell you": and her beauty, grace and power,
Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared,
To ask it.
So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;
Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,
But communed only with the little maid,
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness
Which often lured her from herself; but now,
This night, a rumour wildly blown about
Came, that Sir Modred had usurp'd the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen, while the King
Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,
"With what a hate the people and the King
Must hate me," and bow'd down upon her hands
Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd
No silence, brake it, uttering "Late! so late!
What hour, I wonder, now?" and when she drew
No answer, by and by began to hum
An air the nuns had taught her; "Late! so late!"
Which when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,
"O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep."

Then said the little novice prattling to her:
"O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
But let my words, the words of one so small,
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,
And if I do not there is penance given—
Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow
From evil done; right sure am I of that,
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,
And weighing find them less; for gone is he
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,
Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;
And Modred whom he left in charge of all,
The traitor—Ah! sweet lady, the King's grief
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good:
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud:
As even here they talk at Almesbury
About the good King and his wicked Queen,
And were I such a King with such a Queen,
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,
But were I such a King, it could not be."
Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen,
"Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?"
But openly she answer'd, "Must not I,
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?"
"Yea," said the maid, "this is all woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders, there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen."
Then thought the Queen within herself again,
"Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?"
But openly she spake and said to her,
"O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs

And simple miracles of thy nunnery?"
To whom the little novice garrulously,
"Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.
So said my father, and himself was knight
Of the great Table—at the founding of it."
Then thought the Queen, "Lo! they have set her on,
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,
To play upon me," and bow'd her head nor spake.
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue
Full often, "and, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales
Which my good father told me, check me too:
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest.
But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?"
Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her,
"Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and the King
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these two
Were the most nobly-manner'd men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and noble mind."
"Yea," said the maid, "be manners such fair fruit?
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousandfold
Less noble, being, as all rumour runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the world."
To which a mournful answer made the Queen.
"O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,
And weep for her who drew him to his doom."
"Yea," said the little novice, "I pray for both;
But I should all as soon believe that his,
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be

Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen."
So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;
For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried,
"Such as thou art be never maiden more
For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague
And play upon, and harry me, petty spy
And traitress." When that storm of anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon the beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,
And when the Queen had added "Get thee hence,"
Fled frighted. Then that other left alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,
Saying in herself, "The simple, fearful child
Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays itself.
But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.
For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more."

Lord Tennyson.

[Adapted from *The Idylls of the King*. The complete works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

THE SUNDIAL.*

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
I am a Shade: a Shadowe thou arte: †
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

* Miss Kate Rorke brings out the full significance and beauty of this dainty poem. Artistes, before undertaking the poem, should hear this lady's rendering of it.
† A motto in this spirit occurs at Stirling.

Here would the ringdoves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune,—
Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—
An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
Straying among the alleys with a book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—
Who knew what hands and hearts the letter bound
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,—

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper-fingers pearled and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marvel how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
Took out the note; held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his chest,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

* * * * *

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

Austin Dobson.

[From *Collected Poems.* By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Ltd.]

THE BURIED LIFE.*

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile!
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love! thy inmost soul.
Alas! is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?

* This poem—abridged for recitation—is a fine philosophic musing, and should be carefully studied by the reciter before he attempts to render it in public. It frequently figured, with great success, in the répertoire of Mr. Clifford Harrison.

Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast!
But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpressed.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.
Only—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,

When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

Matthew Arnold.

[From *The Works* of Matthew Arnold, published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

MILTON, IN OLD AGE AND BLINDNESS.*

I AM old and blind,
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my mind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see.
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to Thee!

O merciful One!
When men are furthest then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place;
And there is no more night.

* This beautiful poem was long thought to be by Milton himself, and was even included in the Oxford Edition of his poems as "Milton's last verses." It is, however, now known with certainty to be by Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quaker lady of Philadelphia, and was first printed in the *Friends' Review*, 1848.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown.
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Lead me, Father kind:
With Thee to guide the lonesome path I wend
No danger hath the helpless, poor, and blind,—
And Heaven is at the end.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy wondrous hand
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go!
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From Angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Elizabeth Lloyd.

THE PARTING OF ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE.*

While the Queen brooded
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:
"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
And many more when Modred raised revolt,

* The broken-hearted yet undaunted King Arthur, having made war upon Sir Lancelot and before setting out to the west to suppress the revolt of his nephew Modred, goes to the nunnery of Almesbury, where his guilty wife has found refuge, to take a last farewell of her. He feels that he is marching on to his doom. Tennyson's description of the bitterness of Arthur's denunciation of her sin, and the grievous troubles it has brought upon him and the country, gradually melting down by traces of his old love to tenderness and forgiveness, forms some of the finest passages in the whole range of our poetry. The queen ultimately becomes abbess of the convent, and dies there, three years afterwards, in the odour of sanctity.

Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve before I wedded thee!
Believing, 'lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot:
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,

And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.

The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
'I loathe thee': yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more—Farewell!"
And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.
And even then he turn'd; and more and more

The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Lord Tennyson.

[Adapted from *The Idylls of the King*. The complete works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.*

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve.
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

* In 1849 Dante Gabriel Rossetti exhibited his first picture—"The Girlhood of Mary Virgin"—at the Royal Academy. About that time the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of which he was the leading spirit, was formed, and in 1850 they established a magazine, *The Germ*, in which some of Rossetti's poems appeared, two of which, "The Blessed Damozel" and "My Sister's Sleep," were written before he was nineteen years old. While Rossetti exercised a marked influence upon the English literature and art of his day, his poems, until recently, were known only to a few, and his paintings, which he refused during his lifetime to exhibit in any public gallery, were all in private collections. "The Blessed Damozel" and "My Sister's Sleep," two of Mr. Clifford Harrison's favourite pieces, were seldom absent from the programme of his recitals.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest!

She stopped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere, the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, published by Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.]

MARIUS.*

The sunlight lay clear beyond the open door; the sounds of the cattle reached him softly from the green places around. Recalling confusedly the torturing hurry of his late journeys, he dreaded, as his consciousness of the whole situation returned, the coming of the guards. But the place remained in absolute stillness. He was, in fact, at liberty, but for his own disabled condition. And it was certainly a genuine clinging to life that he felt just then, at the very bottom of his mind. The occupants of the place were to be heard presently, coming and going on their business, about him; and it was as if the approach of death brought out in all their force the merely human sentiments. There is that in death which certainly makes indifferent persons anxious to forget the dead—to put them away out of their thoughts altogether, as soon as possible. Conversely, in the deep isolation of spirit which was now creeping upon Marius, the faces of these people, casually visible, took a hold on his affections; the link of general brotherhood, the feeling of human kinship, asserting itself most strongly when it was about to be severed for ever. At nights, he would find this face or that impressed deeply on his fancy; and his mind would, in a troubled sort of manner, follow them onwards, on the ways of their simple, humdrum, everyday life, with a strange yearning to share it with them, envying the calm, earthy cheerfulness of all their days to-be, still under the sun (but how indifferent, of course, to him!) as if these rude people had been suddenly lifted into some height of earthly good-fortune, which must needs isolate them from himself. . . . Marius seemed to understand how one might look back upon life here, and its excellent visions, as but the portion of a racecourse left behind him by a still swift runner: for a moment, he felt a curiosity and ardour, with dim trouble as of imminent vision, to enter upon a future, the possibilities of which seemed so large. And just then, again, amid the memory of certain touching actual words and images, came the thought of the great hope,

* "Marius" was issued in 1885, and soon reached a second edition. It attracted considerable attention, not only on account of its original theme, but from the fact of the story being marked by the characteristics of eloquence and care. It has been described as the mental history of a young man whose chief interest in life is the consideration and solution of questions about life, and how to live it well. A mythical character, the story of Marius, is pourtrayed in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, at the time when the Christian faith was beginning to spread throughout the Roman Empire, and attracting much speculation among thoughtful men. Marius had been arrested in company of some Christians, and, exercising the privilege of his rank, claimed to take his trial in Rome. Having contracted fever on his way there, he was left by his captors in the care of some country folk, who devoted themselves to his needs. No contemporary writer could excel Mr. Pater in grace of style. He never indulged in passages of sustained eloquence, but every word he wrote was calculated to be the best word in that place, and to have its full significance brought out.

that hope against hope, which, as he conceived, had arisen—*Lux sedentibus in tenebris*—upon the aged world. . . . It was a thought which relieved for him the iron outline of the horizon about him, touching it as if with soft light from beyond; filling the shadowy, hollow places to which he was on his way with the warmth of definite affections; and confirming also certain considerations by which he seemed to link himself to the generations to come in the world he was leaving. Yes! through the survival of their children, happy parents are able to think calmly, and with a very practical affection, of a world in which they are to have no direct share; planting, with a cheerful good humour, the acorns they carry about with them, that their grandchildren may be shaded from the sun by the broad oak trees of the future. That is Nature's way of easing death to us. It was thus too, surprised, delighted, that Marius, under the power of that new hope among men, could think of the generations to come after him. Without it, dim in truth as it was, he could hardly have dared to ponder the world which limited all he really knew, as it would be when he should have departed from it. A strange lonesomeness, like a physical darkness, seemed to settle over the thought of it; as if its business hereafter must be, as far as he was concerned, carried on in some inhabited, but distant and alien star. But with the sense of that hope warm upon him, he seemed to anticipate a care for himself, never to fail even on earth, with a reverential care for his very body —that dear sister and companion of his soul, out-worn, suffering, and in the very article of death, as it was now.

Walter Pater.

[Adapted from *Marius, the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas.* By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

JESSIE CAMERON.*

"Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
Hear me but this once," quoth he.
"Good luck go with you, neighbour's son,
But I'm no mate for you," quoth she.
Day was verging toward the night
There beside the moaning sea,
Dimness overtook the light
There where the breakers be.

* This poem, by the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, displays considerable imagination and beauty. It was always a welcome item in the programme of Mr. Clifford Harrison's recitals.

"O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
I have loved you long and true."—
"Good luck go with you, neighbour's son,
But I'm no mate for you."

She was a careless, fearless girl,
And made her answer plain,
Outspoken she to earl or churl,
Kindhearted in the main,
But somewhat heedless with her tongue
And apt at causing pain;
A mirthful maiden she and young,
Most fair for bliss or bane.
"Oh, long ago I told you so,
I tell you so to-day:
Go you your way, and let me go
Just my own free way."

The sea swept in with moan and foam
Quickening the stretch of sand;
They stood almost in sight of home;
He strove to take her hand.
"Oh, can't you take your answer then,
And won't you understand?
For me you're not the man of men,
I've other plans are planned.
You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
Or good for Kate, may be:
But what's to me the good of this
While you're not good for me?"

They stood together on the beach,
They two alone,
And louder waxed his urgent speech,
His patience almost gone:
"Oh, say but one kind word to me,
Jessie, Jessie Cameron."—
"I'd be too proud to beg," quoth she,
And pride was in her tone.
And pride was in her lifted head,
And in her angry eye,
And in her foot, which might have fled,
But would not fly.

Some say that he had gipsy blood,
That in his heart was guile:
Yet he had gone through fire and flood
Only to win her smile.

Some say his grandam was a witch,
A black witch from beyond the Nile,
Who kept an image in a niche
And talked with it the while.
And by her hut far down the lane
Some say they would not pass at night,
Lest they should hear an unked strain
Or see an unked sight.

Alas, for Jessie Cameron!—
The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher,
She should have hastened to begone,—
The sea swept higher, breaking by her:
She should have hastened to her home
While yet the west was flushed with fire,
But now her feet are in the foam,
The sea-foam sweeping higher.
O mother, linger at your door,
And light your lamp to make it plain,
But Jessie she comes home no more,
No more again.

They stood together on the strand,
They only each by each;
Home, her home, was close at hand,
Utterly out of reach.
Her mother in the chimney nook
Heard a startled sea-gull screech,
But never turned her head to look
Towards the darkening beach:
Neighbours here and neighbours there
Heard one scream, as if a bird
Shrilly screaming cleft the air:—
That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more,
Comes home never;
Her lover's step sounds at his door
No more for ever.
And boats may search upon the sea
And search along the river,
But none know where the bodies be:
Sea-winds that shiver,
Sea-birds that breast the blast,
Sea-waves swelling,
Keep the secret first and last
Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
With its pitiless flow,
That when they would have gone they found
No way to go;
Whether she scorned him to the last
With words flung to and fro,
Or clung to him when hope was past,
None will ever know:
Whether he helped or hindered her,
Threw up his life or lost it well,
The troubled sea for all its stir
Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
Have thought they heard one pray
Wordless, urgent; and replying
One seem to say him nay:
And watchers by the dead have heard
A windy swell from miles away,
With sobs and screams, but not a word
Distinct for them to say:
And watchers out at sea have caught
Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
Come and gone as quick as thought,
Which might be hand or hair.

Christina G. Rossetti.

[From *The Poems* of Christina G. Rossetti. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

MY LAST DUCHESS.*

FERRARA.

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

* This poem, a favourite of our prominent elocutionists, was not often omitted from the programme of Mr. Clifford Harrison's recitals.

How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat;" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, tho',
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

Robert Browning.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Browning, the complete editions of which are published solely by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.]

SIR LAUNFAL.*

Part First.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.
The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied.
The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright,
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,

* According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with His disciples. It was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained here, an object of adoration and pilgrimage, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent on those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed, but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's Court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur, and Lord Tennyson makes Sir Galahad the subject of one of his most exquisite poems. Our version, abridged from the original, lengthy poem, is practically the one given by Mr. Clifford Harrison.

Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.
As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.
The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes its store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Part Second.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.
Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl

O'er the edge of the desert black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.
"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.
And Sir Launfal said,—"I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"
Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.
As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.
His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,

That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me."
Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail!"

James Russell Lowell.

[From *The Poetical Works* of James Russell Lowell.]

THE MORTE D'ARTHUR.*

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him—
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights—
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,

* King Arthur, in attempting to put down the revolt of his nephew Modred, is mortally wounded in battle in Cornwall. Left on the field with his only surviving knight, Sir Bedivere, he orders him to take his famous sword Excalibur and throw it into the "middle mere." When this is at length done, the King prepares to meet his doom. Borne on Sir Bedivere's shoulders to the margin of the lake, he is placed upon the fabled barge, and conveyed to his last resting-place. His pathetic farewell to his sole remaining follower is exceedingly beautiful.

That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm;
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

Sir Bedivere, on reaching the mere, instead of throwing in the richly jewelled and renowned weapon, concealed it in the "many-knotted waterflags," and returns to the King, *twice*, with a lie upon his lips.—ED.]

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
And now
My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Lord Tennyson.

[Adapted from *The Idylls of the King*. The complete works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

CARPE DIEM.*

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that put the Stars to Flight
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

But come with old Khayyám and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

* This poem—abridged for recitation—is a mixture of Bacchanalian rhapsody and Epicurean mysticism. Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia, was born at Naishápúr in Khorassán in the latter half of the eleventh, and died within the first quarter of the twelfth, century. He won knowledge of every kind, especially in astronomy, wherein he attained a position of pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of Malik Shah, he went to Merv, and obtained great praise for his proficiency in science. Though the Sultan showered favours upon him, Omar's Epicurean audacity of thought and speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose practice he ridiculed, and whose faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the mysticism and formal compliment to Islamism which Omar would not hide under. Their poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdúsi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical use more convenient to themselves and the people they addressed; a people quite as quick of doubt as of belief; quite as keen of bodily sense as of intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy element compounded of all, in which they could float luxuriously between heaven and earth, and this world and the next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that could be recited indifferently whether at the mosque or the tavern. Omar was too honest of heart as well as of head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the soul through the senses into acquiescence with things as they were, than to perplex it with vain mortifications after what they *might be*. His worldly desires were not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous pleasure in exaggerating them above that intellect in whose exercise he must have found great pleasure, though not in a theological direction. However this may be, his worldly pleasures are what they profess to be without any pretence at divine allegory; his wine is the veritable juice of the grape: his tavern, where it was to be had: his Sáki, the flesh and blood that poured it out for him: all which, and where the roses were in bloom, was all he professed to want of this world or to expect of Paradise.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

[From Edward Fitzgerald's translation of *The Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám.]

COUNT GISMOND.*

AIX IN PROVENCE.

Christ God, who savest men, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honour 'twas with all his strength.

* This fine dramatic poem was first recited in public by Mr. Clifford Harrison. When he told the author that he intended to give *Count Gismond* at his next recital, Mr. Browning replied, "Pray don't! Mrs. Grundy will have a fit in the front row of the stalls if you do, and there will be a panic, and she will write to the *Times* and to the Lord Chamberlain, and then your charming recitals will be prohibited."

And doubtlessly ere he could draw
All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in Queen's array
To give our Tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;
God makes, or fair or foul, our face;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head!

But no: they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs—

And come out on the morning troop
Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me Queen, and made me stoop
Under the canopy—(a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun,
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My Queen's day—Oh, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain

See ! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys : I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly (to my face, indeed)
But Gauthier, and he thundered "Stay !"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say !"

"Bring torches ! Wind the penance-sheet
About her ! Let her shun the chaste,
Or lay herself before their feet !
Shall she, whose body I embraced
A night long, queen it in the day ?
For Honour's sake no crowns, I say !"

I ? What I answered ? As I live,
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it ? No more says the soul.

Till out strode Gismond ; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan ; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end ?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed
By any doubt of the event :
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part : I did.

Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while ! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false Knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
And said "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first, to God's second death!
Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
—What safe my heart holds, tho' no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers for ever, to a third
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world; and scarce I felt
His sword, that dripped by me and swung,
A little shifted in its belt,—
For he began to say the while
How South our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
We two walked forth to never more
Return. My cousins have pursued
Their life, untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Robert Browning.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Robert Browning, the complete editions of which are published solely by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.]

GODIVA.*

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this :—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,

* The legend, which forms the story of this poem, is told at length by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, xiii. (1613). Briefly stated: Godiva, wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, pleaded to her husband for the remission of an obnoxious tax, which for a long period had sorely oppressed the people of Coventry. The Earl, vexed at her persistent entreaties, told her that he would remit the tax when she had ridden through the city, naked, and at midday—a feat he deemed impossible, and which to him meant *never*. The Countess, most anxious to gain for the people a remission of the tax, and taking the Earl at his word, actually carried out his suggestion, and rode through the city. According to Dugdale, the event was supposed to have occurred about 1056, and Matthew, of Westminster, in 1307, seems to be the first to record the story. The introduction of the character of Peeping Tom dates from about 1665. All persons were commanded by the Countess to keep within doors and away from the windows during her ride, but Tom of Coventry ventured to peep at the fair lady, and was struck blind.

And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bad him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity.
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gain'd

Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

Lord Tennyson.

[From *The Works* of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, whose complete and copyright editions are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

HAUNTED.*

I'LL tell you—if your patience justifies
My poor attempt, a story I once heard
From lips in sleep. She was a French-woman
And came—with some strange evil of the brain—
Into the Hospital where I was Nurse,
But there, for days and nights—do all we would,
We could not rouse her—till one Saturday
Late in the day, there pass'd along the street
A drum-and-fife band—playing merrily.
The music touched some cipher-chord—some nerve
Of memory in this brain-bruised one,
And—ere I knew myself what happened next—
The poor attenuated foreigner
Had then and there commenced the tale of doom
That I will try to tell you once again,
Just as she spoke it in her babbling sleep.

Hush—music—yes—yes—drums—the shrill fife—rat-a-tat-ta—Rule Britannia—eh? To sleep again, ma chérie—nothing—nothing—only Englishmen—dear Englishmen. Mother is on the roof—her eyes like to a gazelle's—she can see—far away—far away—the mutineers would never come here—no—no—too small are we—too insignificant.—Ah! But we must guard ourselves—yes—yes—because if not so—why then they might hear we are not ready, and *might* come—but now—mon Dieu—what a reception should they not have from our cannon—only forty of us—true—but forty strong and brave, true Englishmen—pah—it is an army, and our citadel is strong and not a traitor here—no—no—and then the dear Colonel—your beloved Papa—is he not known? What Sepoy rebels dare trust their treacherous selves where he commands?

* Dr. Dabbs wrote this dramatic scene—for it is that really, having no distinctive metre, and coming under no classification of verse or prose—for Miss Geneviève Ward, with whom it was a great favourite, and by whom it was often given. Miss Anna Mather has done much to popularise it, and it has also been recited by Mrs. Carrington Willis. The author, in a note to us, says, "I wish those who contemplate reciting it would come and have a lesson from me in what somnambulistic speech means."

He is a Presence, a great moving god—clear-eyed—and mighty with a strong right hand and merciless thin lips and cold grey eyes where danger is, but never so with us—no—no—always so kind and careful for our needs. Sleep—sleep—my little one—Hortense is here and close to you—she sleeps—ah me—*on est aisement dupé par ce qu'on aime.* What is it, Mistress? They are coming—*bien*—and we are ready—are we not? She sleeps at last—the call to arms, it frightened her. The drummer with his drum, he played so loud and long—Little Joe—you know him, a brave boy—ah! he will fight, too. He told me last night how he should fight, and swore like a big man—horrible—his mother was killed at Cawnpore—his father was tortured at Allahabad—his only brother at Meerut—trust little Joe. Mistress—how pale you are. I shall stop here with her? Yes—yes—*J'y suis—J'y reste*—I know my part—I promised you and the good master yesterday. Hark! they are bidding us surrender. What wild laugh was that? Defiance, *mon Dieu*—it was defiance of an angel who guards souls from the Devil's touch. I know it—'twas the good Colonel's voice. Ha! they will wake the child again. Play, little Joe. Your drum is never nervous; hark at him. O, the little *garçon*—does he not play fine? He stops! Why—why—he can't be dead—no—no—he drums again. *Mon Dieu*—what force he has—he drives the foemen back with the electric power of his small boy-hands. Did you hear him cheer but now? We are the nerves that work the hands of men—we women—he is the soul of all—your English drummer-boy. Mistress, the fight grows nearer. Look at me. Mistress—ah! it is you, Doctor O'Leary—what—someone is wounded—two of them. Holy Virgin—not him. I see—I see—I will go—why is his face covered? Is he dead? Ah, no—what has he on his face? The mistress' wedding handkerchief—I know the lace. Ah, Mistress, you are here. Is he struck badly? Yes. Why, Doctor, what is it? What can I do? Persuade him to take chloroform before the knife! Why not? To be sure. He will not have it—why? There is only chloroform enough for one! Pah—he is first—he will not be. But, Colonel, dear, your sufferings will be terrible. "The other wounded one must have no pain"—why? Who is he? Your "faithful Sepoy servant." And are you not faithful among the faithful to us all? Persuade him, Mistress. No! "Your husband's word has been your law of life." Yes—yes—but this is suffering—think—think. "You think he is right, and will not place your woman's weakness 'gainst his sense of right—and what he says he will do you will hold him right to say—for while he lives he is Commander here." *Oui*—I do not doubt it, but consider—to bear the searching cruel agony when by a word he may be first, and this one wait. Pardon—I have offended—be it so. He will support the pain, yet cannot I support the sight—I will to the roof—I could not watch my master's suffering.

What heat—how insupportable. The glare of noonday is the glare of hell. *Mon Dieu*—what cruel surging mass is here. How their dark faces glow with savage rage. Ah! that one there—mark him! He was the one who swore he would possess my beautiful one—my mistress. You are struck—give me your rifle. It is empty—where are the cartridges? I hurt you in my haste, but I must have them. How do they load it? So—yes—yes—I see. Pull up the trigger for me. Right, *mon ami*, I know a little—where is he? Canaille—with turban flying to the hot sun-air. Pray to thy gods, and learn to bite the dust and eat thy recreant heart out in thy shame. I see him. Wait—count three for me—*un*—*deux*—ha-ha. The bullet entered at his grinning mouth and eat its way out through his grinning skull. My sanctuary is safe from such a one!

Yes—they are gaining ground. No doubt of it. How many have we left unharmed? But six—six out of forty. Ah! and drummer Joe—seven at the most. We flag from weariness. Joey, *mon garçon*, roll them back to strife. Well done. Well done. Ah, God—the boy is hit! I'll prop you up. Your arms are still all right. Lean against me—now, *garçon* mine. For home and liberty. That's well, *très bien*—*très*—another wound—one hand is shattered—use the other one. Ah! he is dying—kiss you?—that will I. Brave little English soul!

Who shrieked? They've broken through below! I must go down. The Commandant is helpless. Yell on yell. God! how they yell. I hear my Mistress's voice—I must go down—I cannot find the way. What's that? There on the far horizon? God of battles! 'tis an English force. No—it may be 'tis more of these again. Where is my little one? I must go down. Ah! here's the stair—they've blocked it. No—'tis free.

Yes, Mistress, yes—I have the child with me. She is all safe, so far, all safe. Listen—whisper. "Help is coming." I saw them. "The Master dead?" Gave you instructions—what were they? To shoot the child when every hope was past. And me—shoot me, too, darling Mistress. Only one pistol cartridge left. But you? You have the knife—I too.

Ha! they come! keep close to me—the little one between us—so. Two soldiers with us—both bad characters in peace, but they will fight to-day—one at the door—one at the window. Here the few cartridges, and we will feed you. Sit up there, my angel, and hold the dress of Hortense—no harm can come to you. Hush! they are outside. Fire well—waste not one bullet. Ha! that cry of hate—one scoundrel less on earth. See that one there—he has a torch. Kill him dead. Let him not live. Cowards, to never dare to force the door against but five, two of them women, one a little child. They must not light the roof. Your rifle hangs its fire—what is it? *Peste*, be quick. Ha! they see it has failed you—he

is coming through the window—here is your bayonet. Tear his heart out. *Bien—bien—bien*—the door is unguarded—our poor friend is wounded. Quick, Mistress! have ready the revolver. "Hortense must bandage darling's eyes that she may play the Blind Man's Buff and find Papa—yes, and she will find him. There! a nice handkerchief. Mamma's wedding one—a little red—yes—no—no—is only a little blood from Papa's finger. Quick, my sweet." Now, Mistress dear, be ready you—behind her ear and place the muzzle close. Then for ourselves the knife.

Wait! in God's mercy, wait. What was that shout? It was an English one. Now—now—they will permit us not one moment's grace. The other soldier dead, both door and window free. Some are retreating—they have heard the shout. If we can only save a moment now. Yes—the one cartridge—shall we spend it—chance the rest, and trust to God? See, see, this fiend! he is half through the door. I cannot hold it back against his force. Give me the pistol. No—no—not for her, for him. Let us kill him, and trust to Heaven. Mistress, I will. A voice has whispered to me "This is right." I have it—wait you there—crouch down—he comes! *Cochon!* be satisfied—go down to hell. Hark! there is no one here—the road is free. No, I am wrong—they come again. My God! and not one bullet for the little one. Cover her with your body. Quick, feign death. They can kill me, and meanwhile help may come. Yes—that will do—most natural. Cry not, my sweetest one. Keep dumb—keep still. Ah! now the end is near.

They do not come—what can it be? What noise is there? What curses, oaths, and shouting of despair. This is no dream—it is the help I saw. Mistress, wake up, wake up—the help has come. Mistress—dear Mistress—help is close at hand. Ah! she is dumb in death, blood on her dress—yes—by her heart. Oh! she was wounded, then, and bore her wound and bled her life away, and would not speak of it for all our sakes. Now, darling—come to bed. Hortense is tired—yes, very tired.

George H. R. Dabbs.

[From *Recitations and Readings* in *Ugly: a Hospital Dog*, published by Charles William Deacon and Co. By permission of the Author.]

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.*

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.
Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.
Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.
Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

* This poem—abridged for recitation—considered by Mr. Clifford Harrison to be Tennyson's finest poem for declamation, should, in these days of wars and rumours of wars, with the world in arms, frequently figure in the répertoire of reciters. The German Emperor's unfortunate reference to Waterloo should, too, give additional interest to the poem. Speaking at a banquet at Hanover, on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1903, in celebration of the centenary of the Hanover regiments, the Emperor William raised his glass to the health of the German Legion, "which, in conjunction with Blücher and the Prussians, *rescued the English army from destruction* at Waterloo." To speak of saving the British army from destruction is certainly an absurd overstatement. These are really the facts which controlled the situation on that fateful Sabbath day, the 18th of June, 1815. No one knew better than Wellington and Blücher that, separately, they were quite unable to successfully oppose Napoleon. Their one chance of beating him—and they believed it to be a very great chance, almost, in fact, a certainty—was to unite, and to fight him together. His rapidity of movement, however, in the early stages of this brief campaign, and their dilatoriness, compelled them to fight separate battles on the 16th, with the result that Blücher was badly beaten by Napoleon at Ligny, and Wellington more than held his own against Ney at Quatre Bras. Now comes the point which so many people miss, or fail to appreciate. During the night of the 16th, the Duke, hearing that the Prussians had been beaten, and were falling back on Wavre, decided that he must retire too, though he had won his fight, because he knew well that he and Blücher must get together and fight side by side to win a decisive victory. So he sent word to the old Field-Marshal that he would retire on the 17th to Waterloo, a previously reconnoitred position, and offer battle there on the 18th to Napoleon, if Blücher would promise to come to his help from Wavre with at least one division of his army. He received a fiery answer to say that he would certainly come, not with one division only, but with his whole army. It was on the strength of that promise, which was thoroughly fulfilled, that Wellington offered battle to the French at Waterloo. Those two great captains, Wellington and Blücher, knew each other and trusted each other. If it had not been, humanly speaking, certain that the Prussians would co-operate with the British, there would have been no battle of Waterloo at all, certainly not on the 18th of June.

Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.
Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,

If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine,
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.
Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,

And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

Lord Tennyson.

[From *The Works* of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the complete editions of which are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

THE STAFF AND SCRIP.*

"WHO rules these lands?" the Pilgrim said.
"Stranger, Queen Blanchelys."
"And who has thus harried them?" he said.
"It was Duke Luke did this:
God's ban be his!"

The Pilgrim said: "Where is your house?
I'll rest there, with your will."
"You've but to climb these blackened boughs
And you'll see it over the hill,
For it burns still."

"Which road, to seek your Queen?" said he.
"Nay, nay, but with some wound
You'll fly back hither, it may be,
And by your blood i' the ground
My place be found."

"Friend, stay in peace. God keep your head,
And mine, where I will go;
For He is here and there," he said.
He passed the hill-side, slow,
And stood below.

The Queen sat idle by her loom:
She heard the arras stir,
And looked up sadly: through the room
The sweetness sickened her
Of musk and myrrh.

* This poem should not be attempted by the reciter until it has been carefully studied and its full beauty realized. it frequently appeared in Mr. Clifford Harrison's programme, and was always appreciated by a critical audience.

Her women, standing two and two,
In silence combed the fleece.
The Pilgrim said, "Peace be with you,
Lady;" and bent his knees.
She answered, "Peace."

Her eyes were like the wave within;
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.

For him, the stream had never well'd
In desert tracks malign
So sweet; nor had he ever felt
So faint in the sunshine
Of Palestine.

Right so, he knew that he saw weep
Each night through every dream
The Queen's own face, confused in sleep
With visages supreme
Not known to him.

"Lady," he said, "your lands lie burnt
And waste: to meet your foe
All fear: this I have seen and learnt.
Say that it shall be so,
And I will go."

She gazed at him. "Your cause is just,
For I have heard the same,"
He said: "God's strength shall be my trust,
Fall it to good or grame,
'Tis in His name."

"Sir, you are thanked. My cause is dead.
Why should you toil to break
A grave, and fall therein?" she said.
He did not pause but spake:
"For my vow's sake."

"Can such vows be, Sir—to God's ear,
Not to God's will?" "My vow
Remains: God heard me there as here,"
He said with reverent brow,
"Both then and now,"

They gazed together, he and she,
The minute while he spoke;
And when he ceased, she suddenly
Looked round upon her folk
As though she woke.

"Fight, Sir," she said; "my prayers in pain
Shall be your fellowship."
He whispered one among her train,—
"To-morrow bid her keep
This staff and scrip."

She sent him a sharp sword, whose belt
About his body there
As sweet as her own arms he felt.
He kissed its blade, all bare,
Instead of her.

She sent him a green banner wrought
With one white lily stem,
To bind his lance with when he fought.
He writ upon the same
And kissed her name.

She sent him a white shield whereon
She bade that he should trace
His will. He blent fair hues that shone,
And in a golden space
He kissed her face.

Born of the day that died, that eve
Now dying sank to rest;
As he, in likewise taking leave,
Once with a heaving breast
Looked to the west.

And there the sunset skies unseal'd,
Like lands he never knew,
Beyond to-morrow's battle-field
Lay open out of view
To ride into.

Next day till dark the women pray'd:
Nor any might know there
How the fight went: the Queen has bade
That there do come to her
No messenger.

The Queen is pale, her maidens ail;
And to the organ-tones
They sing but faintly, who sang well
The matin-orisons,
The lauds and nones.

Lo, Father, is thine ear inclin'd,
And hath thine angel pass'd?
For these thy watchers now are blind
With vigil, and at last
Dizzy with fast.

Weak now to them the voice o' the priest
As any trance affords;
And when each anthem failed and ceas'd,
It seemed that the last chords
Still sang the words.

"Oh what is the light that shines so red?
'Tis long since the sun set;"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid:
"'Twas dim but now, and yet
The light is great."

Quoth the other: "'Tis our sight is dazed
That we see flame i' the air."
But the Queen held her brows and gazed,
And said, "It is the glare
Of torches there."

"Oh what are the sounds that rise and spread?
All day it was so still;"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid:
"Unto the furthest hill
The air they fill."

Quoth the other: "'Tis our sense is blurr'd
With all the chants gone by."
But the Queen held her breath and heard
And said, "It is the cry
Of Victory."

The first of all the rout was sound,
The next were dust and flame,
And then the horses shook the ground:
And in the thick of them
A still band came.

"Oh what do ye bring out of the fight,
Thus hid beneath these boughs?"
"Thy conquering guest returns to-night,
And yet shall not carouse,
Queen, in thy house."

"Uncover ye his face," she said.
"O changed in little space!"
She cried, "O pale that was so red!
O God, O God of grace!
Cover his face."

His sword was broken in his hand
Where he had kissed the blade.
"O soft steel that could not withstand!
O my hard heart unstayed,
That prayed and prayed!"

His bloodied banner crossed his mouth
Where he had kissed her name.
"O east, and west, and north, and south,
Fair flew my web, for shame,
To guide Death's aim!"

The tints were shredded from his shield
Where he had kissed her face.
"Oh, of all gifts that I could yield,
Death only keeps its place,
My gift and grace!"

Then stepped a damsel to her side,
And spoke, and needs must weep:
"For his sake, lady, if he died,
He prayed of thee to keep
This staff and scrip."

That night they hung above her bed
Till morning wet with tears.
Year after year above her head
Her bed his token wears,
Five years, ten years.

That night the passion of her grief
Shook them as there they hung.
Each year the wind that shed the leaf
Shook them and in its tongue
A message flung.

And once she woke with a clear mind
That letters writ to calm
Her soul lay in the scrip; to find
Only a torpid balm
And dust of palm.

They shook far off with palace sport
When joust and dance were rife;
And the hunt shook them from the court;
For hers, in peace or strife,
Was a Queen's life.

A Queen's death now: as now they shake
To gusts in chapel dim,—
Hung where she sleeps, not seen to wake,
(Carved lovely white and slim),
With them by him.

Stand up to-day, still armed, with her,
Good knight, before His brow
Who then as now was here and there,
Who had in mind thy vow
Then even as now.

The lists are set in Heaven to-day,
The bright pavilions shine;
Fair hangs thy shield, and none gainsay
The trumpets sound in sign
That she is thine.

Not tithed with days' and years' decease
He pays thy wage He owed,
But with imperishable peace
Here in His own abode,
Thy jealous God.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

[From *The Poetical Works* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By permission of Messrs Ellis and Elvey.]

DEATH OF SOHRAB.*

And the first grey of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep:
Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:—
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa: it is I.
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
I seek one man, one man, and one alone,
Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day: but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk:
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear."
He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:—
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,

* Rustum, the great hero of Eastern legends, the Hercules of the Persians, is called upon to accept the challenge of Sohrab, a brave young Tartar warrior. They do not know each other, but after the latter is mortally wounded by Rustum, he discovers that he has slain his own son. Heroism and pathos are here finely set forth in grand sonorous verse. The poem, *in extenso* of about 800 lines, is not so widely known as its great beauty merits. Our reading has been considerably abridged and adapted from the original poem for the purpose of recitation.

And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
Or, if indeed this one desire rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight:
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray:
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?
Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left.
And on the other side the Persians formed:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.
And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel: and then Gudurz said:—
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."
So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum: his morning meal was done, and said,
"The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze:
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."
He spoke: but Rustum answer'd with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older: if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have,
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal."
He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men should say,
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."
And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched

In single fight with any mortal man."
And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:—
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe:
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he said:—
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?'
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:—
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
And Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west: their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,

And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry:
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand:—
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head: his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed: back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form:
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair;
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thou,
And I were he who till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud:
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake and said:—

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,
And scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said:—

"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry—
"*O boy—thy father*"!—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth.
And Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream: all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent poured, dim now, and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
From the hot fields at noon: his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face:
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.

Matthew Arnold.

[From *The Works* of Matthew Arnold, complete and copyright editions of which are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

THE SISTERS.*

We were two daughters of one race:
She was the fairest in the face:
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the Earl was fair to see!

* This Intensely dramatic poem has for many years been popular in America, and several English artistes have recently given it here with great success.

She died: she went to burning flame:
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait:
O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bad him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head:
O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest:
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see!

Lord Tennyson.

[From *The Poems* of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, whose complete works are published solely by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.]

LITTLE MAHALA.*

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps the robin in the tree;
"Little Haly!" sighs the clover; "Little Haly!" moans the bee;
"Little Haly! Little Haly!" calls the kill-dee at twilight;
And the katydids and crickets hollers "Haly" all the night.

* This charming poem has recently become very popular, with both English and American artistes.

The sunflowers and the hollyhawks droops over the garden fence:
The old path down the garden walks still holds her footprints' dents;
And the well-sweep's swingin' bucket seems to wait fer her to come
And start it on its wortery errant down the old bee-gum.

The bee-hives all is quiet, and the little Jersey steer,
When any one comes nigh it, acts so lonesome-like and queer;
And the little Banty chickens kind o' cutters faint and low,
Like the hand that now was feedin' 'em was one they didn't know.

They's sorrow in the wavin' leaves of all the apple-trees;
And sorrow in the harvest-sheaves, and sorrow in the breeze;
And sorrow in the twitter of the swallers 'round the shed;
And all the song her red-bird sings is "Little Haly's dead!"

The medder 'pears to miss her, and the pathway through the grass,
Whare the dewdrops ust to kiss her little bare feet as she passed;
And the old pin in the gate-post seems to kindo'-sorto' doubt
That Haly's little sunburnt hand'll ever pull it out.

Did her father er her mother ever love her more'n me?
Er her sisters er her brother prize her love more tenderly?
I question—and what answer?—only tears, and tears alone,
And ev'ry neghbor's eyes is full o' tear-drops as my own.

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps the robin in the tree;
"Little Haly!" sighs the clover; "Little Haly!" moans the bee;
"Little Haly! Little Haly!" calls the kill-dee at twilight;
And the katydids and crickets hollers "Haly" all the night.

J. Whitcomb Riley.

[From *Rhymes of Childhood.* The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.]

EVELYN HOPE.*

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

* This poem, abridged for recitation, was frequently in the programme of Mr. Clifford Harrison's recitals.

And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,
We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.
Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old
Together, and he shall not greatly miss
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim;
Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret
The years that gently bend us to the ground,
And gradually incline our face; that we
Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,
May curiously inspect our lasting home.
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,
And custom sweet of living side by side;
And full of memories not unkindly glance
Upon each other. Last, we shall descend
Into the natural ground—not without tears--
One must go first, ah god! one must go first;
After so long one blow for both were good;
Still like old friends, glad to have met, and leave
Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.

Stephen Phillips.

[From *Marpessa*. By permission of the Author and of Mr. John Lane.]

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